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NME
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

PiL in New York Nightclub Riot!

Report page 3

HATS OFF TO THE UNITY ROCKERS

CSM On The Beat

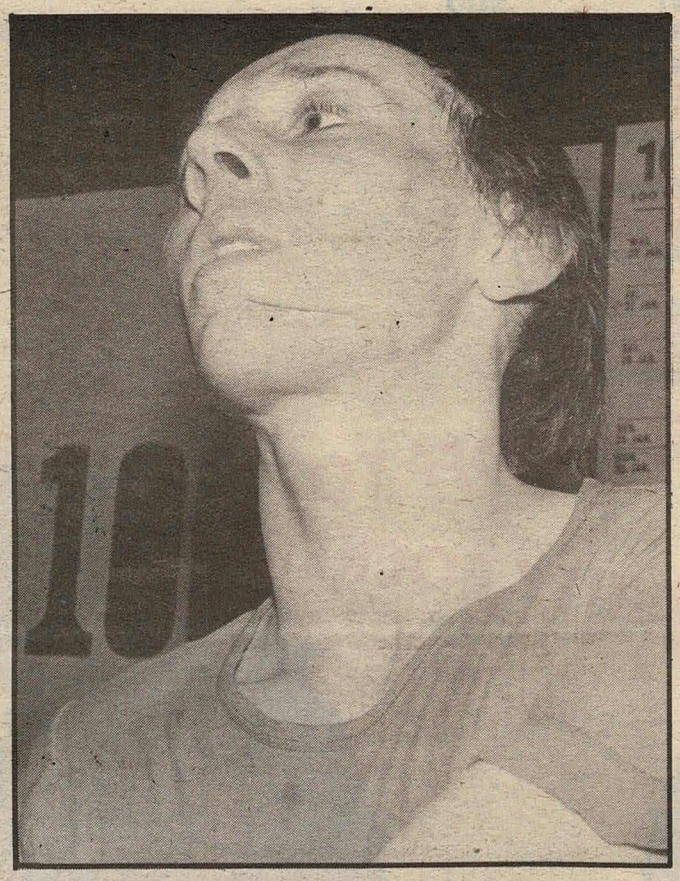
"I sometimes wonder if I'll ever get the chance just to raise my hat at a holiday dance . . ." Rankin Roger and Dave Wakelin/Pic: Anton Corbijn

Lifting the lid on: Squeeze, ESG, Kid Creole, The March For Jobs, Pigbag, Furious Pig, Soft Cell, Sheena vs The Nolans, and how The Cup was won...

Inkl. moms
300 211055

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**STAND AND DELIVER**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	3	1
2	4	**YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	2
3	17	**CHEQUERED LOVE**	Kim Wilde (RAK)	2	3
4	2	**STARS ON 45**	Starsound (CBS)	4	1
5	5	**GREY DAY**	Madness (Stiff)	4	4
6	11	**SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN**	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	3	6
7	28	**OSSIE'S DREAM**	Spurs F A (Shelf)	2	7
8	21	**KEEP ON LOVING YOU**	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	3	8
9	16	**STRAY CAT STRUT**	Stray Cats (Arista)	3	9
10	3	**THEME FROM LLOYD GEORGE**	Ennio Morricone (BBC)	6	1
11	19	**AI NO CORRIDA**	Quincy Jones (A&M)	4	11
12	30	**BETTE DAVIS' EYES**	Kim Carnes (EMI)	2	12
13	—	**I WANT TO BE FREE**	Toyah (Safari)	1	13
14	6	**MAKING YOUR MIND UP**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	8	1
15	8	**CAN YOU FEEL IT**	Jacksons (Epic)	7	4
16	—	**IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN**	The Undertones (Ardeck)	1	16
17	20	**TREASON**	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	2	17
18	10	**ATTENTION TO ME**	Nolans (Epic)	7	7
19	12	**ONLY CRYING**	Keith Marshall (Arrival)	5	12
20	27	**IS VIC THERE?**	Department S (Demon)	3	20
21	9	**MUSCLE BOUND**	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	7	9
22	24	**THE SOUND OF THE CROWD**	Human League (Virgin)	2	22
23	23	**WHEN HE SHINES**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	2	23
24	—	**DROWNING / ALL OUT TO GET YOU**	The Beat (Go Feet)	1	24
25	15	**BERMUDA TRIANGLE**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	6	15
26	—	**ABOUT THE WEATHER**	Magazine (Virgin)	1	26
27	13	**CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU**	Eddy Grant (Ice/Ensign)	4	13
28	—	**BEING WITH YOU**	Smokey Robinson (Motown)	1	28
29	—	**THEME FROM CHARIOTS OF FIRE**	Vangelis (Polydor)	1	29
30	29	**KILLERS LIVE E.P.**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	2	29



Bert Ford in at No. 28 with 'About The Weather'

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	26	1
2	22	**WHA'PPEN?**	The Beat (GoFeet)	2	2
3	5	**THIS OLE HOUSE**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	6	3
4	—	**STARS ON 45**	Star Sound (CBS)	1	4
5	3	**HOTTER THAN JULY**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	27	1
6	29	**POSITIVE TOUCH**	Undertones (EMI)	2	6
7	16	**CHARIOTS OF FIRE**	Vangelis (Polydor)	3	7
8	11	**ROLL ON**	Various (Polystar)	2	8
9	2	**LIVING ORNAMENTS BOX SET**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	2
10	24	**PUNKS NOT DEAD**	The Exploited (Secret)	2	10
11	25	**HI INFIDELITY**	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	3	11
12	4	**JOURNEYS TO GLORY**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	11	3
13	7	**CHART BUSTERS '81**	Various (K-Tel)	4	6
14	9	**GO FOR IT**	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	4	9
15	6	**JAZZ SINGER**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	25	4
16	8	**FUTURE SHOCK**	Gillan (Virgin)	5	3
17	13	**COME AN' GET IT**	Whitesnake (Liberty)	6	4
18	10	**MAKIN' MOVIES**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	19	3
19	—	**STRAY CATS**	Stray Cats (Arista)	8	4
20	17	**FAITH**	The Cure (Fiction)	5	7
21	19	**TO EACH . .**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)	4	19
22	30	**BARRY**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	20	3
23	14	**SKY 3**	Sky (Ariola)	7	3
24	15	**FACE VALUE**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	11	2
25	—	**COMPUTER WORLD**	Kraftwerk (EMI)	1	25
26	—	**NIGHTCLUBBING**	Grace Jones (Island)	1	26
27	—	**I AM PHOENIX**	Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	1	27
28	18	**HIT AND RUN**	Girlschool (Bronze)	5	10
29	—	**BAD FOR GOOD**	Jim Steinman (Epic)	1	29
30	27	**PSYCHEDELIC JUNGLE**	The Cramps (A&M)	3	23

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Why**	Discharge (Clay)
2	(2)	**Slates**	The Fall (Rough Trade)
3	(5)	**Candy Skin**	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
4	(4)	**I Want To Be Free**	Toyah (Safari)
5	(3)	**Dogs Of War**	The Exploited (Secret)
6	(9)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
7	(7)	**Chance Meeting**	Josef K (Postcard)
8	(—)	**Don't Slow Down**	UB40 (Dep Int)
9	(11)	**Sing Me A Song EP**	Marc Bolan (Rarn)
10	(6)	**Obsessed**	999 (Albion)
11	(12)	**All Systems Go**	Poison Girls (Crass)
12	(13)	**Poor Old Soul**	Orange Juice (Postcard)
13	(—)	**Just Like Gold**	Aztec Camera (Postcard)
14	(20)	**Testcard EP**	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
15	(10)	**Rebel Without A Brain**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
16	(8)	**Nagasaki Nightmare**	Crass (Crass)
17	(18)	**24 Hours**	The Chefs (Attrix)
18	(15)	**Original Sin**	Theatre Of Hate (SS)
19	(19)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
20	(—)	**Dreaming Of Me**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
21	(—)	**Ceremony**	New Order (Factory)
22	(16)	**You're No Good**	ESG (Factory)
23	(—)	**Don't Dry Your Tears**	Delmontes (Rational)
24	(—)	**Work**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
25	(—)	**Go For Gold**	Girls At Our Best (Happy Birthday)
26	(24)	**Touch**	Zeitgeist (Human)
27	(22)	**I'll Keep On Holding**	The Action (Edsel)
28	(21)	**The Complete Disorder EP**	Disorder (Disorder)
29	(23)	**Simply Thrilled Honey**	Orange Juice (Postcard)
30	(29)	**Anti-Police**	Demob (Round Ear)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	**Punks Not Dead**	The Exploited (Secret)
2	(1)	**To Each**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
3	(4)	**He Who Dares Wins**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
4	(3)	**Mesh And Lace**	Modern English (4AD)
5	(6)	**Lubricate Your Living Room**	Fire Engines (Accessory)
6	(7)	**Concrete**	999 (Albion)
7	(5)	**Prayers On Fire**	Birthday Party (4AD)
8	(8)	**390 Degrees Of Simulated Stereo**	Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
9	(9)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
10	(15)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
11	(11)	**Dirk Wears White Sox**	Adam & The Ants (Do-it)
12	(10)	**Toyah Toyah Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)
13	(—)	**Ultimate Action**	Action (Edsel)
14	(19)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(25)	**Live**	Misty In Roots (People United)
16	(16)	**Whatever Happens**	Swell Maps (Rough Trade)
17	(12)	**Stations Of The Crass**	Crass (Crass)
18	(—)	**Grotesque**	Fall (Rough Trade)
19	(30)	**Bagpipe Music**	Art Objects (Heartbeat)
20	(20)	**In Berlin**	Blurt (Armageddon)
21	(17)	**Hex**	Poison Girls (Crass)
22	(—)	**African Girl**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
23	(—)	**Chappaquidick Bridge**	Poison Girls (Crass)
24	(23)	**Thirst**	Clock DVA (Fetish)
25	(—)	**Scientist Meets The Space Invaders**	Scientist (Greensleeves)
26	(—)	**Colossal Youth**	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
27	(—)	**Photographs As Memories**	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
28	(29)	**Solid Pleasure**	Yello (Do-It)
29	(—)	**Fireside Favourites**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
30	(14)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)

REGGAE

1 **Can't Let You Go** ..... Love and Unity (Studio 16)
2 **Young Lover** Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)
3 **Happiness Forgets** . Errol Dunkley (Natty Congo)
4 **Let Me Go** ..... Norman Star Collins (Venture)
5 **Gimme Gimme Your love** Don McCarlos (Negus Roots)
6 **Can't Get Enough** ..... Johnny Clarke (Art & Craft)
7 **Without You** ..... Jennifer (S & S Music)
8 **Love Bump** ..... Lone Ranger (Studio One)
9 **Words of Parables** ..... Rod Taylor (Belva)
10 **Hopelessly** ..... Carol Thomson (S & G)

Joe Gibbs, 29 Lewisham Way, London SE14

FUNK

1 **It's A Love Thing** ..... Whispers (Solar)
2 **Intuition** ..... Linx (Chrysalis)
3 **Stars On 45** ..... Starsound (CBS)
4 **Ai No Corrida** ..... Quincy Jones (A&M)
5 **Can You Feel It** ..... Jacksons (Epic)
6 **Can't Get Enough Of You** Eddy Grant (Ice/ Ensign)
7 **Good Thing Going** ..... Sugar Minott (RCA)
8 **Can You Handle It** ..... Sharon Redd (Epic)
9 **Take To The Top** .Kool & The Gang (Mercury)
10 **Friends Again (Re-Mix)** Not James Player (Ultimate)

Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368-9852

INTERNATIONAL JAPAN

1	(1)	**Ruby No Yubiwa**	Akira Terao (Toshiba-EMI)
2	(3)	**Natsu No Tobira**	Seiko Matsuda (CBS/Sony)
3	(9)	**Nagai Yoru**	Chiharu Matsuyama (New Record)
4	(4)	**Shadow City**	Akira Terao (Toshiba/EMI)
5	(2)	**Boogie Woogie I Love You**	Toshihiko Tararo (Canyon)
6	(5)	**Sexy Music**	Nolans (Epic/PMP)
7	(8)	**Sunset Memory**	Naomi Sugimura (Polystar)
8	(7)	**Machikado Twilight**	Shannels (Epic/Sony)
9	(6)	**Yokohama Cheek**	Mashiko (Kondo RCA)
10	(10)	**Okuhida Bojou**	Tetsuya Ryu (Trio)

Music Labo/Billboard

CANADA

1	(1)	**Morning Train (9 to 5)**	Sheena Easton (Capitol)
2	(3)	**Angel Of The Morning**	Juice Newton (Capitol)
3	(4)	**While You See A Chance**	Stevie Winwood (Island)
4	(5)	**Just The Two Of Us**	Grover Washington Jr (Elektra)
5	(2)	**Kiss On My List**	Hall & Oates (RCA)
6	(7)	**You Better You Bet**	The Who (Warner Bros)
7	(12)	**Take It On The Run**	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)
8	(13)	**Being With You**	Smokey Robinson (Quality)
9	(10)	**Her Town Too**	James Taylor & J D Souther (CBS)
10	(6)	**I Can't Stand It**	Eric Clapton (RSO)

CBC's 60 Minutes With A Bullet/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Fernando** ..... Abba (Epic)
2 **No Charge** ..... J. J. Barrie (Power Exchange)
3 **My Resistance Is Low** ..... Robin Starstedt (Decca)
4 **Fool To Cry** ..... Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
5 **Silver Star** ..... Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
6 **Combine Harvester** ..... Wurzels (EMI)
7 **Arms Of Mary** ..... Sutherland Brothers & Quiver (CBS)
8 **Silly Love Songs** ..... Wings (Parlophone)
9 **Can't Help Falling In Love** ..... Stylistics (Avco)
10 **More More More** ..... Andrea True Connection (Buddah)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Knock Three Times** ..... Dawn (Bell)
2 **Indiana Wants Me** ..... R Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
3 **Brown Sugar** ..... Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
4 **Malt And Barley Blues** ..... McGuinness Flint (Capitol)
5 **Jig-A-Jig** ..... East Of Eden (Deram)
6 **Mozart 40th Symphony** ..... Waldo de Los Rios (A&M)
7 **It Don't Come Easy** ..... Ringo Starr (Apple)
8 **My Brother Jake** ..... Free (Island)
9 **I Am I Said** ..... Neil Diamond (UNI)
10 **Heaven Must Have Sent You** ..... Elgins (Tamla Motown)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Paint It Black** ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
2 **Wild Thing** ..... Troggs (Fontana)
3 **Strangers In The Night** ..... Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
4 **Pretty Flamingo** ..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
5 **Sloop John B** ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)
6 **Sorrow** ..... Merseys (Fontana)
7 **Monday Monday** ..... Mama's and Papa's (RCA)
8 **Shotgun Wedding** ..... Roy C (Island)
10 **Rainy Day Women Nos 12 & 13** ..... Bob Dylan (CBS)
10 **Daydream** ..... Lovin' Spoonful (Pye Int.)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Surrender** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **Runaway** ..... Del Shannon (London)
3 **On The Rebound** ..... Floyd Cramer (RCA)
4 **Frightened City** ..... Shadows (Columbia)
5 **More Than I Can Say** ..... Bobby Vee (London)
6 **You'll Never Know** ..... Shirley Bassey (London)
7 **Blue Moon** ..... Marcels (Pye Int.)
8 **You're Driving Me Crazy** ..... Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
9 **But I Do** ..... Clarence Henry (Pye Int.)
10 **Don't Treat Me Like A Child** ..... Helen Shapiro (Columbia)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

PHEW! WHAT A PORKER . . .

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

THE JAM

THE JAM will play 11 concerts during their early summer "fun tour" — about half of them at coastal resorts, and the remainder at some of their favourite inland venues. The outing, revealed by *NME* last week, gives the band "a break from routine" and a chance to experiment with some new material.

The schedule comprises Skegness Festival Pavilion (June 20), Leicester Granby Hall (22), Portsmouth Guildhall (23), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (25), Stafford Bingley Hall (27), Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre (30), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (July 2), Carlisle Market Hall (4), Preston Guildhall (5) and Guildford Civic Hall (7 and 8).

For Leicester and Stafford, it's postal application only, with tickets at £4. Leicester bookings should be sent to Box Office, Town Hall, Leicester and postal orders made payable to "Leicester City Council"; for Stafford, write to MCP Ltd. (to whom POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 124, Walsall, WS5 4QG.

Skegness tickets (£4) may also be obtained by post — from Phil McIntyre Promotions, 34 Euston Street, Preston, Lancs — although there are various outlets for personal callers in the area. Please note that with all mail orders, it's postal orders only and a s.a.e. should be enclosed.

At other venues, tickets are predominantly at £4, though there may be some slight variations — and they should all be on sale at the respective box-offices by this weekend. In the absence of a box-office at the Carlisle venue, they are on sale at Pink Panther Records (Carlisle), Earthquake (Barrow), Ear Ear (Lancaster) and George Edwardian (Kendal).

IGGY POP

DATES AND VENUES for Iggy Pop's UK tour, plans for which were revealed exclusively by *NME* seven weeks ago, were confirmed this week by John Giddings of TBA International. The Ig is headlining nine major concerts around the country, backed by the same musicians who accompanied him on his previous visit — ex-Patti Smith sideman Ivan Kral (guitar and keyboards), Rob Duprey (guitar), Michael Page (bass) and former John Cale drummer Douglas Bowne.

The tour takes in Leeds University (July 2), Birmingham Odeon (3), Manchester Apollo (4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Edinburgh Playhouse (6),

TOUR DATES

Liverpool Royal Court (7), Sheffield Polytechnic (8), Nottingham Rock City (9) and London Rainbow (11). Tickets for the Rainbow are priced £4 and £3.50, on sale now; prices vary elsewhere, contact box-offices for details.

PETER TOSH

PETER TOSH returns to London at the end of next month to headline two concerts at the Rainbow Theatre on Monday and Tuesday, June 29 and 30.

The backing band will be similar to his last visit, and tickets priced £5 and £4.50 are on sale now at the box-office and usual agencies. Promoters are Kiltorch Productions.

● **BLACK UHURU** have not yet had their British tour details confirmed, though they were promised for this week, because their management is involved in preparations for Bob Marley's funeral. But they will be in the UK from July 6 to 13 — playing six major concerts and culminating in London.

● **THEATRE OF HATE** set out this weekend on an extensive tour, and they go on the road as a four-piece, minus guitarist Steve Guthrie who's now left to pursue his own career.

First dates confirmed are: Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel (this Saturday), Bristol Granary (May 25), Edinburgh Nite Club (29), Glasgow Strathclyde University (30), Aberdeen The Venue (June 1), Manchester Polytechnic (2), Leeds Warehouse (3), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (4), Loughborough Town Hall (5), Northampton Roadmenders Club (6), Bedford Bunyan Centre (7), York Jaspers (8), Nottingham Whispers (9), Scarborough Taboo (12), Cambridge Technical College (13), London Strand Lyceum (14) and Oxford Scamps (15).

(NYK103-May 13)--SPECIAL FOR NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS, LONDON--Attn: Phil McNeill. (transmitted via AP Laserphoto) (ccc21530-sub)81

After the gig — the riot. Angry New Yorkers tear down the Ritz video screen (right). Others shelter (centre) from flying bottles. Exeunt PiL (left). *Pic: Marcia Resnick*

RIOT AT THE RITZ

PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED are always saying that they don't like to do gigs. On Friday in New York they proved they mean to be taken at their word — and precipitated a full-scale riot in the process.

The band's concert at the Ritz ended with the block on which the club is located being sealed off by police, a mob of angry people gathered outside the doors, several injuries and thousands of dollars' worth of damage done inside the club.

The whole saga started when Bow Wow Wow were forced to cancel a two-night engagement at the Ritz due to visa and work permit problems and the members of PiL happened to be in town doing press and promotion for 'Flowers Of Romance'. In several interviews over the last week Keith Levene has told journalists that the whole PiL company plans to move to New York. The Ritz offered PiL the cancelled dates and they accepted.

The Ritz is a large open ballroom. Its unique feature is a giant screen that covers the stage and is used for video projections, giving a movie sized video image. Normally the screen is rolled up to the ceiling during band performances.

Public Image's performace began with a video shot just days before of Levene being interviewed by Lisa Yap, a local cable TV gossip columnist. Levene spends the interview slumped in a doorway, Ms Yap hunched in a garbage pail.

Then PiL started to play — from behind the screen. A video camera, also behind the screen, picked up their image which was simultaneously projected onto the screen. Levene stood at his synthesizer, Lydon sang sporadically and Jeanette Lee just wandered around. This simultaneous projection was intercut with old PiL promotional videos, the band in a rehearsal studio, etc.

The sounds were mostly a taped desultory drone. But what bothered the crowd was that they weren't getting a look at the band. People started complaining loudly.

The Ritz on a Friday night, it should be said, usually gets packed with a "hardcore" rock and roll crowd. They expect to be catered to for their 12 dollars and they usually are. The subtleties of a conceptual video performance, or whatever it was PiL thought they were doing, were bound to be lost on them.

It didn't help that Lydon decided to go into his audience-taunting routine. "Are you getting your money's worth?" he kept asking.

Levene stepped up to a mike: "This is your chance. If you destroy this screen we will destroy you. We have the power up here." He seemed to be asking for it.

By now, bottles were raining at the screen. Lydon responded: "I know you're all into peace and love, aren't you?" More bottles. "That's it. It's over," Levene said — and they walked off. They'd been on about 10 minutes.

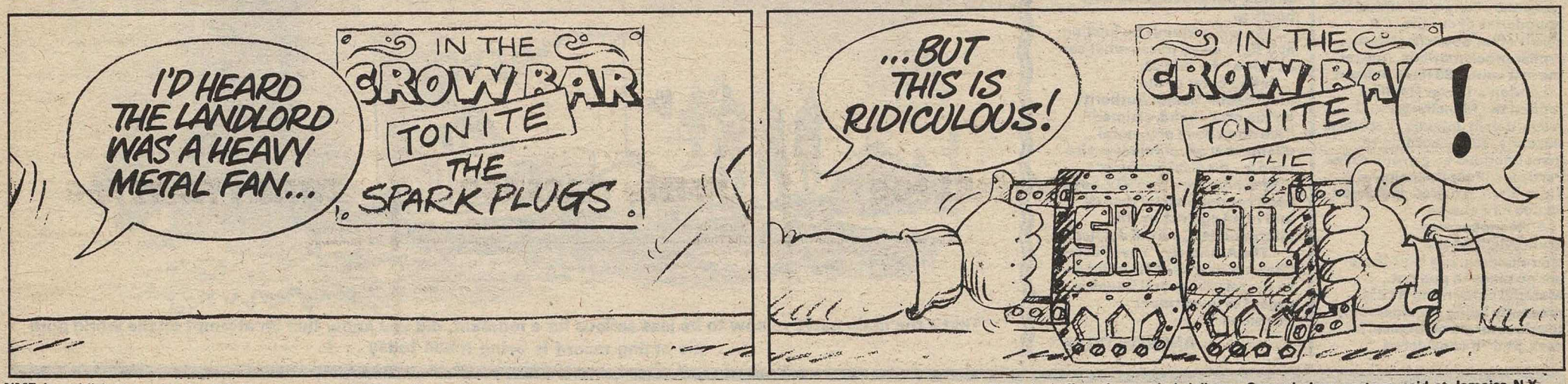
Then the riot hit. Fans began storming the stage and the bouncers began storming into the fans, trying to hold them back. The roadies quickly cleared the stage of equipment. Fans and bouncers kept fighting.

Finally the fans succeeded in grabbing the giant screen and pulling it down. The stage was covered with broken glass, whilst people cowered under the stage lip from hailing bottles.

PiL had finally succeeded in really overturning the old rock and roll applecart. But just for one night. A somewhat futile gesture.

—RICHARD GRABEL

THE SKOLARS
ADVERTISEMENT


I'D HEARD THE LANDLORD WAS A HEAVY METAL FAN...
IN THE CROWBAR TONITE THE SPARK PLUGS
...BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
IN THE CROWBAR TONITE THE SKOLARS
!

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Marley lies in state

JAMAICA MOURNS its favourite son this week as Bob Marley lies in state at the National Arena in Kingston. Thousands have come from all parts of the country and from adjacent islands to file past the bier in a mass demonstration of love, respect and grief.

Marley's funeral service starts at one o'clock today (Thursday), and will be conducted by the Ethiopian Orthodox Church. Among those attending will be members of Bob's family, followers of the Twelve Tribes Of Israel, members of the Jamaican Government and Opposition, international guests and fellow musicians. The I Threes will be singing at the service and Wailers keyboards player Tyrone Downie will be playing the organ.

After the service, there's to be a funeral procession through Kingston; all shops will close, and it's expected that virtually the entire population of the city will line the streets. The cortege will pause as it passes 56 Hope Road, Marley's one-time home and headquarters of his Tuff Gong organisation.

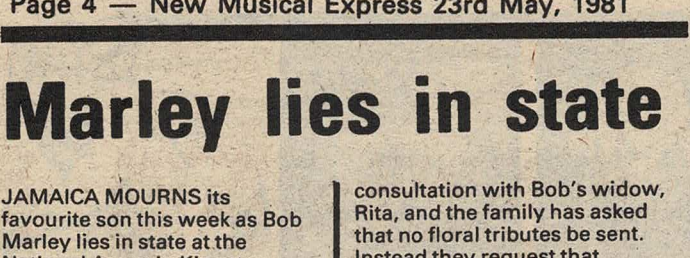
The body will be interred in the new mausoleum which has been erected in the parish of St Ann, Bob's birthplace.

The funeral arrangements have been made in close consultation with Bob's widow, Rita, and the family has asked that no floral tributes be sent. Instead they request that donations be made to The Honourable Bob Marley Memorial Fund, which is being administered by the Royal Bank of Jamaica Ltd., P.O. Box 96, 36 Duke Street, Kingston, Jamaica (Account Number 146-845-3). Alternatively, donations may be made to any branch of the Royal Bank of Jamaica, and they will then go to the Jamaica Cancer Society and the Ethiopian Orthodox Church.

Jamaica is also to issue a commemorative stamp which will carry a picture of Marley framed in red, gold and green together with the legend 'The Lion Sleeps'.

● JAMAICAN Prime Minister Edward Seaga issued the following statement:

"Words cannot fully convey the measure of sadness which myself and the people of Jamaica feel on the passing of Robert Nesta Marley. His work was primarily responsible for Jamaica's reggae music gaining worldwide acceptance. He became a cultural ambassador for Jamaica, expressing the need for unity of young people of different colour, tongue and creed."



Britain's not so Nuclear Free Zones

A NUMBER of Britain's 80 "anti-nuclear" local authorities *(Thrills,* May 2) may not be so anti-nuke as first appeared. Several of them, it seems, are investing in Rio Tinto Zinc, the UK-based mining conglomerate which harvests 26 per cent of the West's uranium ore.

An even weightier irony is that some of RTZ's funding comes from central government controlled Area Health Authorities, even though RTZ has been condemned by the United Nations for exploiting the health and welfare of its workers.

Among the councils playing both sides of the nuclear fence are Gwent in Wales, London's Tower Hamlets and Tyne & Wear in the North East — whilst both Sheffield and Manchester Area Health Authorities have an RTZ stake even though their areas have declared themselves Nuclear Free Zones.

It was in Manchester City Council last November that a resolution was passed calling upon the Government "to refrain from the manufacture or positioning of any nuclear weapons of any kind within the boundaries of our City." It asked other Councils to issue similar proclamations. And, at the last count, 80 have obliged.

London's Tower Hamlets ratified the Manchester resolution in January. Yet since the early '70s, according to investigations by a group called Partizans (People Against Rio Tinto Zinc), it has accumulated 50,000 RTZ shares.

A TH spokesman acknowledged the shareholding, but says there are no plans to pull out. Material concerning RTZ is presently being considered by the directorate of finance, he says, and "if considered necessary" will be passed on to full Council.

At Tyne & Wear, the County Council has pledged implacable opposition to power stations, to the build-up of waste and aims to "carefully monitor" the nuclear waste transported on trains. But Tyne & Wear have also staked themselves in RTZ's operation.

"It would be most difficult," says a spokesman, "to exempt any investment group or fund from having shareholdings in large, worldwide engineering and technology groups which does not have some connection with nuclear science."

Gwent in Wales at first declined to acknowledge any holding but Treasurer Trevor Evans finally told us: "Yes — but I can't divulge the number. . .If certain people have certain views, we can't necessarily take into account all these different views. I am aware that Rio Tinto Zinc are in the headlines again. Certain companies throughout the world tend to get highlighted every so often."

In the Nuclear Free Zone of Sheffield, however, Labour councillor and chief whip Bill Mickey was "not very chuffed" to learn from *NME* of his local health authority's small (2,000 shares) but provocative RTZ holding.

"We will certainly be looking at it right away to see what can be done," he told us.

Peter Foster of the Manchester Health Authority, on the other hand, claimed: "We don't have any moral dilemma at all, uranium is also used for medical products."

Was he aware that RTZ have been condemned by the UN and ruled against by the International Court of Justice?

"The Authority," says Foster, "has not exercised its mind as to the relative moral issues in regard to investment decisions."

—ANDREW TYLER

Portrait Of The Artist As A CONSUMER

Pork Chop Henderson? (This, incidentally, is Pop: Aural's idea of a promo pic . . .)

DAVID HENDERSON

of The Fire Engines

RECORDS

The City Never Sleeps At Night — Nancy Sinatra
Wimoweh — Karl Denver
I Am Your Money — Heaven 17
East River — Brecker Brothers
Heartbreaker — Aretha Franklin
Can't Help Thinking About Me — David Jones *(pre-Bowie Bowie)*
You're Drivin' Me Insane — The Beachnuts *(pre-Velvets Lou Read)*
Can't Leave You Alone — George Macrae
Mule Train — Tennessee Ernie Ford

BOOKS

The Big Gold Dream — Chester Himes
The Letraset catalogue
The Threepenny Novel — Berthold Brecht
In Dreams Begin Responsibilities — Delmore Schwartz
POPism — Andy Warhol
A Walk On The Wild Side — Nelson Algren
The Sins Of Billy Serene — Anon.
The Medium Is The Message — Quentin Miore and Marshall McLuhan

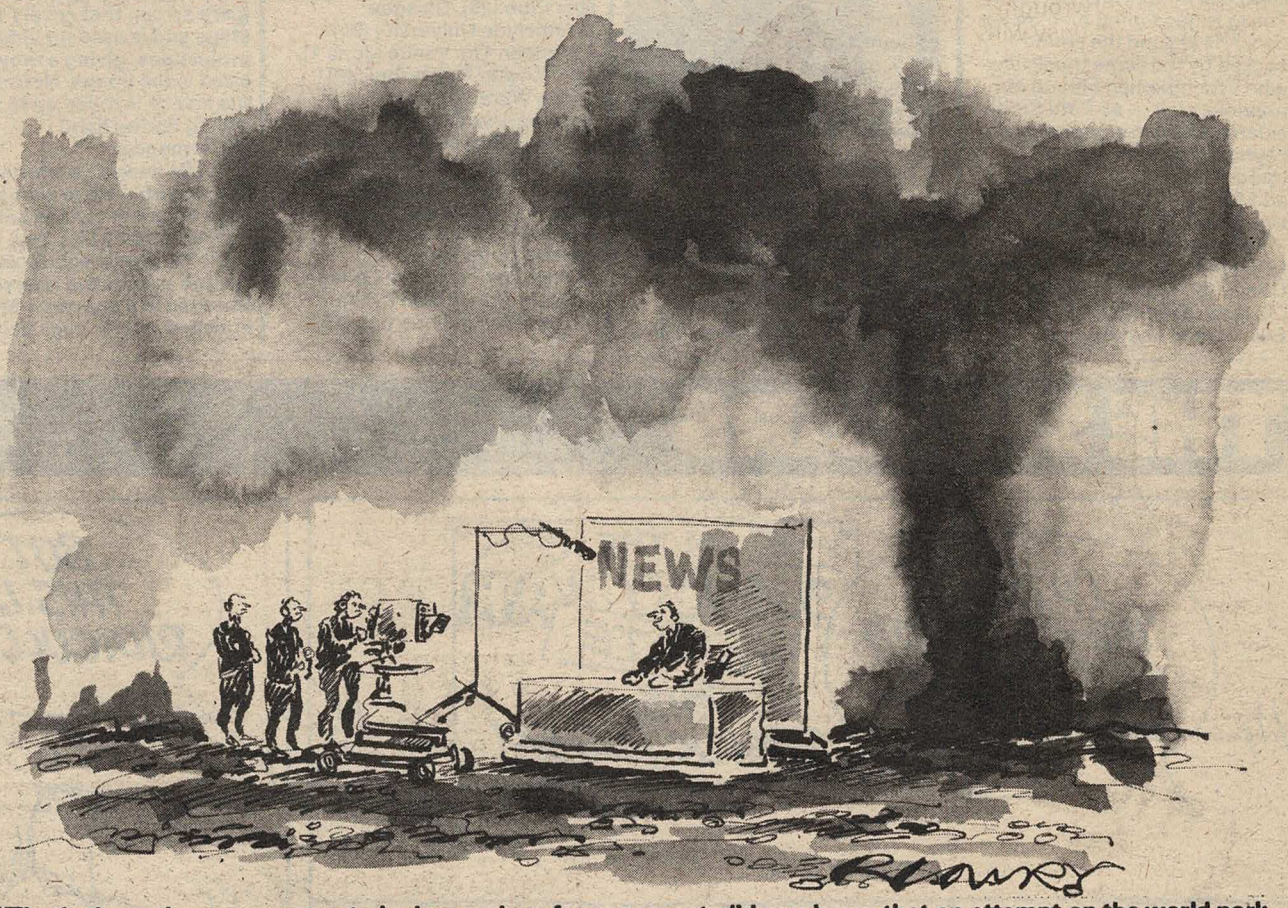
TV PROGRAMMES

High Chapparal
Sergeant Bilko
Tex Avery cartoons
Family Fortunes
Coronation Street
Adverts
Bewitched
The Impossibles
Cannon And Ball

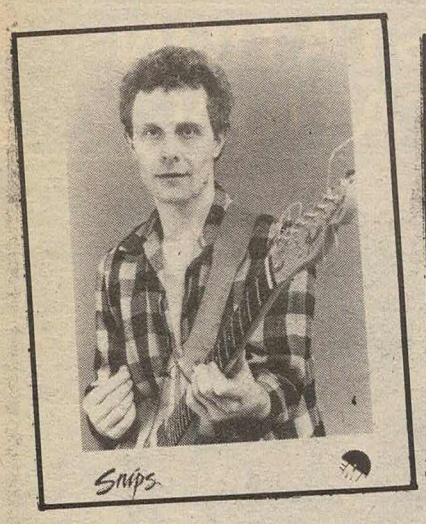
FILMS

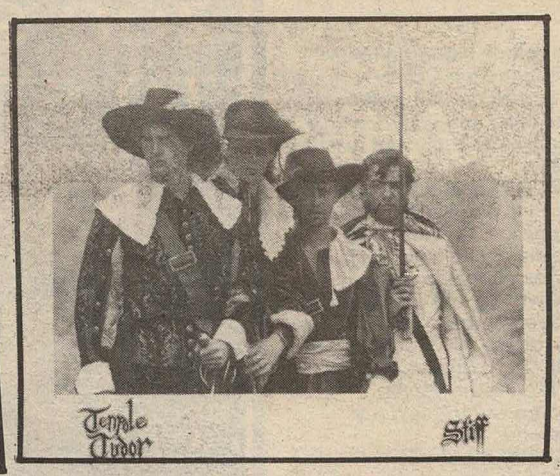
Orphee
Alphaville
Slaughterhouse 5
King Creole
The Fountainhead
O Lucky Man
Chant D'Amour
Batman
Treasure Of The Sierra Madre
Anything with Peter Lorre

Ray Lowry



"That's the main news — now to be less serious for a moment, did you know that an attempt on the world pork pie eating record is being made today . . .?





Why America took the Put-Together-Badly girl to its bullet-ridden bosom

. . . and other burning issues

OUR CHART, even when topped by a berk like Stuart 'Antman' Goddard, is a candy store bright with penny chews, and we should be grateful. America, the poor wretch, has a real problem chart.

It's fire-armed and it lies down on an analyst's couch regularly, a real Yank archetype. It's been corralled and annexed by divorcees, long haired hippies and whining women. It will never be healthy, it will never be young again. If our chart is a sweet shop brimming over with Blackjacks and Mojos, theirs is an overwrought chemist's shop lousy with Mogadons and Valiums. My baby takes his morning 'lude. . .

A year or so ago, I espoused, quite seriously, the sound of **The Nolans,** those cute Roman Candle Rockers. I was real struck by their gauche slickness, their *defiance* in the face of ridicule, the lead singer's almost *black* rasp and Miss Maureen Nolan's shocking beauty.

Since that time, John Peel and other have-nots have simperingly supported Miss **Sheena Easton,** hoping to catch on to some trendy anti-hip aesthetic. No, no, no, you've got it all wrong as per. I'd better put you right PDQ.

Easton is third-rate and old at heart, the Put-Together-Badly girl. Her most recent muck offering, 'When He Shines', illustrates her uselessness gloriously.

The half-mind behind it has fashioned a song in the increasingly popular *actual palliative* mould that is becoming more profuse as workforces start to think, strike and rebel more. It's in the manner of Clint Eastwood films and Page 3 bimbos: a young man may be a cowardly little yes-man all day at the office/laboratory when dealing with bigger, bossier career bores, but in his few furtive little leisure hours he can recharge his batteries by watching Clint be brave for him, pretend that a cute unclothed teenager's come-on smile is for *him* alone — and now, wonder of wonders (ain't pleasure technology great, Malcolm?) he can listen to Sheena serenade *him.* Or, you may be a cringing little nobody — don't talk back, darling, we need that salary and I'm too stupid to find employment myself — but you're a BIG MAN to your little woman, to your wee Sheena! The whole insidious Me Tarzan at Home/Jane at Office schizoid syndrome really STINKS, and for a supposedly "thinking" type like Peel to coyly condone it — well, it just shows him up for the old-fashioned old burnt-out he is.

The Nolans on the other hand! Well, they're young and clumsy, but I've heard 'em talking amongst themselves and they were actually quite killingly witty, volleying bon mots back and forth better than Coward, Wilde, Bankhead and Dottie Parker having a bull session. Their videos are just about starting to show their humour; Easton takes herself *deadly* serious, which makes for really boring entertainment. They're thought to be figures of fun, but I swear, if they were black and American and on the Tamla Home For The Aged label, that voice and those sweet dance routines and that snappy poppy 'Attention To Me' would be necessary accessories on any hipster's list.

The Nolans are starting to be sheer homespun quality, like *Street,* Radio Four and cotton, silk and the salt of the earth. Sheena Easton is a man-made gimmick, practically a Mike Leigh study; patron saint of the singles bar and the freezer centre.

Sterile, hysterical old America has already taken her to its bullet-ridden bosom, and I couldn't be happier for the both of them. The Nolans will win, they got the numbers; one out of every four people in the world is Chinese, but one out of every two people is a Nolan!

THE NOLANS are real pop, totally unselfconscious, singing like breathing. The pseudo popsters, the self-regarding flat pop of dull blades like **Echo And The Bunnymen** ('Crocodiles'), **The Human League** ('The Sound Of The Crowd') and the equally mannered **Stray Cats** could learn a lot from them.

The Stray Cats especially make me sneer; they sing about looking good in every song, but they look like geeks. They sing about having a fight in every song — 'Stray Cat Strut' is no exception — are these *boys* trying to prove something? I find them phoney and un-fun, a real pain in the quiff. The Stray Cats — if a quiff could launch a trio of stiffs, this is it.

Now **Shakin' Stevens** is the right stuff; he was playing Communist Party shows before RAR was a twinkle in Dr Widgery's iris, he always wears the same clothes, Joanna Lumley admires him, he's Welsh — true class. He looks great, he's a great poster face and a worthy idol, but he can't get the knack of picking good songs. He's done one good song — the gorgeous 'Marie Marie'. 'This Old House' was an old bore and 'You Drive Me Crazy' drives me mad with its monotony.

It's so unnecessary. There's *masses* of great rock'n'roll beautiful trash to give the kiss of life to; I can just see him singing 'Linda Lou' or 'Personality' or 'Well All Right' or 'Honeycomb' or anything by the stupendous Everly Brothers — mmm, 'Ferris Wheel' or 'Temptation'. What the teen world needs now is another beautiful Billy Fury — or, at a pinch, the real one could make an I've-never-been-away-back.

I would love to have heard what Shakin' Stevens might have done with silly, sexy, bossy 'Future Management' — I can't take **Roger Taylor** seriously, or frivolously, I'm afraid. I keep remembering him as he was in my formative early '70s, all oiled up and banging a gong. I keep expecting Mercury to run on and take a bite out of him. A rum blond, that Roger Taylor.

Tenpole Tudor is weird, but he's wonderful. He and his band are the first ones to really GET that look that so many have tried for; that look as though they were hand-picked out of cardboard boxes on Wapping Steps at 3am in the morning by a big cigar. They're a total mess — but 'Swords Of A Thousand Men' is more romantic, dashing and rousing than **Adam And The Ants** have been since 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' first emerged, pre-Antmania.

'Stand And Deliver' is unbearably hack, cobbled together like a patchwork quilt and quatorze times as homely. Even at the top of the pile, Adam's success has a transient smell; after the honeymoon I certainly expect to see an obit in the Want Ads. "Tame Ant going cheap, highwaymanish inclinations. Only two owners. Call Malcolm and Marco."

■ *Continues over*

QUICK BEFORE THEY VANISH

Charts overview by JULIE BURCHILL

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QBTV

■ *From previous page*

BEING A FAILURE Means Never Having To Say You're A Has Been: **Kim Carnes** of American, this is *your* fortune cookie. All the Radio One DJs are currently grieving my nervous eardrums with a real dodo of a turntable hit, 'Bette Davis Eyes'. This is one for the kind of creep who says "movies" rather than "films" or 'the cinema", the kind of sissy boy who thinks that Jessica Lang is sexier than Lana Turner.

[I'll give you the instant goods on why *The Postman Always Rings Twice* is a sloth this time round (I loved the 1941 version). Lana Turner (whose daughter Cheryl was later to kill her mother's gentleman friend Mafioso moron Johnny Stompanto when the dago smacked Miss Turner around) and John Garfield (who was a kinky Commie beauty, who died in bed with a woman who wasn't his wife — see, I'm a *real* film buff, I know all the dirt, every little speck) really LOOKED like sexy dumb hunks who might easily be so obsessed with each other that they'd kill anything that came between them. Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lang, although at 49 and 31 respectively much older than the Turner-Garfield lovers, look like skinny vacuous *hippies,* the kind America's specialised in every since poor bulbous Jayne Mansfield made them feel embarrassed about vulgar *glamour.* One can't imagine the hippie Cora and Frank getting "uptight" about her marriage; they'd just smoke a "joint", get it "on' and go their separate ways. No ties, man. Looks, looks, looks. What next? Tatum O'Neal as *Camille?]*

So much for Kim Carnes and her closet fans. Besides, the wretched song's inaccurate. *"Her hair is Harlow gold"* indeed! Jean Harlow didn't have gold hair, she was a *platinum* blonde. Her hair was *white,* moron.

I don't like the new records by **Kim Wilde** ('Chequered Love') and **The Beat** ('All Out To Get You') but I've bought them just so there's a bigger chance of seeing the beauties on *Top Of The Pops* one more time.

Huh, there's a pop sensibility — senselessness? — for you.

The Equals *must* have been The Beat's spiritual Daddies, and lead singer **Eddy Grant** has come out of the '60s and into the '80s twice as talented, relevant and daisy fresh as over-rated old tarts like The Rolling Stones and The Who. 'Can't Get Enough Of You' could have been written by a 17-year-old, by Linx or Beggar and Company, it's so contemporary and unembarrassing. When was the last time an old '60s fave (Pete Townshend on *Parkinson,* Ringo's wedding, Keith Richards on punk) didn't embarrass *you?*

I'LL TELL YOU what I find pitiable: people who aren't at ease with machines, people who try to make them into a fetish, a scare, a trend, an event.

A machine — TV, computer, video — is just an inanimate object, for God's sake, it's just like a bed or a table: there to make your life easier. When I hear modernes invest machines with some kind of mystic power I blush and squirm on their behalf, I really do. The *people* they know must be pretty dull for them to pin their hopes on machines. Give me an old drunk with an interesting life story to tell anytime, and take back your talking computer Simon from whence it came. Nevertheless, I was amazed at the flatness and banality of **Kraftwerk's** 'Pocket Calculator'. Stop playing with your adder, Florian, you'll go bland.

A hot one to end on, a thoroughbred outsider. After p**k, any entertainer who tries to be more than entertaining (bar Robert Wyatt) ends up being *less* than entertaining. I find the manifesto bands — love me, love my tribe — quite offensive and very boring. All these little flibbertigibbits taking themselves so seriously! — and worse still, writers who take them seriously, writing treatises on them and wasting space.

So I like **Snips,** that shrivelled enigma. Snips doesn't try to be *important;* he tries to be excellent, and he is. He just makes good pop singles, with real writing and real tunes in, you remember? 'Nine O'Clock' was great; the current one on EMI, 'Tight Shoes', is good.

"It's like the Velvet Underground"' said my husband.

"*I* think it's like Elvis Presley before he was a corpse," I said. "But then," I added glibly, "is not a hybrid of those two beat world luminaries the way that combos since the dawn of creation have wanted to sound?"

Support Snips; The best of Presley and the Velvets, without the heroin, the homosexuality and the rigor mortis.

The shocking beauty of Maureen Nolan.

ZOO STATION TO STATION

Natja Brunkhorst (left) as Christiane F

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON

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...Y'KNOW—LIKE TH'DUDE WHO PAINTED A WHITE SQUARE ON A WHITE BACKGROUND.....
GOOD GRIEF!
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The August Darnell File

COCONUT KID AS C. CRUISE CARUSO

All Your Questions Answered

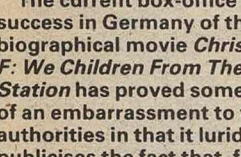
BERLIN'S BUSTLING Zoo Station is similar in one distressing aspect to its Piccadilly Circus equivalent a subway labyrinth where a city's teenage heroin addicts congregate daily to solicit, score, shoot-up and occasionally die.

The current box-office success in Germany of the biographical movie *Christiane F: We Children From The Zoo Station* has proved somewhat of an embarrassment to the authorities in that it luridly publicises the fact that, for all its subsidised affluence, West Germany (and in particular West Berlin) has to contend with Europe's most severe hard-drug epidemic. An estimated 50,000 teenage smack-heads now roam the streets.

Based initially on a series of Stern Magazine articles (later transformed into a best-selling youth market book), *We Children From The Zoo Station* deals with the squalid lifestyle of one particular unfortunate who, when not prostituting herself for the price of a fix, kills time playing David Bowie tapes.

Any drug deterrent effect that the film might possess has already backfired. 14-year-old Natja Brunkhorsts's remarkable portrayal of Christine F had not only elevated the one-time junkie as the ;atest pop cult figure, but has also instigated a lookalike fashion amongst curiosity-seeking children of her own age, who are now flocking into the city to check out the twilight world of the real-life Zoo Station.

Meanwhile, a nine-track soundtrack LP drawing on four Bowie albums ('Station To Station', 'Low', 'Heroes' and 'Lodger') entered the West German album charts last week at number 11. — ROY CARR



KID CREOLE And The Coconuts release their second long player, titled 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places,' in a couple of weeks time. A 12-song 'concept album' based on a cruise August Darnell took on the QE2 last year, it contains such frothy equatorial concoctions as 'I Never Understood Latin Music' and 'I Never Understood American Music'.

It is a fact that in Cuba alone, there are reckoned to be a total of 61 separate and distinctive rhythms. Kid Creole's Caribbean affair promises to be a long one.

Thrills cornered the Mulatto Dan Hicks in the middle of a busy mixing schedule in New York's Electric Ladyland studio. Looking as though he'd just stepped out of the shower, he answered our questions gamely through a mouthful of chewing gum.

Where do you live?
Somewhere between New York and South America.

What are the things you treasure most in your home?
My wife. My piano. My Teac.

Did you benefit from your education?
Immensely. I was also hurt by it. Education is an ambivalent thing. It can enlighten you, and at the same time it can open Pandora's Box. It can let you know things that you wish you never knew.

Who's your favourite cartoon character, Donald Duck or Mickey Mouse?
Out of those two, definitely Mickey Mouse. There's something a bit more urban about him.

What was the last book you read?
Far from The Madding Crowd by Thomas Hardy. About 22 years ago. No, I'm kidding. I just read it again. It's my favourite book.

Who's your biggest rival?
It would have to be Stony (Browder Jnr, leader of Dr Buzzard's Savannah Band and Darnell's half brother). If you saw my record collection, you'd wonder what world I'm living in.

Is there anyone you measure yourself against, not necessarily a musician?
Now there's an interesting question, if it doesn't have to do with music . . . You know, I could only answer that question with one person. Cecil B. DeMille. The late Cecil B. DeMille.

Acid, never. At college it was all around me. It was even in my dorm. But I've never taken it. Have I missed something?

What do you do for relaxation?
I don't know. I haven't relaxed in such a long time . . . I guess I like boat trips.

Do you travel a lot?
No, I don't do a lot. I don't have the time. But when I do, I enjoy it. I took a trip on the QE2 last year. That's the best way to travel. That's relaxing. I used to travel on the Queen Elizabeth 1 down to the Caribbean. It was a cleaner boat then.

What's your favourite building?
My favourite building? I guess I'd have to say the Chrysler building (a deco skyscraper in New York).

Favourite cocktail?
I don't indulge.

Favourite actress?
My favourite actress would have to be Hedy Lamarr.

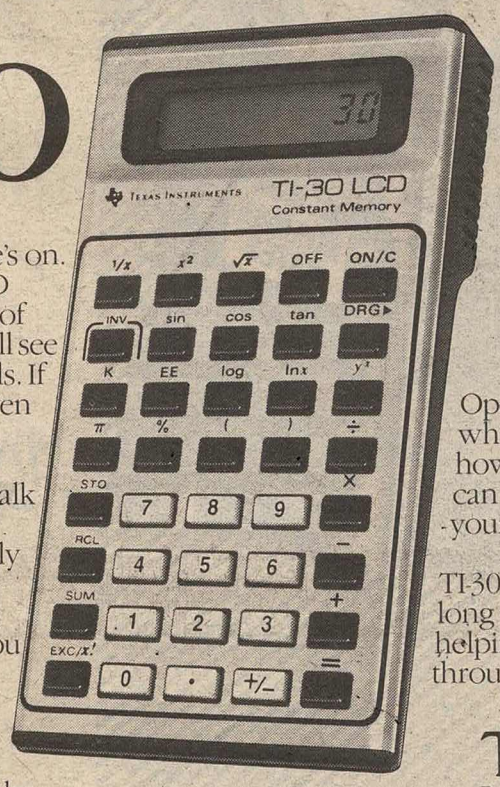
Favourite character?
I guess I'd have to say Duke Manti; Humphrey Bogart in *High Sierra*. No wait, better than that . . . *either* Ilsa Lund, which was Ingrid Bergman's character in *Casablanca*, or Victor Lazlo, who was played by Paul Henreid in *Casablanca*. But Duke Manti was Bogart's first role in films and Bogart's one of my favourites.

Your tastes in clothes and movies seem to lean towards a certain period. Do you go to see many modern films?
Oh yes. But I'm a sentimental freak. For sure. During my better days, that was all I did. Just go and see movie after movie. Nowadays, there aren't many films that I care for. There are some . . . I'm sure there *are* some, but I can't think what they are.

— PAUL RAMBALI

The floppy hat of August Darnell. Pic: Joe Stevens.

Would a better calculator help you do better at school?



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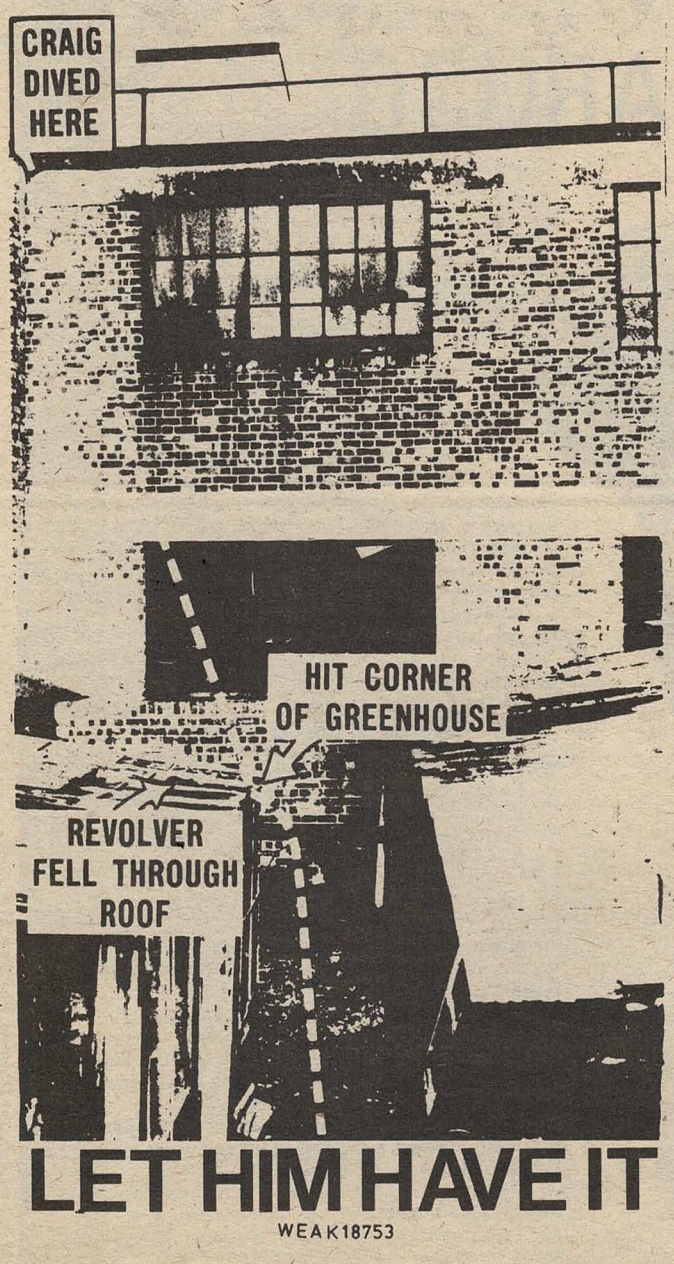

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WEAK18753

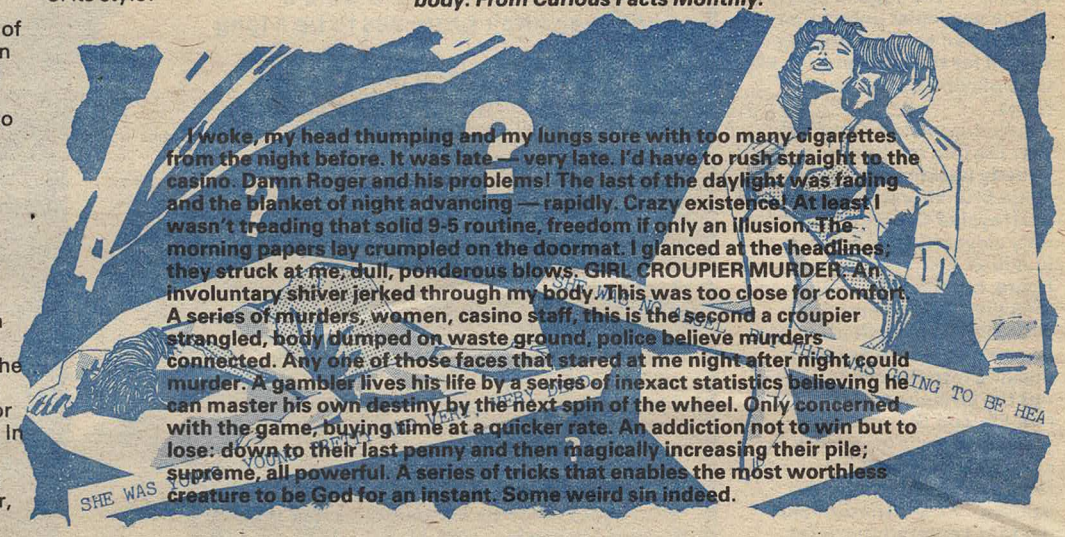
PULP MODERNE

"THIS IS THE AGE of transparency," Linton Johnson might just as well have sung, when almost everything from shirt cuffs to celluloid seems mired in 'nostalgia', 'inspiration' or 'homage' to something else. Not so, however, in the case of two new print ventures — THEY claim to praise pulp by *re-inventing* it.

Curious Facts Monthly (50p) aims to provide a "pulp magazine for the '80s" — sort of a contemporary cross between today's *National Enquirer* and yesterday's *Stranger Than Science.* An editorial manifesto from editors Michael Marten and John *(The Beast)* May promises "real pulp" every issue, and poses the question "Is this the sort of stuff you *want* on your bookstalls?" Exploding bread, 80-year-old children, plenty of monster sightings and yet more dirt on Ronnie Reagan . . . why, mein Gott, give us more; bring on the killer bees! From: 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11 1NN, or sympathetic newsagents. PS: In 200 entries about sex, money and animals, there is not ONE mention of Margaret Thatcher, El Salvador, real ale, or Lady Diana — though there is a picture of Prince Charles kissing someone *else.*

In *Thrills* 29.11.80, one Kathy Holme solicited material for the first of a "post comic-book age" pulp series to be called *SUB-Illustrated;* that was ***SUB-Detective.*** The idea (shared by Ms Holme with two fellow editors) was to provide a new outlet for contemporary writers and illustrators within the conventions of familiar genres — whilst avoiding mere pastiche. Response from would-be Hammetts and Chandlers was keen; *SUB-Detective* will soon be on the stands and here's a sample of its style:

Fransie Gerringer (above) — a seven-year-old in a 70-year-old's body. From Curious Facts Monthly.



I woke, my head thumping and my lungs sore with too many cigarettes from the night before. It was late — very late. I'd have to rush straight to the casino. Damn Roger and his problems! The last of the daylight was fading and the blanket of night advancing — rapidly. Crazy existence! At least I wasn't treading that solid 9-5 routine, freedom if only an illusion. The morning papers lay crumpled on the doormat. I glanced at the headlines; they struck at me, dull, ponderous blows. GIRL CROUPIER MURDER. An involuntary shiver jerked through my body. This was too close for comfort. A series of murders, women, casino staff, this is the second a croupier strangled, body dumped on waste ground, police believe murders connected. Any one of those faces that stared at me night after night could murder. A gambler lives his life by a series of inexact statistics believing he can master his own destiny by the next spin of the wheel. Only concerned with the game, buying time at a quicker rate. An addiction not to win but to lose: down to their last penny and then magically increasing their pile; supreme, all powerful. A series of tricks that enables the most worthless creature to be God for an instant. Some weird sin indeed.

● CONTRIBUTORS interested in ***SUB-Romance*** or ***SUB-Horror*** should direct any illustrations/contributions under 5000 words in length to SUB-Illustrated, c/o 80 Berwick St, London W1, as these next titles in the series are now getting underway.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

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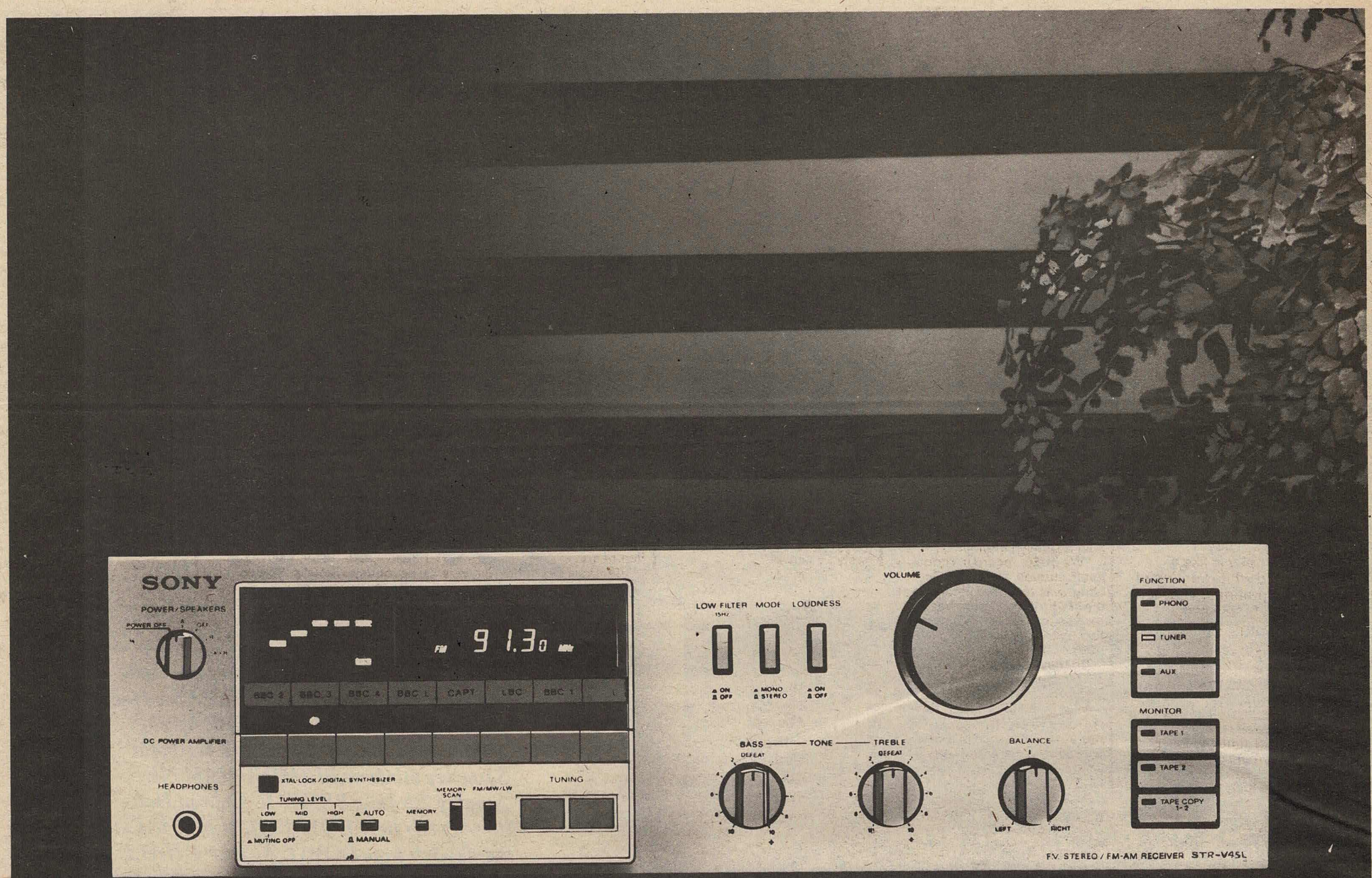

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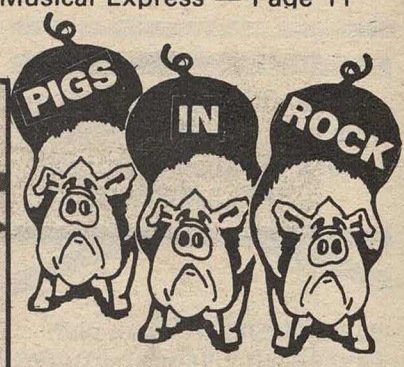


FURIOUS PIG are young men who have pushed their electric guitars back under the bed and decided to go it alone with nothing but their mikestands. Their raving a capella vocal music is hard to describe and even stranger to hear.

Imagine them first on the bill at the Lyceum, supporting a lot of futuristic bands with French names, as they were one Sunday recently.

Their stage show is disturbing to watch. Their loud rhythmic shouting makes their bodies twitch violently, their veins stick out and their faces go red. Their timing is accurate and disciplined. The choreography is like a demented white version of The Temptations. They look and sound like a zoo.

Their only accompaniment is percussion, mainly found objects: blocks of wood, film cans, four long cardboard tubes and sundry rods of wood and metal.

The audience gives them the famous mixed response: Yay and fuck off simultaneously. The performance is shortened by the omission of their long piece, 'The King Mother', which Martin is too hoarse to perform — hence his last minute gargling backstage.

"The voice is the ultimate instrument," asserts gaunt, crew-cut Stephen, Martin's brother.

Furious Pig started out as a rock group playing traditional rock instruments — but they found this restricted the bizarre, intense music they wanted to perform.

Very rapidly, their compositions became too difficult to play, and they were forced to practise them by singing the instrumental parts.

Soon they found out what they could do with their voices. As Stephen, once the group's guitarist, points out: "The electric guitar produces a manufactured sound — whereas what we are doing now is totally personal.

"We like to record in rooms, not in studios. 'Johnny's So Long' was recorded in the loo at the studio. Every room has its own sound. The studio removes that sound, which is OK if you want canned sound."

Do they consider themselves a violent group, as their act suggests?

"We're not violent people but we have violent thoughts. Rock has a lot of violence in it, and we have violent arguments when we work. 'I Don't Like Your Face' is a rip-off of a punk-type song, based on the sort of thing kids say in the playground. Kids are really nasty . . . cruel."

F. Pig, clockwise from top left: Dominic Weeks, Martin Kent, Cass Davies, Stephen Kent

Rejecting much of the current rock scene, they nevertheless like This Heat, The Raincoats, Frank Zappa and Captain Beefheart.

"Beefheart's London gig was the best thing in rock I've seen for a long time," says Stephen. "Really strong and wild." Other than that, "few rock groups are really pushing themselves beyond the limits of what's already been done."

Now the Pig are listening to ethnic music, which they say they never heard until after they started performing as a vocal quartet. Their current inspirations are South-East Asian, East African and Pygmy music. Martin: "If the Pygmies can sing all night then we should be able to."

The primitive, or exotic, is plainly present in the words of the piece that had its world premiere at the Lyceum that Sunday. Like a new Ramones slogan, the song went something like this:

"Booga Booga BooGA... De De/Booga Booga BooGA! De De Shh/Booga Booga BooGA! De . . ."

Furious Pygmy Dominic: "That's our equivalent of three chords."

— EDWARD L. FOX

PIGS IN ROCK — Part 8

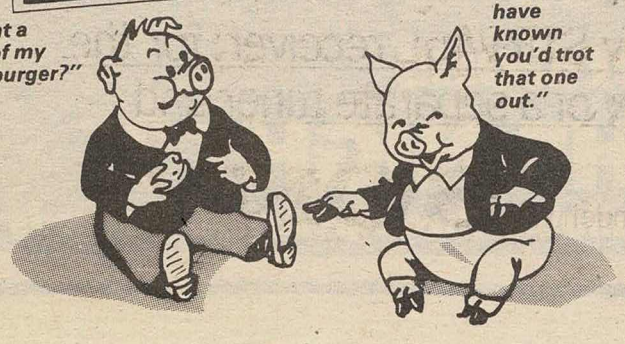
WE HAVE SEEN in earlier chapters how the porcine influence in rock began with the blues bands, in the hot, greasy rock of Bacon Fat and the dirty R&B of The Groundhogs, later entering mainstream rock via groups like Blodwyn Pig and Pearls Before Swine and, of course, The Grateful Dead's snorting pianist, Pigpen. Instrumental in this osmosis was a stream of influential hit singles, which ranged from the very early — Eddie Cochran's 'Gammon Everybody', Buddy Holly's 'Piggy Sue' — through '60s smashes like Johnny Kidd's 'Bacon All Over' and Dusty Springfield's 'Litter By Litter', to reach its apotheosis in Lou Reed's seminal 'Pork On The Wild Side', one of the major anthems of a Glham Rock tradition which also included the 'Piggy Stardust' LP and Marc Bolan's tribute to the sausage, 'Banger Gong'.

Even more seminal was the sleeve of Pig Floyd's 'Animals' LP, which depicted the band's inflatable porky floating high over Battersea Power Station — a porcine eminence only equalled perhaps by hot trotter Linda Ronstadt who really put the sty in style when she mistook a hunk of Denmark's best for producer Peter Rasher whilst posing in a pen for the sleeve of 'Silk Purse'. The subsequent furore proved the biggest boost for pigs in C&W since 'The Rind-stone Cowboy' LP. *(Wasn't that by Mutton Jeff? — Ed.)*

Leaving for later chapters the importance of pigs in folk (Steeleye Spam), soul and disco (Wilson Pigget, 'Saturday Night Swine Fever,' 'Don't Stop Till You Get A Trough') and jazz (Charlie Porker, the Buddy Rich Pig Band), I'd now like to discuss the Next Pig Thing — the new-wave Pork Rock of the late '70s, as exemplified by Scritti Politti's 'Hogemony', by the groups Spamdau Ballet, The Porkchop Explodes and PiG, and the full-blooded contributions of jazz-funkers James Black And The Puddings.

At this time, the Heavy Metal tradition of bands like Lard Zeppelin had become a real boar, notably via its punk off-shoot as shown on 'Oink — The Album', and this was replaced in the early '80s by the bright new pop of Adam and Sow Wow Wow, whose astute mixture of pigments, pigtails and pigheadedness achieved a remarkable *pig de resistance* on the latter's 'P.O.R.K. (N.O. Nah No No, My Daddy Don't Eat It)' which was denounced as "barbecueist" by *Spare Rib* magazine. *(Can't we beef this up a bit? — Ed).*

Snouts as queer as folk, eh John?



PIGBAG MEANS big bag: anything can go into it — funk, reggae, rock, jazz, Afro-rhythms . . . I spoke to three members of the band (a six-piece) and each of them expressed a desire to keep their music as varied and open as possible.

And the stress is on music: Pigbag have no time for fads and fashion. Their attitude could easily lead to tedious muso-ing, but the band's youth (youngest member 18, oldest 23) and their wish to get through to people militate against that.

"All I really want to do is inspire an audience," says bassist Simon Underwood. He left The Pop Group almost two years ago, after their first album. He'd rather not talk about that, apart from putting his departure down to the fact that he hadn't enjoyed enough individual freedom within the unit.

Simon's past is still with him in the shape of Pigbag manager Dick O'Dell who used to look after The Pop Group. The Slits were also on his Y label, which has been resurrected for the 45 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag'.

It's a wonder this offering has been given a title.

"In rehearsal," says sax player and percussionist Ollie Moore, "we just tell each other we're going to play the one that goes . . ." Ollie hums something clickety and funky.

Titles mean handles, and the band don't like those: improvise, don't analyse. Not surprisingly, there are no extant Pigbag lyrics. Well, like Wobble's Ker-ang! the lads don't have a vocalist, do they! Mind, they're not averse to throat noises and voices, some of which can be heard on 'The Backside', the B-side of the single.

Hold on, though: remember that Pigbag, without indulging in hippy-speak, are an outfit who like to keep things a-flowing; so James Johnstone (guitar and sax) thinks it might be nice to use a vocalist in the future.

"But not on every number, because that gets boring."

Simon agrees, but with the (im)proviso that "we'd need to work on new stuff with a singer, we just couldn't put vocals on top of what we already have."

The three members of the band not present at the interview — Roger Freeman (percussion and trombone), Chris Leigh (trumpet) and Chippie Carpenter (drums) — were probably practising back in their two bases, Bristol and Cheltenham. The band don't necessarily rehearse together,

■ *Continues over*

BEWARE — THESE ANIMALS ARE DANGEROUS!

Pigbag. Pig: David Corio

Still waiting for his light to turn green, SNIPS sits down for a hi-speed chat with CHRIS SALEWICZ

Snips comes over all middle-of-the-road. Pic: Joe Stevens.

Music to feel run down by

IN AN OPULENT open-plan Greenwich Village apartment, Snips squats down in front of a huge colour TV tuned in to the boring soft porn of the *Midnight Blue* show on Manhattan Cable TV.

He flips through the channels, eventually settling instead on a videocassette of classic early Presley TV performances. With that as our visual and musical backdrop, the wiry vocalist/writer sits down with a beer or two and considers the current reasons for his existence, as manifested in the pure pop noises of his new LP 'La Rocca'.

Our location belongs to the album's producer, ace British session player turned mid-'70s minor guitar hero Chris Spedding, who with Snips on vocals formed half of The Sharks, one of the few great English bands of the early '70s.

The longest-standing bass-player with The Sharks was one Buster Cherry Jones, now playing in the expanded Talking Heads line-up. In Snips' new music there is a strong T. Heads undercurrent, a sense amplified by the presence of female bassist Jackie Badger, Snips' spouse, who at this very moment is over in the kitchen, sorting out something vaguely vegetarian from the junk food mountain that has just been brought in by Spedding.

Speaking in his Ingering Humberside accent, Snips ignores this dietary sub-plot.

"All I can say is that the first time I heard the Talking Heads, I understood implicitly what they were doing, because we'd already been approaching similar areas in The Sharks. And it really seems no coincidence that Buster Cherry Jones is now playing with the Heads. When I heard the Talking Heads — and the Heads knew who The Sharks were, believe me — I was aware there was a line being followed that I'd already been involved with.

"The most obvious one is that they're doing lyrics that deal with adult themes, with psychological themes.

"And they set their music as The Sharks did: with a funk-bass rhythm section, a rhythm section trained to play like Stax players. We always insisted on having a Stax-style rhythm section, with rock-style guitar over it, and psychological songs. Also, both groups were about the building of tension."

After the finish of The Sharks, Snips' first-ever occupation following several years organising the legendary Hull Acid Tests during his time as a student in that port, a solo deal was eventually signed with Jet Records.

Whilst wrangling with that label, Snips sub-contracted out on production work, in 1978 entering the studio with Adam Ant to produce an album of songs that Decca were recently prevented from releasing by court action on the part of The Warrior.

"I'm really pleased Adam's finally happened — he's really got it. That was always quite obvious, though, even when I was working with him."

Also during the Jet era, Snips — just like Bob Dylan does every so often — completely changed his singing voice.

Really," he confesses, "I think the change in it was more down to the passing of time than to any conscious decision. I've only got two voices: the tenor and the bass. My tenor is the one normally associated with me, and then there's the Elvis Presley low one, which gives a few nice wobbles. On the LP that's at the beginning of 'Happy Sometimes', 'Police Car' — that old Larry Wallis Stiff song — and on 'What Is Pop?' . . .

The pure pop noise of that last song reflects Snips' passionate fascination with the genre. What is Pop, Snips?

"I don't know! That's why I wrote the song. I love pop structures, pop composers. But there's no one I really like currently. Adam's very good, though. Bow Wow Wow I can take when I'm pushed. Actually, I also like Ultravox, which is a bit corny, but is in the grand tradition of English pomp rock. I think they do that kind of Genesis-like aural wallpaper very well."

One of the burning questions of our time for any act in England is why they should be preferred to any of the other 2,000 or so acts currently available for consumption. Snips is of the opinion that it is up to him to ensure that his output is preferred.

"When my record is in the shops it's competing with Elvis Costello, with PiL, with Adam, and somebody's got to buy *my* album rather than theirs.

"So I've had to make the best album I could. And now I've got to promote it the best way I can by playing great shows, and doing whatever I can in the way of TV and press. Because unless they know I'm here, they can't make the choice. So during the next year, the purpose is to let people on both sides of the Atlantic know that I *am* here. Then they can hear the music — though the DJs will have to be the arbiter of that.

"If there are no hits off this album, then basically no matter how good it is, it doesn't mean a thing. So you have to say, "We *are* going to have hits. It's all going to go alright.' But you've got to make sure that if an when the situation occurs, and people start buying the album, they're going to have something they can be well satisfied with.

"I *love* what I'm doing, and, I want to stay in the business for a long time, and the only way to do that is to be a bit more aggressive, whether personally, or in terms of marketing myself and the band.

"Actually, I don't really feel like Snips anymore. That's ridiculous: I've been called it since I was five — my name is Steven Parsons, so when I was a kid it became parsnips.

"But I don't feel like that guy anymore. I'm not *Snips*. So now it's just become a logo for what I do, which includes Jackie, which includes anybody else who works with me. Lots of people think I'm a group! But that's alright, because I *feel* like a group.

"Chris Spedding tried to produce me initially as a singer-songwriter. Which shows up on the album a bit. And that's what I'm *not:* when I write I think of the group in my head. I don't expect people to just back me up. I am a group — except it happens to be just me and Jackie."

PIGBAG

■ *From previous page*

you see. They like splitting off: that way ideas multiply. Simon even foresees the time when their gigs will reflect this state of affairs with different permutations of the band being showcased: maybe four playing one night, three the next and so on.

"The idea," remarks Ollie, "is always to be changing."

Pigbag swop more than ideas; on stage there's also a good deal of interchange of instruments. But isn't there the danger that, live, this open-ended philosophy might lead to a meandering rather than an energetic set?

"You've just got to be aware of what you and others playing with you are doing," answers Simon. "Yet at the same time not make it so structured that there's no room to move."

This interest in improvisation has nothing to do with the patronising muso approach of deciding to give rock fans the gift of a few new chords and a bit of avant-garde jazz. For Pigbag there's no such thing as the superiority of one musical form over another; there's merely the bad or the good, whether it's The Art Ensemble Of Chicago or Madness.

What the band really prize is accessibility. Simon is critical of certain musicians who seem to relish obscurity. He thinks it's a good thing, for example, that Rough Trade have put out James Blood Ulmer instead of him wasting away on some New York specialist jazz label.

Simon: "I'd even like to see Ulmer getting out of the same circle of musicians — playing maybe with Chic!"

Pigbag also prize feeling: play from the heart and you're bound to get a reaction. Simon doesn't find this kind of heart-beat in much British and American music, so looks to Africa for it.

"There's a world of difference between Fela Kuti and Heaven 17, one's from the inside, the other's mechanical."

Simon insists that you have to go carefully with black sources; it's one thing to use them, another to take them over wholesale, divorcing them from their cultural context. He mentions the current vogue for Burundi.

"It's a way of life, not just a rhythm."

Ollie puts it more wryly.

"People think Burundi is the name of someone in the Ants."

But Pigbag are no purists. They like the fact that something of the Burundi sound is in the charts; what they object to is the way one Afro-form is packaged and sold to the exclusion of all the others.

Ultimately, the band stand for plurality: incorporating as many influences as possible into their music. What's attractive about their fusions is that it's difficult to see the joins: one number might be a seamless construct drawing on Miles Davis, The Contortions, Burundi — yes! — and . . . Go and hear for yourself.

Ollie's gran likes the band, so do the skinheads who saw them supporting The Specials recently at the Rainbow. All you need to get into that Pigbag is an open mind; the rush and rhythm of the music will do the rest.

— PAUL TICKELL

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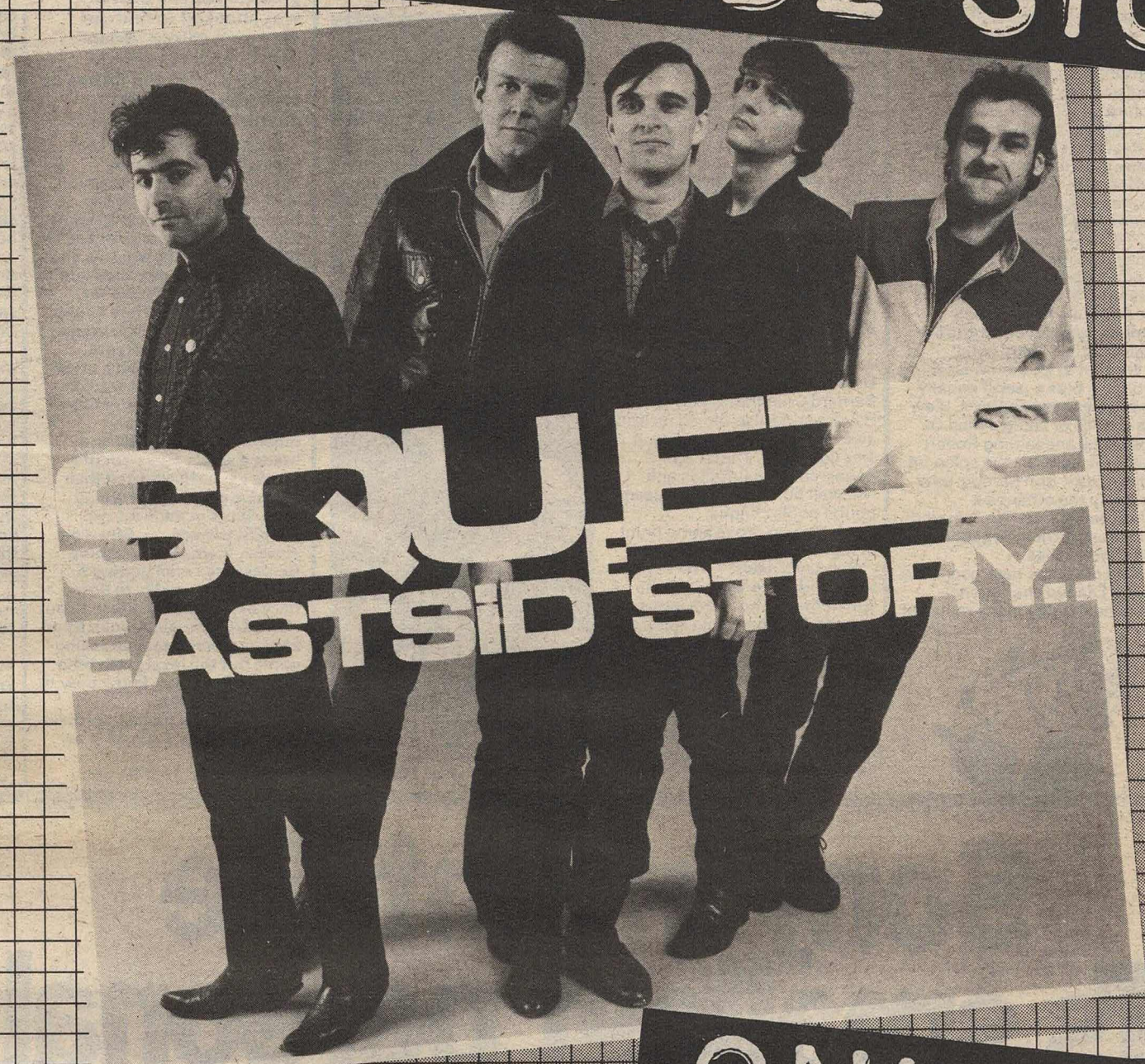

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A WEEK TO BRING YOU OUT IN SPOTS

THE NEWS is getting as much a shock to the system as a reverse charge phone call from Killing Joke. The thrill of the world closing in is bringing me out in spots.

The news of Bob Marley's death was grafted into the bulletins with little fuss, and it was left to the specialists to mop up the stains. David Hepworth, a sensitive chap, dropped into *Old Grey Whistle Test* to emphasise how tedious talking about rock can be, remembered Marley in typically mute manner. The usual *Test* Greyness deepened. Once he'd had his way, and Holly And The Italians had greased over any trace of dignity, ITV took over.

The whole business had been shoved into Granada's hands. This means Tony Wilson, a boss at Factory Records and the personality ITV turn to in rock emergencies. It was unfortunately very hard to take seriously as the manager of A Certain Ratio read his script, flitting in and out of familiar film of Marley at the Rainbow. Within 20 minutes it was all over. It was the very least we could expect.

The recent *TOTP* that featured Spandau Ballet, Teardrop Explodes, Human League, Tenpole Tudor, Madness and The Beat, brought back scrambled memories of the Wilson-weaned *So It Goes* — the only pop programme in recent years that accepted and exploited pop as a fidgety, shaking colour motion. If *So It Goes* had been allowed to grow — and by now I would have replaced Tony Wilson — it would long ago have featured Fire Engines, Heaven 17, Kid Creole, Belle Stars, El Train and probably even The Bluebells.

Granada TV are currently spooning out 50 minutes of pop a week to most of the country: the inhuman *Moondogs Matinee* — that when it's not dozing dares to have uglies like Chas, Dave, Daltrey, Geldof and 10cc guesting when all around the teenbop new colour is brightening by the split second — and a *repeat* of *Get It Together*, which this week presents Publik Skool, Salford Jets and Leo Sayer. This is unforgiveable laziness: probably a conspiracy.

Best pop snatch of the week was on *Saturday Night At Pebble Mill* — a clip of the Stones edging through 'Let's Spend The Night Together' on *TOTP* that touched up a pale, pale interview with Bill Wyman. "I suppose we did look a bit strange," mourned Wyman as the hatefully humble Bob Langley gagged on words like 'outrageous', 'hair', 'wild'.

Wyman's reputation-slashing urbanity, plus a jacket equally as priceless as Langley's, blew his chance of being a Man Of The Week and joining Robert Kee, who controls the splendid *Paperbacks*, Ron Moody, who lights up the otherwise inaccessible *Into The Labyrinth*, and those terrible Argentinians Villa and Ardiles.

Villa of course destroyed next year's League champions Manchester City in the replay of the 100th Cup Final with a goal of considerable finesse. There's no shame in losing to a goal like that.

Ardiles has to be man of the week for the serenity with which he dealt with a thousand vulgar questions concerning his trip to Wembley — "Well, eee, obviously, ees ma dream" — and the way he twisted the abominable cliche "over the moon" into "Well, eee, I was in the moon".

Lorraine Chase must be girl of the week. As an actress she gets firmer as the script for *The Other 'Arf* continues to elude one's grasp. Dear Lady Diana's as ever-present as Ardiles and Sutcliffe — I just hope she doesn't wear those unflattering flatties at The Wedding. I find it as difficult to imagine her and Charlie in bed as I do Fred Gee and the wife.

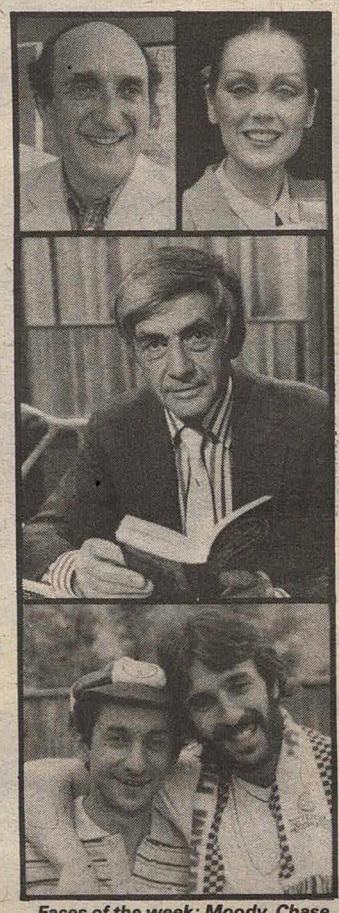
If ITV had filmed *Dick Turpin's Greatest Adventure* all in one go like in America, I would have seen four-fifths of it and could have talked about Richard O'Sullivan's smile, Mary Crosby's eyes, Oliver Tobias' eyelashes, Ed Bishop's accent, Susan Hampshire's nose and Wilfred Hyde White's senility. As it is they're showing it in five little bits, and I missed the first bit. Unfair!

Shillingbury Tales was also well casted (Robin Nedwell, Diane Keen, Jack Douglas, Bernard Cribbins, Linda Hayden) and also filmed far and away outside stuffy studios. It was light stuff. The climax appeared to be Cribbins and Nedwell burning a ten thousand pound pools cheque, apparently to prove some point of logic.

Sunday's news — The Pope talks, and Tottenham take the cup home — shook me into a temper. Pity there's no space to crash into the meeting of the haircuts — Bernard Levin and Anthony Burgess, Christopher Logue and Lindsay Anderson. Football interviews, academic dialogue — at the end of the day both conversations are not a little pathetic.

DANGEROUS VISIONS

PAUL MORLEY pricks the pimples on the glossy face of one week's TV entertainment



Faces of the week: Moody, Chase, Kee, Ardiles, Villa.

HOW YOU gonna keep 'em down on the farm now that they've seen the farm?

City were more strongly fancied than you might have thought, but that was just the pundit party at prayer. Cup Final Grandstand (BBC) **saw smarmy Jimmy Hill and his pal, Lawrie "Eee, It's Great, Mun" McMenemy, both choosing Manchester City for the inscription on the 100th FA Cup. The one time I came over all dizzy and pressed the ITV button I was shocked to find our very own chirpy "Brian" Moore on** FA Cup Final Replay (ITV) **in the throes or orgasmic delight at the prospect of City success.**

English football is for the most part populated by cautious sloths who believe that nothing succeeds like boring the other team to death. The nadir is the norm and as TV has to slop up the gruel as your weekly football diet they don't want you to get a taste for some exotic dish. They might start expecting it every week.

In the first match Spurs believed their creativity, style and magic moments would overwhelm Manchester City, the side that John Bond inherited from Big Mal and made a sow's purse out of a sow's ear. City believed their sky blue goon squad would mug Spurs in midfield and shoplift the winner. City were closest. It was like watching Renaissance men getting a good hiding, unable to fight back because they refuse to put down their brushes. John Bond always *talks* a great attacking game but the lovely lads who call him Boss sure know how to do an exceptional impersonation of neanderthals auditioning for a sit vac in an abbatoir.

City's cynical bid for glory came so near to getting them first in line with the Queen Mum that they were more than happy to go into the replay so muscle-bound that Dennis Tueart was left on the substitute's bench. Den's sporadic lightning flashes of brilliance would have embarrassed the rest of the City side. It would have been like inviting Robin Cousins to a bouncers' convention.

Tueart finally came on near the death but by then it was too late. Tueart came close with his second attempt but that was City's last gasp.

While Manchester City gave the country a reflection of the spiritual cesspit it likes to celebrate (you know the one, where insignificants grab headlines and glory with the ability to act like scum) on page one of your newspaper, Spurs soaked up the rough stuff and then turned on the epic, heroic, good looking flash that gave the country a happy ending and something to aspire to.

And if you think that's too heavy, man, then you're just too mellow.

In a year when *England* has seen thirteen black kids burned and Brixton burned and *crosses* burned, a year when those who were guilty never got arrested, it is a cue for hope when one of the teams in the FA Cup Final runs the gamut of every colour

ROY OF THE ROVERS REPLAY

TONY PARSONS finds a moral in the match that put the pundits in their place

Sony invent the world's smallest personal hi-fi.

Perryman (left) guides Spurs to glory, led by Ardiles, Hoddle, Crooks and Galvin.

Shoot! . . . Shoot the singers!

ADRIAN THRILLS (our man at Wembley with the blue & white Mac Curtis haircut) talks to Steve Perryman

of the multi-racial rainbow. But when that same collection of players are a team of the truly righteous stuff — an abundance of God's gifts running on Blitz spirit steel and the noble vigilante's taste for fair play or rough justice — then that team are a tonic for all hearts that thought there was no reply possible to the numb and dumb.

A year when the stunted inadequates shrieked their septic chants longer and louder than ever before. At least the clean-up has started in earnest — the thought of any Spurs fan playing the mouthy little weekend Nazi after the way they won . . . it's just laughable.

The watching millions will remember it forever, measure it up against all the filth and mediocrity, and that's how things get better. Spurs went to the nation's heart like a greased scalpel that felt better than a drug, the medicine coated with something sweet — nothing is better to watch than the good and noble-hearted in combat for a cause. *That's* entertainment.

Hoddle was incapable of making a move without grace and guile. Villa tore the guts out of City's hard men with a solo effort that made Roy of the Rovers look staid. Crooks calmed them when the Spurs looked so full with the grapes of wrath that they might choke.

Ardiles was a City statistic, assaulted out of it by a team who believed the little lamb too dangerous to approach if alone. There were always two of them to take him out. Ossie was choked, they didn't give him a chance — *in the cup for Tot-ting-ham!* — while Ricardo got two goals.

Perryman got to follow the footsteps of Spurs captains past and proved himself to have a better team and bigger heart than MacKay, Blanchflower, all of them.

After those black-skinned, blue-eyed Spurs, white supremacy just isn't fun any more.

FOOTBALL RECORDS — don'tcha just love 'em?

There was a time when it was virtually impossible to escape the things. That was back in the early '70s when aurally-excruciating items like the England World Cup Squad's 'Back Home' and Leeds United's stunningly-titled 'Leeds United' would dent springtime top tens with a stunning regularity.

But since those 'halcyon days', such timeless treasures have been thin on the ground.

With the advent of last week's 100th FA Cup Final, however, it was inevitable that one of the teams would traipse into a recording studio to cut a money-spinning souvenir single.

And sure enough, within a week of their semi-final victory over Wolves, the Tottenham Hotspur FA Cup Final Squad had unleashed the rabble-rousing 'Ossie's Dream (Spurs Are On Thier Way To Wembley)' onto an unsuspecting pop public.

Written and produced by the 'rockney' duo Chas and Dave, the record appeared on the specially-launched Shelf label, 'The Shelf' being the most celebrated terrace in Spurs' White Hart Lane stadium.

The single — highest climber in this week's *NME* chart — has already sold over 150,000 copies and is still going *from strength to strength.*

To mark the single's success — not to mention Spurs' awe-inspiring 3-2 victory over a gallant but ultimately outclassed Manchester City side in last Thursday's Cup Final replay — *Thrills* went along to interview Tottenham captain Steve Perryman at White Hart Lane on Monday afternoon.

Although he declined to declare himself *over the moon* at the single's chart placing, Perryman did say that its success acted as a great morale booster *on the day.*

"We have got to be surprised that the record has done so well, because we know that we are *not* singers. But after we'd been in the studio, we all had a good listen to it and we felt it was very good *for a football record.*"

To promote the disc, the entire Spurs side appeared live on a recent *Top Of The Pops.*

"*That* was almost as nerve-wracking as the match itself," says Perryman. "In a lot of ways, doing *Top Of The Pops* was similar to going out at Wembley for the first time. But I think it was a good way of pulling us together as a team. The sentiments in the record are very positive — it basically says that *we* are going to win the Cup. It gave us a little bit of cockiness which I think helped the team. Tottenham have always been seen as a bit of a nice team. The record made us a little bit more cocky."

As one of the youngest sides in the first division — seven of the Cup-winning team are still under 23 — it is unsurprising that many of the players have a keen interest in pop. Striker Garth Crooks and defender Chris Hughton and Paul Miller are keen on contemporary soul while midfielders Garry Brooke and Tony Galvin check Madness, The Specials and Sex Pistols — although none of this is evident on the record.

There have been rumours that a couple of the team's star players — most notably England international Glenn Hoddle — may leave the club. Could Spurs become one of the first acts to split with their debut single still in the Top Ten?

"I think that Glenn has got to be our biggest problem. But if Spurs are going to re-establish themselves as one of the really big clubs they have simply got to do everything to hold on to a player like him. Anyway, we must be one of the few teams that can offer him a career as a pop star as well as a footballer."

Tottenham's follow-up single 'Ossie's Back At Wembley' is due for rush-release next May.

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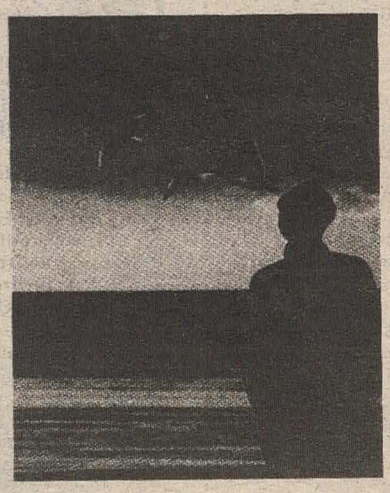
Heaven Up Here
Echo And The Bunnymen



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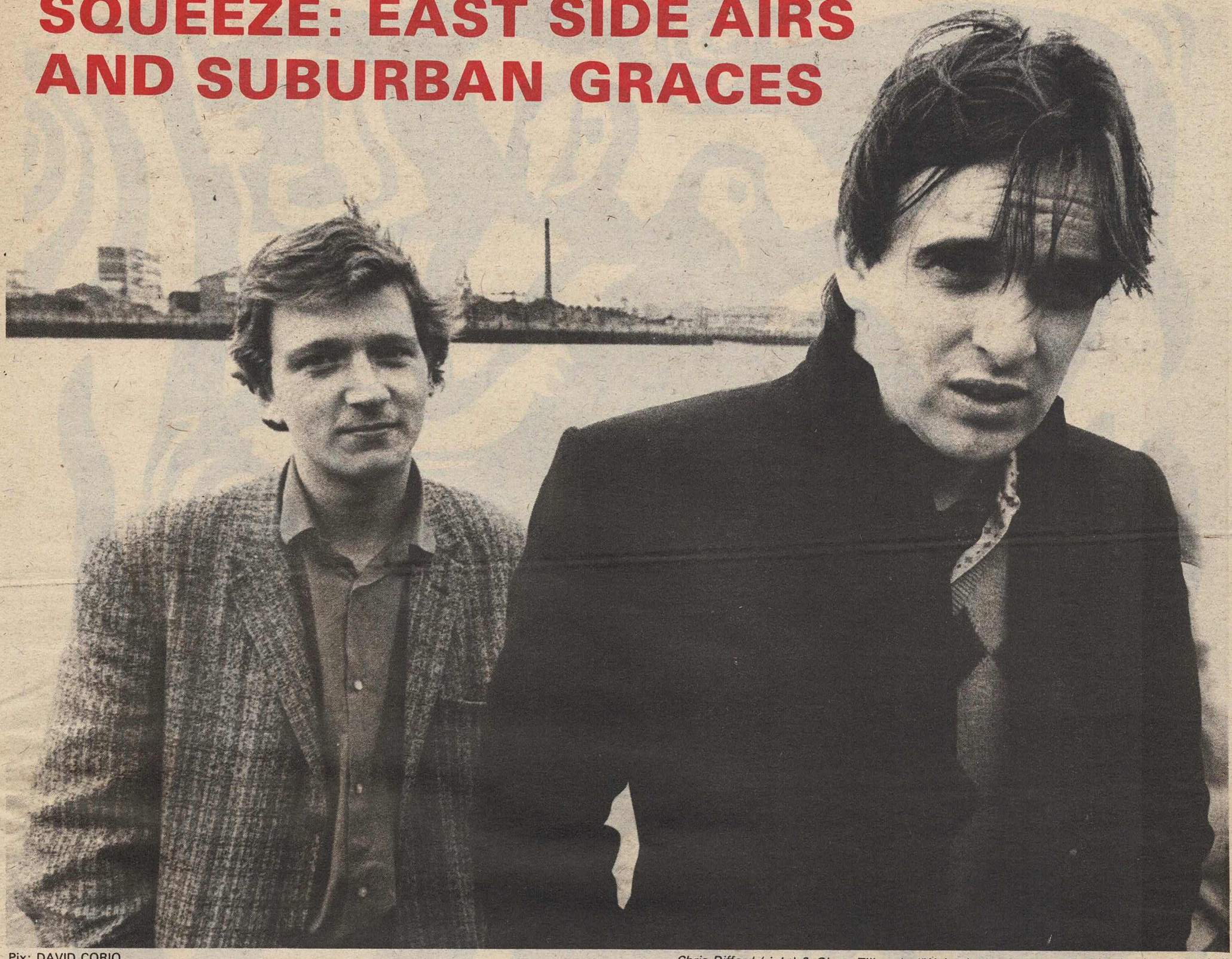
SQUEEZE: EAST SIDE AIRS AND SUBURBAN GRACES



Pix: DAVID CORIO

Chris Difford (right) & Glenn Tilbrook: "We've become unmanageable simply as people."

NICK KENT chronicles the travails of Deptford's dogged tunesmiths

A SUNNY Saturday in foetid London town: I'm infamilar with South East London and so as a passenger in a car cruising down that way, I stare blankly out at the grey, scruffy precints. Areas like Bermondsey and New Cross, just skirting Lewisham to go down to Deptford hardly have the appeal for a scenario in one of Bruce Springsteen's endless highway specials.

Darkness on the edge of town: the Old Kent Road — the umbilical cord to South East England — groans under the ruthless glare of the sun. The road is line with an assortment of drab deteriorating pre-fabs. The plaster is cracked paper peels from walls, and there are torn curtains and naked light bulbs. If only this was America where the Britisher could revel in the alien sleaze so beloved of pulp thriller writers.

But this is the old country, dammit, and literally too close to home to eulogise. The old values — the bulldog credo — no longer mean anything, and with precious few issues around to take a stand on, disorientation bites down hard, curdling in to demoralisation and a woodworm society fragmenting behind a veneer of if-we-ignore-it-maybe-it-will-all-go-away blinkderedness.

But straight after Deptford's humdrum location and just before you're lost again in the concrete eye-sore of Kidbrooke, there is Blackheath. God alone knows how it has survived intact while the areas all around have been drained of colour and comfort. But it remains unblemished with verdant greens, tall trees; a village pub overlooks a pond even, and the olde worlde village is patterened with narrow, winding streets dipping and twisting through the elegant Georgian architecture of the houses and shops. There are no industrial complexes around to detract from the ambience, no bed-sit culture to contend with. Snug little Blackheath proves that England's green and pleasant land can still be located — if only in splintered fragments.

Old schoolchums Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook also happen to live in Blackheath. And it is Messers Difford and Tilbrook who have contributed to another kind of culture, a British rock culture, by composing a formidable body of songs, many of which they have recorded on the four albums chronicling their years directing Squeeze.

Sequestered in a local hostelry overlooking the village green, the pair — accompanied by latest band recruit Paul Carrack — are partaking in the traditional lunch hour bevvy, when I arrive 15 minutes late. Hands are shaken, and a round is ordered. A touch peckish, I order steak and kidney pie and baked beans, while Tilbrook, the cheeriest of the three, elects to thrash the considerably more rough hewn Carrack at pool and so win a small wager. Difford, cloaking a self-consciousness that sometimes manifests itself as a slight stammer, presents a somewhat diffident front. His hands drag at the lank, oily hair that constantly falls into eyes that refuse one-to-one contact, instead fixing themselves either on the oak panelling or the pint glass before him. The interview begins.

AFTER NINE month of having had their business interests unofficially attended to by Jake Riviera, and right at the time this alliance was made legit to coincide with the release of their fourth album 'East Side Story' plus a lengthy nationwide tour, the word is that the band had fallen out with the infamous F-Beat mogul. What gives?

Difford, cautious to a fault, deflects a wince and mutters, "Yeah, right now Jake isn't involved with us. (Pause) It could still be on the cards, though. Stranger things have happened in this business. Riviera just got back from the States yesterday. No, we haven't spoken yet. Last night, he went off to a Cliff Richard concert." He smirks again.

Had Elvis Costello — Riviera's golden boy and long standing friend of Squeeze and producer of the new LP — taken on a mediatory role?

"Well, I spoke to Elvis last night on the phone. He didn't mention anything, but then it's not really anything to do with him."

He's strangely reticent to discuss the matter considering how animated he was in an article in the current issue of American rock monthly *Trouser Press*. The interview with him and Tillbrook took place two months before my encounter and just at the end of a successful tour as special guests to Costello And The Attractions. The piece created a very different picture to now: Difford, often "hesitant and weary", is effusive and bright eyed about "the pressure having dropped" because of three key changes — "That's Paul Carrack, Jake Riviera and 'East End Story' respectively."

He talks excitedly about how rejuvenating it was to say *adieu* to Miles Copeland's managerial spectre and link-up with Riviera. Associating with Costello and Rockpile (as weas was) — "the people I've always wanted to meet" — obviously made Difford feel that Squeeze finally had real allies and that aesthetically they were in an easily identifiable league alongside Britain's finest songwriter, thus no longer trapped in someone's half-baked preconceptions, being damned as another 'wacky', 'clever-clever' pop group.

"I respect those people a hell of a lot and I think they've got the same respect for us," Difford jubilantly told *Trouser Press*. "That's something I felt the band never had before."

But then after the predictable explanation for Jools Holland's departure and the happy ending by locating former Ace frontman Paul Carrack for keyboard chores, Difford becomes sour when the band's standing in Britain is considered.

"I wouldn't particularly like to have any singles in Britain for a while, until people respect us more for what we do on albums," he stated simply. "I feel a certain lack of respect in Britain for what we do. It may be the press or it may be the audience we get, I'm not sure."

That Difford and Tilbrook were confident enough to berate their home ground for viewing them as "just some Freddie And The Dreamers-type band, with all those 'funny', 'quirky' records" was due to the obvious boost in morale, provided primarily by Costello and Riviera. Tilbrook saw the latter as being able to provide "a vision of what Squeeze should be doing."

Under such satisfying circumstances, it was easy to comprehend just why Difford and Tilbrook were aglow with great expectations, and their "goal" was to compose seven new songs a week and so release two albums a year instead of one. And Tilbrook considered 'East Side Story' ideal to break-through into large scale success.

"I'm sick and tired of waiting around for people to discover us. I don't want it happening in nine years' time, when maybe all our best songs are gone and we're just churning out rubbish. I want it to happen now! Right this minute!"

TWO MONTHS later that self-assurance is absent. Even his appearance has changed. No longer is he the confident wideboy with his hair cow-licked into some striking coalition of Mac Curtis and Arthur English. He seems sadly bemused, depressed when he admits, "This last year has been the most emotionally fraught of any in this band's career."

Even Tilbrook, normally the very personification of good cheer, and humour, appears to be stunned by recent events. New recruit, Carrack is however, far less aware of Squeeze's very real fears of being jinxed once again after years of concerted effort to achieve big league status.

It was about nine months ago, that Squeeze's contract with original manager Miles Copeland ended. Difford and Tilbrook

CONTINUES ON PAGE 19

SPELLBOUND
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

7" VERSION WITH "FOLLOW THE SUN" 12" VERSION (EXTENDED LENGTH) WITH "FOLLOW THE SUN" AND "SLAP DASH SNAP."

Polydor

SQUEEZE
CONTINUED

FROM PAGE 17

had already met Elvis Costello when they and The Attractions were booked into the same hotel, and his admiration for the band was well known: he had discovered kindred spirits with the 'Cool For Cats' album and he set about publicising songs such as 'Up The Junction' with a unshakeable zest. Members of The Attractions were told to acquaint themselves with the second Squeeze album; they were made copy tapes of the follow up, 'Argybargy'. And whenever he was on the radio, he always gave Squeeze unsolicited raves.

This obsessive crusading on their behalf provided a formidable impetus during the periods of considerable stress and sagging morale. Manager Copeland had used Squeeze as a token 'new wave' band to experiment with in discovering short-cut routes for conquering the States. Squeeze's innately English sophisticated pop songs were either too subtle or too colloquial for the US market, resulting in scarcely any recognition. But the touring the circuit they had first pioneered was used shortly afterwards by Copeland's original second stringers, The Police. Squeeze were stranded artistically, having scored a few hit singles in the UK but still unable to galvanise a reasonable following over here.

"Eventually," Difford recalls bitterly, "we didn't see Copeland an awful lot when we were out on tour for six months."

After four years pointlessly traipsing around while being kept on £60 per week. Copeland told them that because of the costs of this gigging they owed him quite a hefty sum. Jake Riviera had expressed a strong desire to manage Squeeze, seeing in them a perfect third farce to Costello and Rockpile.

Riviera/Global management was fairly obviously lurking in the background and it dictated the procedure at the band's final gig with Holland still in the line-up. Staged in Deptford, the genial party atmosphere clashed with the presence of Costello and his Attractions — billed as Otis Westinghouse and The Lifts. At least one review insinuated that Costello conspired to turn an occasion set up as an amiable farewell to Holland into a 'Battle of the Bands'.

Tilbrook agrees: "Oh yes, that was very much the case. Elvis supported us on all three dates and at first it just seemed like he and The Attractions were into the spirit of the thing. But we'd hear his set, the applause and everything, and wonder whether something more was going one. Then on the final night, they go on before us and Elvis played all his best known numbers one after the other."

Possibly, Costello was attempting to upstage Squeeze: he has been noted for pulling perversely conceiced stunts. Just as plausible would be the view taken that Riviera and Costello were measuring Squeeze's live potential against that of The Attractions. But Squeeze must have proved themselves as they toured America for six weeks with Elvis — to joint acclaim.

"That tour was the best we've ever been involved in. Period," remarks Tilbrook. "The venues were well-chosen, the itinerary was well worked out and both bands complemented each other well enough for us to actually realise that at last, yes, we could quite conceivably be very big in the States."

Difford: "That was Miles Copeland's thing. He saw us as this entity — a new wave band who could play well enough to be accessible to a crossover audience — who could eventually sell seven million albums a year. All we needed to do was tour, tour, tour. Therefore he placed immense importance on live shows to the point of dictating what we should or should not play.

"He failed to truly comprehend *our* progress as composers, our particular aims and the like. He certainly tried to dissuade us quite forcibly from releasing certain tracks on both 'Cats' and 'Argybargy'. That, as you can imagine, sparked off numerous rows. Too many rows, ultimately.

"It's like — he'd started out viewing us in this very particular, arguably one-dimensional way, and refused to adjust his perspective — whilst we were obviously shifting the band's perspective through locating a style of composition we both found to be rewarding. It says a lot about the full extent of his adamant dictatorial manner."

Difford, when talking about the lyrics he has always written for Tilbrook to add an equally ingenious musical backdrop, appears distintly ill-at-ease when asked to define the particular ways with which his ever-abundant imagination draws its owner into articulating the innumerable vignettes he doles out with ever-shifting ratios of ingenuity, sophisticated imagery, and fastidious structure. He falteringly points to Lou Reed and David Bowie as primary influences in demonstrating to him that "a rock song could tell a story without having to resort to 'Desolation Row'-type obscure imagery".

"The certain character that both Reed and Bowie invented in served songs really got to me the way they told a story available inspired me particularly."

ON 'East Side Story' the lyrics ranges from the John Lennon-meets-Joe Orton scenario of 'F-Hole' and the dolorous epic sweep highlighting the brilliant use of country music's languid flow on 'Labelled With Love', the choice of stark detail on 'Tempted', which highlights infidelity and its attendant hypocrisies.

Such high-handed attempts at invoking a new slant mean that Difford treads a fine line between using words as a means to end: ie the subject under the microscope (usually emotional turmoil in one of its myraid forms) and an end in itself. Tilbrook's melodic predilictions rarely let his partner's words down but sympathetic production is of crucial importance here; that stated, Elvis Costello's work on 'East Side Story' is a controversial issue.

With Roger Bechirian at hand to temper the former's over-zealousness, 'ESS' makes for a stimulating progression after John Wood and the band's production on 'Cats' and 'Argybargy' chose to locate a definite Squeeze-sound; 'Story' stands up well as a provocative development. To a wider audience, Costello's endeavours may well only succeed in further alienating that essential market. 'F-Hole', for example, can initally sound far too densely complex in structure, although Costello's considerable influence on material like 'Tempted' (he slowed the number down, suggesting a more soulful propulsion plus Carrack on lead vocals) is practically responsible for the song's success.

In the end, it's something of a phyrric victory: aesthetic development vs possible commercial shut-off. To Difford and Tilbrook, 'East Side Story' remains the one *big* shot.

THE WHOLE management issue remained unresolved at the time of the first interview thus making the group spokesmen uncomfortable, hesitantly attempting to make light of a particularly weighty clamp down on their 'big shot'.

Difford seemed extremely depressed, loathe to address the matter directly. Tillbrook, equally upset, partly gave vent to his frustrations.

"We already have to pay Miles Copeland to keep out of our business dealings. Christ, when you're mortgaged off your arms *and* your legs, you just don't have anything else to mortgage off!"

Later, when referring to the situation within the Riviera/Global scenario, he remarks with a certain obliqueness, "It's like you're in this photograph with people you consider to be your colleagues and then, all of a sudden, you see the same photograph but you've been airbrushed out of it."

A week-and-a-half later, I speak to Difford on the phone. He has formulated an 'offical' statement of sorts to deal with the situation. He chooses his words very carefully.

"No, Jake Riviera is definitely not managing us. The main thing is . . . (pause) . . . it can only be said that we've always admired him and we love him dearly but over the last couple of months I think we've become unmanageable simply as people. Also I think Jake found it very hard dealing with A&M, a label we've just signed up to do seven more albums for A&M so the differences of opinion there would have only escalated.

"We will be recording our next album with Nick Lowe as producer. In fact, demos have already been laid down. Plus Paul Carrack is doing a solo album so there's no great animosity between us and F-Beat.

"We obviously still need a manager and we've had a number of meetings with different managers." Difford's tone of voice becomes mildly conspiratorial.

"It's even been suggested we go back with Miles Copeland . . . I certainly didn't like Miles' approach at the time but . . . (another short pause) . . . actually being away from him has given me cause to re-evaluate the work he did for us. Anyway we had a meeting the other day and he sounded enthusiastic. His advice was simply to ignore the concept of us selling seven million albums a year. He reckoned it would probably happen sooner or later. Well get a big hit album in the States.

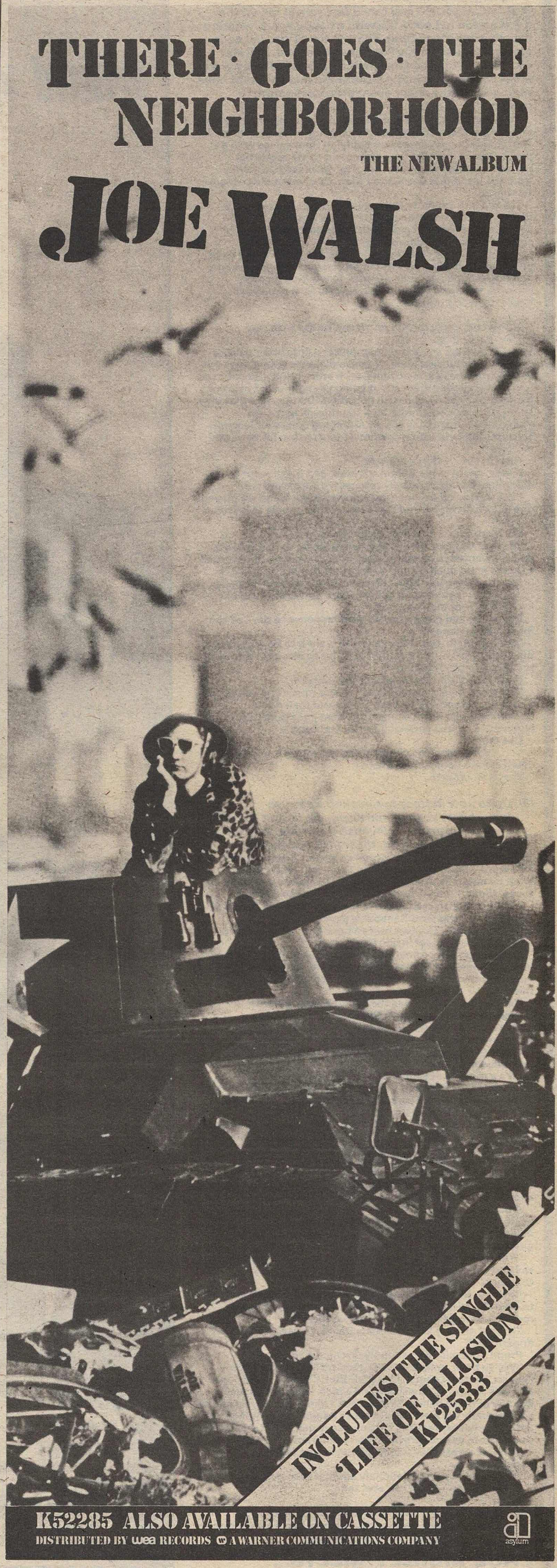
"Meanwhile I still reckon 'East Side Story' could well be the record to do that. If not, then maybe the next one'll make it. I just see us becoming more naturally diverse. It's like each Beatles album represented a distinct progression."

It's only when I again attempt to involve Difford in a talk about his lyrics that he appears to symbolically drop the press release officialese of previous remarks.

"I write lyrics *now* because it's basically very good therapy in character development. After this is over, I want to write books. In fact, being a novelist is really what I want to be.'

"As soon as . . . I'm not sure quite when but I'll know, or I hope I'll know when . . . I pack this in, I intend to go back to colleage. I need to study the English language a lot more seriously. My grammar is dodgy and my spelling is embarrassing. Characters intrigue me, that's the basic thing. I've just written a song about two Jewish homosexuals (laughs). I quite enjoy writing about homosexuals, but we all have our quirks, I suppose.

"It's just that all good songwriters, like all good novelists or all good managers — they have the talent but also have to realise that their vocation involves work, very hard work. This business all too often opts for consolation prizes. It's all false promises and absurd sums of money that you never see anyway. I've realised only very recently — the whole band has, I think — that holding out hope for some massive reward is dim-witted. If you take pride in your work and have more realistic, healthier aims regarding the nature of your vocation, you'll get more satisfaction. That way you slowly learn not to be disheartened."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Would we soft soap you about...

(1) We intend to sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and fearfulness.

MARC ALMOND and David Ball collect me off the London to Leeds 125 with a happy wave, wearing supine grins of greeting. The last time I was in Leeds was for the unfriendly Futurama weekend. Ball and Almond tut-tut good naturedly. As Soft Cell they were stuck somewhere in the Futuramud and no doubt have memories of the sham event dreadful enough to poison.

The slight Soft Cell are caught up in the small but protective wind of a trend, trying as hard as they know how not to sweat like clumsy pop predecessors applying themselves with a proper fear of dullness to representing some vague but perhaps virtuous interest in life. They'd like to bend away from the trend that has wafted them this far but are perhaps too brittle.

We slip into Leeds' brand new leisure-bar Amnesias; to drink not to dance, although the choice was there. Lost in Leeds, as opposed to scrambled in London, what do they spend most of their time doing?

"We spend a lot of time waiting around, just waiting from one thing to another. We like to be active and because we're hanging around a lot we've turned to working on other projects. We seem always to be waiting for a phone call . . . that's the worst thing."

(2) Courage, audacity and revolt will be the essential elements of our poetry.

SOFT CELL are a charmed two-piece: a little more gauche than their Suicide ideal. They are pleasant young boys not so much aimless as unextreme, with ardour that's as warm as luke. What excites them about being young tousled tusslers, playing music and hoping for attention? Do they feel that they should be slavishly compiling a soundtrack for youth operations? Or are they simply arranging noises for leisurely consumption and contemplation? Marc shakes his head and stutters.

"Um . . . er . . . that's difficult."

It was meant to be. Summer's here, and the precept is discipline. David prosaically rescues his perplexed pal.

"We started off because we enjoyed doing it and we played one or two little gigs and one or two other people enjoyed us . . . so."

So. Marc spurts into the conversation.

"Both of us have always enjoyed listening to dance music, and we wanted to interpret disco in our own way. We wanted to make good quality soulful electronic dance music, more biting than the usual bland disco stuff. We wanted to make records that would stand out in a disco and that you could listen to in your own bedroom."

Bed-sit up and buggie. Is the ideal response to the Cell spin for people to dance?

"If it's a single, yes. If it's an LP we want it to be a lot deeper than that. We wouldn't want it to be just a disco LP. We wnat to strike a happy medium."

Happy mediums are invariably awfully sad.

"Between music you can listen to and music you can dance to. It's not something you can put on and then do the hoovering while some anonymous beat goes bum bum bum bum with a chorus shrieking get up and boogie . . ."

Use me?

". . . . whatever. You can dance to the music but also sit down in your bedroom and listen."

That's an order!?

(3) Up to now literacy has exalted a passive immobility, ecstasy and sleep. We intend to exalt aggressive action, a feverish insomnia, the racers stride, the moral leap, the punch and the slap.

MARC USED to be a performance artist. "Sorry about the word," he cringes in crushing apology. He worked in what he naturally prefers to be called the new cabaret, using tapes, slides, films — "whatever media was available."

He seemed attracted to the idea rather than any means of attack. David was simultaneously experimenting with electronic music. The two met and merged: Marc's dialogue and performantics set inside David's sound.

"It was very uncommercial, so we began to think it would be more beneficial to move into a commercial area. The more we performed together it became an acceptable mainstream thing."

Very laudable. Why was there a tendency towards 'experimentation' and soundgames?

"It's a difficult question really. Why do you do anything? You want to do it, it's what you're into, so you do it."

Why not rockabilly or punk or knavish funk . . . why *this* way of being noticed?

"It's a mixture of a lot of things," announces Marc breathlessly. "I think I'm a very eclectic person, I draw things in from everywhere. There's no one thing I can put my finger on that made me go in this direction. I don't just like electronic music. Dave and I are both solo performers, we do other things as well, and it's in Soft Cell that our different ideas about music and performance come together. It's difficult to explain why we're here as we are."

For Marc, concerts are for playing not watching. In the past two years they've performed 20 times. "That should be enough to tell you that we're not a rock band."

A band? Certainly not! But — yes, honestly — do the double act think that they're different enough from the minions, the millions, the infinite list of names that clog up the grinding gig guides?

"Yes," they say with a thick slice of giggles. "We've got to say and believe that!!! If we didn't we wouldn't stay together."

But so many groups haven't even three minutes of cunning to offer the stirred world — but they stroll through slow motions content to continue the easy life.

"It's not an easy life," combats David. "I mean, look at my fingernails!"

Proud Yorkshire filth soundly discolours them.

"We've been compared to Orchestral Manoeuvres, Gary Numan, Human League. Etc! Etc!! Etc!!!" gasps Marc. "Just because we use synthesizers and slides. I don't think we're like any of those bands. Firstly, I don't like any of those bands, and secondly we *aren't* any of those bands. We're ourselves with our own expression. I mean, heavy metal and rockabilly groups both use guitars but they're different."

Soft Cell swear they would swoon before wasting your perishing time.

"If we dried up we'd definitely admit it to ourselves."

Poise or pose — who can ever tell?

(4) The poet must spend himself with ardour, splendour and generosity, to swell the enthusiastic fervour of the primordial elements.

PAUL MORLEY MEETS...

LOOKING IS not seeing. Saying is not doing. Soot See moan at the ordinary and puff at prejudice, but are probably ordinary and worth being prejudiced against.

"We don't belong to any place or cult. A lot of people still think that if you're from up north then you must be bleak and industrial."

For Soap Sud attention came — in little bits — along with other aching unknowns through Phonogram's 'Some Bizzare Album', a fatiguing compilation of electro-pop/avant-folly. Stevo, a happy go lucky, unlikely catalyst, gathered together a dozen transparent post Normal-Voltaire units, and the whole package was neatly attached to the swelling cranks of the New Romance/Futurism. B-Movie, Illustration, Naked Lunch, Soft Cell became known names and record label targets. Futurist favourites.

"Futurism is a stupid stupid tag," whines Marc. "What futurism means to me is an Italian movement with fascist leanings. I don't understand why people called it futurist."

An uncivilised reference to a future music perhaps.

"Maybe. It's not what it means to me. It brings up images of old SF movies and *Metropolis*."

By belonging to 'Some Bizzare' they were aligned with the frictionless futurist fish: momentary notoriety, decent dismissal.

"We get a bit irritated by people's prejudices, but we just ignore them. We get on with what we do. We forget the tags and associations, and we never really thought of the advantages or disadvantages of being involved with 'Some Bizzare'. We were just desperate to get material onto vinyl however we could. It's not a perfect album but it has brought a lot of people to attention."

Who wouldn't have been missed.

"It said that there was more going on than Spandau, Ultravox, Visage . . ."

The Bizzare LP, for all the talk of advance and investigation, was deeply conventional. All the groups involved, except playful Jell, seemed to be rejects: *futureless*. It was a sad LP — all the rejects getting a home, chuffed to be lifted by the wind of a trend.

"We're not a reject group at all!" remarks an indignant David. "Our track is admittedly weak, but the LP gave us attention. And we're not completely bracketed with those groups — very few people consider us just a Bizzare band. 'Memorabilia' has pushed us out to a wider audience."

(5) We stand on the last promontory of the centuries! Why should we look back? When what we want to do is break down the mysterious doors of the Impossible?

"WHAT it boils down to," David wearily informs me, cutting short a lecture on poetry as a means of attack, "is the music."

He makes it sound genuinely boring: a strain of insignificance.

(6) We say that the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed.

MARC ANSWERS questions with shrill eagerness: it is always a shock to hear him lunge into a reply. His answers, his desire, lack vigour and rigour, but he laughs a lot, and seems to be very active. His fringe is floppy and his face half heartedly painted. His partner is sturdier, more cautious: the practical half, the straight man for the cuddly scatterbrain.

"You can hardly imagine Marc working in the Civil Service," David says affectionately. Marc admits, waving his hands extravagantly, that he's very confused by the business part of his chosen vocation.

"What it comes down to is I don't understand a single thing about what goes on. It worries me in a way that I don't. I do try to understand, but I can't. I didn't understand the 'Some Bizzare' contract either."

He huffs, rolls his eyes and shakes his hands, making to exorcise the messy business. He tells me that he's going to release a solo single, a cover of Chance's greedy 'Contort' Yourself'. I can't hear it myself. Marc, Soft Cell, just don't seem to get to the HEART OF MATTERS. They scratch at the surfaces.

'Memorabilia', Sooth So's current Daniel Miller produced disco-hit, is an extended (ab)Normal drum-dribble of dubism, dottiness and splash: starless and cold blooded, attractive in a curtained way, but a long way from their ideal beaming soul-disc-electr-OH! Soft Cell just don't seem to look at things from odd angles. They skate along surfaces.

They talk of their first LP: music for Listeners and Dancers. They have the conceit to imagine that 40 minutes of their way of thinking will consistently involve and stimulate an attentive listener?

Pause.

"We think people will want to buy our LP . . . I think LPs are still valid. If it's a good LP then it's a good LP. If I like an LP then I'll play it four or five times on the run. If it's really good then I sort of get shivers down my spine. Some music just makes me tingle."

What makes Softee Pelt think they'll disturb, intervene, be worthwhile, on LP?

"It's very difficult . . . you can only do what you think on the day . . . we put a lot of intensity into what we do, singles as well. It's very straining mentally . . ."

So Slow Fell say they won't make you suffer: somehow I don't think they'll be sublime. Soft Cell are a soft sell: their persuasions are too friendly.

Like many pseudo-SF spirits, neo-visionary modernos, Sniff Seed use unorthodox instruments with damp orthodoxy. There is nothing of substance or sensuality to match their theories and anti-routine whining — for all the stilted talk of change and challenge, improvement and determination, the music is a tired scrape, at best a pretty rustle. There is no force, no explosion, no intoxication. It's music of polite phantasy that lacks passion for true independence or piercing transformation. The music of the futurist/romantic/no name trend is slow, heaving, unemphatic, and the sour or dashing claims of superiority, of novelty, grow more and more nonsensical.

"Over the next few months," Marc comments on the trend," I think things will sort out the men from the boys."

What *does* this mean?

"I think that people who've got things to offer will show that they have and those that haven't will fade away."

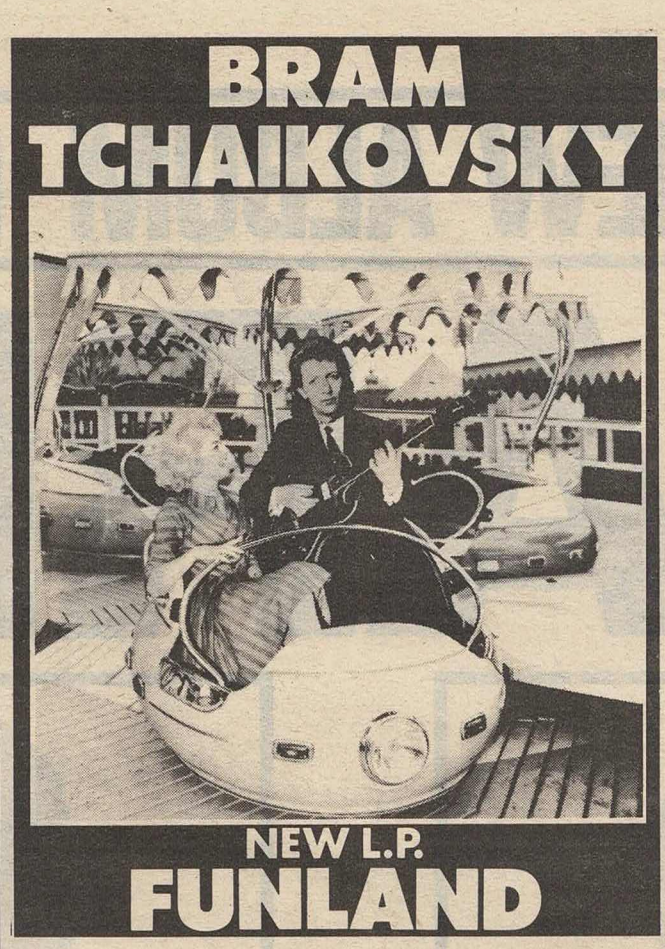
And Sea Shell according to See Saw will survive and thrive and deserve your close attention?

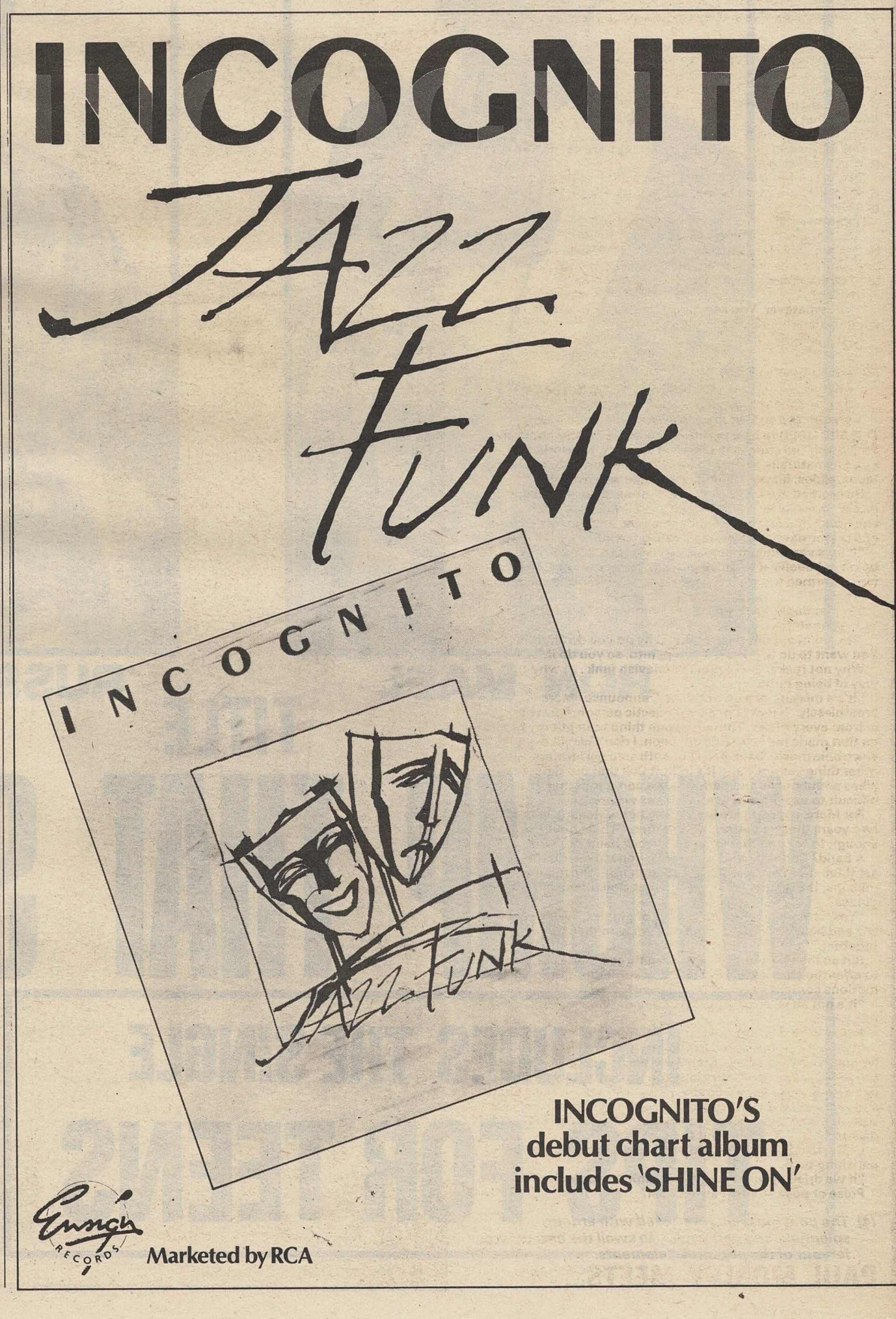
"It's like all the tags, 2-Tone, Punk, all those that come along, you'll get the bands who do the excellent first single and they just can't carry on — they use all their ideas up. I think in the next four months there's going to be quite a lot of sorting out. Who's going to hold their own? I just hope that we're one who can hold our own.

"Oh dear — what an unfortunate phrase. Hold our own!!"

There is the sound of high pitched giggling.

...POSE FOR PETER ANDERSON





THE NEW ALBUM FROM

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WHOMP THAT SUCKER

INCLUDES THE SINGLE

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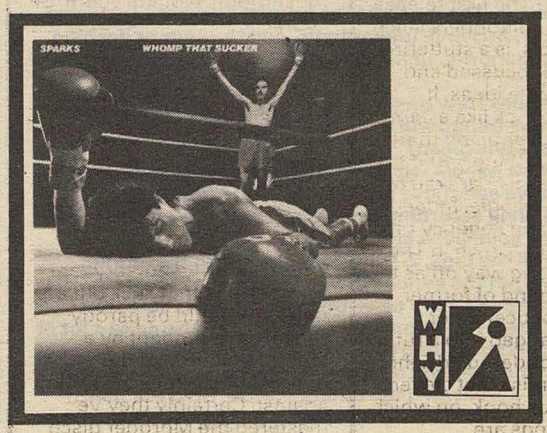


SINGLES

DANCE THROUGH THE HOURS

with your host...GAVIN MARTIN

GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE: The Birthday Party (Sugar Hill Import) From New York something extra-ordinary and very wonderful and ... *"You don't need no invitation / There's a party going on throughout the nation / Don't get excited but it's going to be / The best birthday party in historee! / We're going to celebrate the very birth / The living jewel of the real planet earth."*

This record has a hundred times more imagination and character than anything new I've heard all week. It was released some months ago but is still only available in Britain on import. An incredible state of affairs because this is an incredible record.

Stretching out every way they can, looser then tighter, upwards and onwards go the bass, claps, whistles, voices and kazoos. Voices declare and observe, call and respond. Kazoos and whistles orbit on a musical big dipper going full giddy circles.

"Jampacked, back to back / Yeah in, yeah out 'cause you like it like that ... / Catch your foot and let your finger pop."

The rap is as much in the music as it's in the words — an endless cascade of ideas, excitement and wildness balanced by fanatical inspiration. If you must, a comparison — 'One Nation Under A Groove' meets 'Sex Machine'. The Harlem Globetrotters make a record like they play baseball.

ASWAD: Babylon (Island)
THE JAM: Funeral Pyre (Polydor)
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: Spellbound (Polydor) The post-graduate's class of '76 with its serious person's hat on going over the familiar ground of cultural repression, social decay and psychic condition(ing). A world where cruelty, mystery and despair are subject to distanced and academic disdain. Identified and treated as *mere topics.* Expressed through a very formal and very restrictive language.

I fail to see how Aswad got a reputation for being the hardest reggae band in Britain. Their sound does have a certain ethereal charm between the falsetto harmonies and ominous stalking bass but 'Babylon' is little more than an average tune dressed with a few stock riffs and shrouded in a bland production. The form and content of their protest music seems to be its own downfall. The anger accepts the wider designs of Rastafarianism and it has no desperate edge or frustration — it is merely 'there' as part of an ordained plan. Consequently the sentiments are smug rather than proud and I'm back in Sunday School staring out the window waiting for the bell to ring.

The Jam — what a sticky messy noise! The first release from *NME's* polltoppers since 'Sound Affects' is a stuttering barrage of ill-focussed and barely adequate ideas. It doesn't even look like a Jam single, the cover being more like the sort of thing you'd find wrapped round a Caravan or early Genesis single. Indeed the flair, wit and cogency of 'Eton Rifles' or 'Down In The Tube' are a long way off as the turgid HM sound of former Sham 69 producer Peter Wilson is dragged into a rut by a stroppy, ponderous rhythm. They sorely miss that clever instantaneous hook, on which their best songs are constructed, a fact painfully underlined by Weller's unremarkable vocals. Buried beneath the sheer weight of the mix he's unable to wrest any emotion from the dour-faced pontifications of the lyrics. The Jam are all caught up with themselves and need a change, desperately.

The continuation of Siouxsie's silly superficial obsessions with the weird, with the histrionic vocals and arty artlessness of Severin and Co. is no longer offensive, merely a tedious joke without a punchline. Calming down in the twilight of her creative lifespan, Sioux sounds very like her important counterpart Chrissie Hynde. In fact the general straightening out of The Banshees sound into a standard rock thrash suggests they're ready to make an assault on America. But before then they've still got a myth to beat to death. This time you get *"laughter cracking through the walls"* and you're naturally *"Spellbound, spellbound, spellbound, whoo-ho."*

Come back Pickety Witch all is forgiven.

THE BUREAU: Let Him Have It (WEA)
DOLL BY DOLL: Main Travelled Roads (Magnet)
KILLING JOKE: Follow The Leaders (Malicious Damage) Three groups who share a common desire to be different and stand-out in opposition to prevailing trends and standard procedures. Theoretically they want to create a world free of the cold and callous fatalism of the preceeding trio. History, politics and set patterns of communication has a baring but not a binding on the world they want to embrace where pure instinct rides with natural intelligence . . .

But let's come back down to earth and see what they've actually produced to back it up. Dexy's offshoot The Bureau began their career early this year showing promise, making promises and demanding attention. So far they've released an average single, played some abysmally attended gigs at the standard pits and aircraft hangars and started some 'behind the scenes' business skullduggery and adopting po-faced postures. This record is nowhere near the resilient or resouceful music they could and should be making.

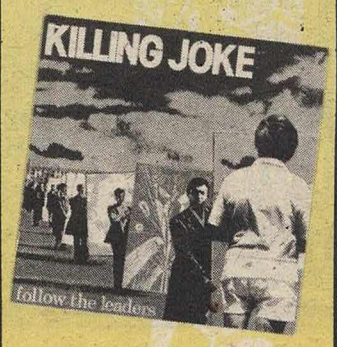
In contrast to The Bureau Doll By Doll's most promising moments have been on record rather than onstage where they specialise in extraneous ear-aching torture music. 'Main Travelled Roads' has a decisively rustic flavour, frontman Jackie Leven betraying his Romany roots in what could easily be a faithful rendition of an Irish folk tune. But despite the fine self-penned lyric the song is too tied up in a trance of early '70s whimsicality to be a serious contender in this time and place.

Killing Joke return with the most fully realised incorporation of disco rhythms into their ugly searing noise. 'Follow The Leaders' reminds me of nothing so much as The Clockwork Orange at a Nuremberg rally, suggesting that they share the same perspective as DAF and are prone to the same faults. Nothing a gobful of magic mushrooms wouldn't cure, of course.

CAN: I Want More (Virgin)
DAF: Der Mussilini (Virgin) German critical faves, past and present; one flighty and playful the other stodgy and perfunctory.

DAF are sombre and reticent in starched musical strait-jackets. 'Der Mussilini' is typical — a trite nursery rant about things that stick out a mile, the would be parody rendered redundant by a faithful imitation of the regimentation they are railing against. Certainly they've mastered the Moroder disco beat, but in their case that's like being able to blow the horn without having a clue how to drive the car.

Originally released in 1976, Can's 'I Want More' is fresher than a newly laid egg. Presumably it's been re-released in conjunction with all the electro-futurist hoo hah, though it's hard to see what influence Can could have had on the stubborn and ineffectual new pretenders. There's a lot of things happening on this very clever and very funny ode to desire, f'rinstance Bo Diddley gets dipped in Stockhausen and goes off to duet with The Rhineland And District Accordion Band. Get the 12 inch and you can hear a flipside with 'Silent Night', the only carol in captivity you can dance to. I'm back in Sunday School at the Christmas party, smiling and having a good time. Pity Sunday School couldn't always be like this.



IGGY POP: Bang Bang (Arista)
DEAD KENNEDYS: Too Drunk To Fuck (Cherry Red) A case of the pupil teaching the teacher, not to mention laughing in his face. Iggy's so tied up in himself and his public image that nothing can stop him trotting out another breast-beating snore. Men it can be done! — survival through machismo and outlaw chic. 'Bang Bang' has the lot and Iggy sits so far back on his laurels that it sounds is if someone had to give him a good shake after each instrumental break.

Meanwhile the Dead Kennedys do things with the old Stooges format everyone else seems to have forgotten. On previous occasions the group have shown how desperately California needs them and on this instant classic they hit you with a combination of force and humour which suggests Britain could benefit from their brand of sharp shock-rock. I'd only play this record a few times but I like it cause it doesn't take itself too seriously, makes its point and gets out. I especially like the line *". . . you bawl like the baby in Eraserhead"*.

HAZEL O'CONNOR: Will You? (A&M) After the storm, the calm. Hazel made her name rabble rousing the post-punk audience but such crowds are fickle, demand a lot of energy and hardly provide the creative space for a sensitive and individual artist to flourish. Naturally O'Connor's next move is to capture the adult easy listening market, like so many female singers before her. With front covers on the newspapers when she was recently reunited with her long-lost pappa, the process was half completed and by hook or by crook or by coming on like Marlene Dietrich the other half will follow. 'Will You' might be the one to do it because although Hazel's delivery is mournful and melodramatic, the bulk of the song is carried by the sax solo and Tony Visconti's cheesy supper-club arrangement.

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: Silver Lining (Chrysalis) The usual sincere and totally agreeable sentiments from SLF but the problem of unequal wealth distribution is dealt with so tritely that it becomes the sort of sleepy fireside philosophy old codgers deliver around the fireside. Now if Jake was my Granny I'd find it quite enjoyable but . . . give him a dog collar and have it done with! Because, y'know, you might not have much money but a third world peasant is a lot worse off than you, but don't be consoled by that because there is enough money to make the world go round and every man has his duty to see that everyone else gets their fair share.

That's the third time we've been to Sunday School this week.

COATI MUNDI: Que Pasa / Me No Pop I (Island) A deserved Single Of The Week sometime back and now available on British release with the bilingual version given prominence. Coati Mundi are Kid Creole And The Coconuts with August Darnell stepping back from the microphone to allow vibes player Andy 'sugar-coated' Hernandez to play the fool in a ribald farce of deceit, inadequacy and social disease. If the playlisters stay oblivious to the latter then nothing can stop it being a hit.

THE WHISPERS: I Can Make It Better (Solar Import) After the magnificent 'Love Thing' comes another irresistable proposal from the majestic masters of smooth but sultry disco pop. It's another track from the 'Imagination' album, a coherent but expansive mini-symphony where each instrument makes its mark. The record's style and zip is redolent of the talent at work during the vintage Motown era, possibly because the strings and horns are arranged by Gene Dozier, one third of the legendary Holland, Dozier and Holland hitmaking team.

Contemporary influences being as they are the piano

■ *Continues on page 57*

Phil Collins

The New Single

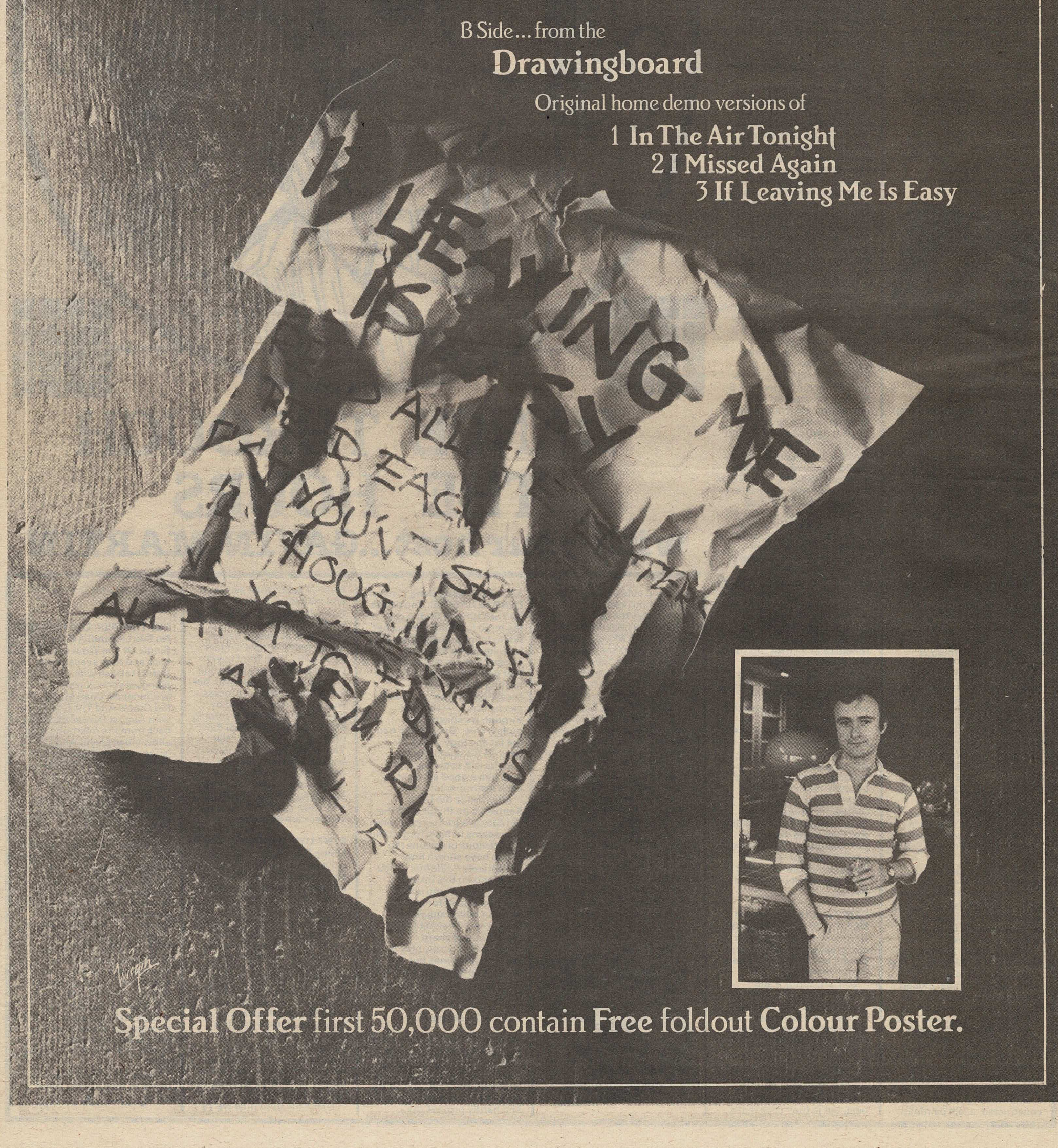
If Leaving Me Is Easy

B Side... from the

Drawingboard

Original home demo versions of

1 In The Air Tonight
2 I Missed Again
3 If Leaving Me Is Easy



Special Offer first 50,000 contain **Free** foldout **Colour Poster.**

"Gertcha . . ."

Sloppy schlock

The Howling
Directed by Joe Dante
Starring Dee Wallace, Patrick MacNee, Christopher Stone and Dennis Dugan *(Barber International)*

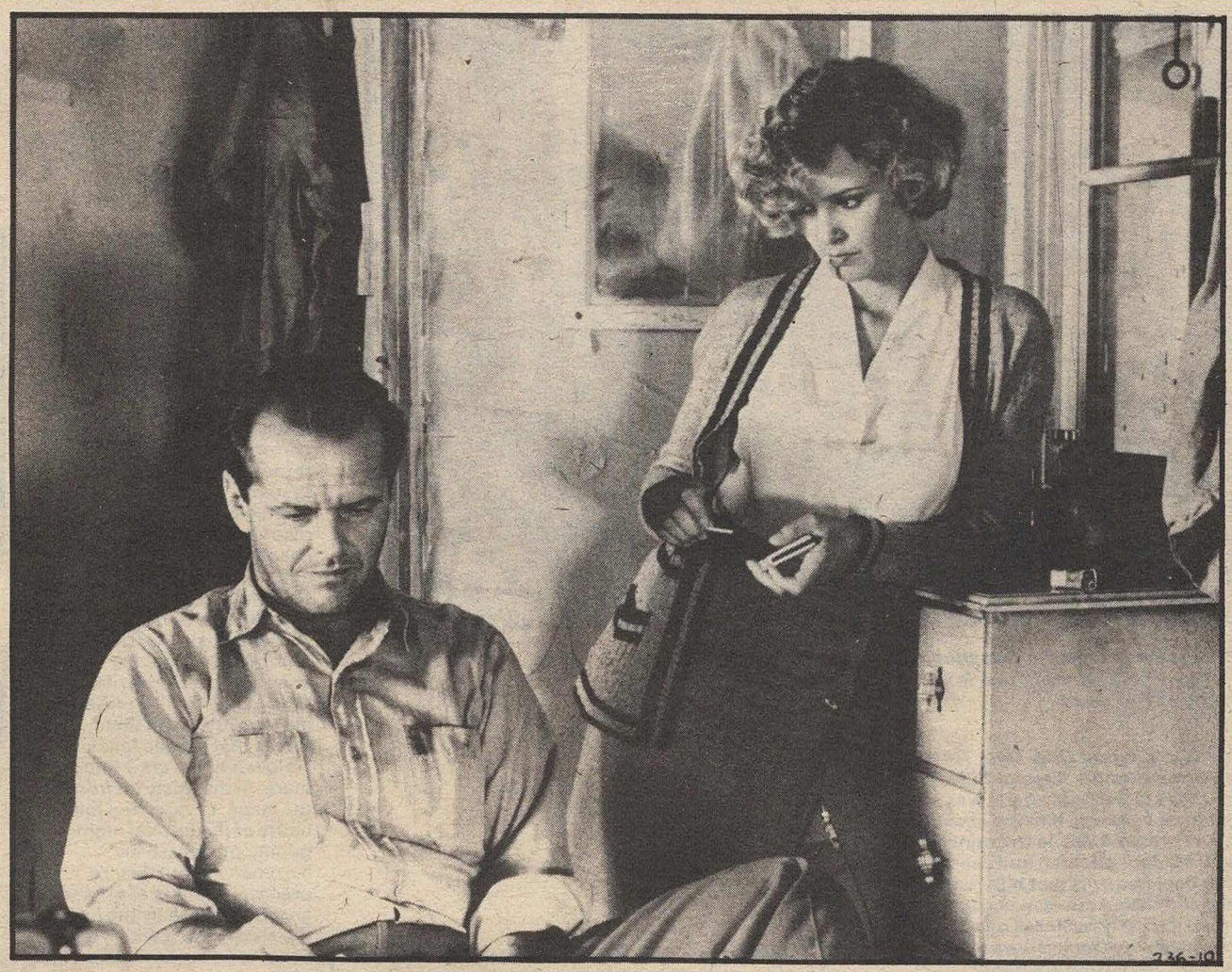
TERROR suspense isn't easy — you should see the mess John Huston made of *Phobia*, or rather you shouldn't — but the horrible horrors just keep on coming. And I don't know why they bother because, really, only John Carpenter and David Cronenberg are any good at it. (And Brian De Palma, but he's a big budget boy now.)

The Howling is your regular penny dreadful, dressed up as a modern werewolf shocker; a howler, more like. Echoes abound: the LA sex shop scenes recall *The Hardcore Life*, the panic-stricken TV studio with the myriad talking heads *Dawn Of The Dead*, the climactic revelations *Rosemary's Baby* (woops, just gave the game away). The trouble is, they're good films.

Starting sparkily enough with a skilfully orchestrated psycho-hunt in downtown LA, *The Howling* soon bogs down badly at Patrick MacNee's unlikely countryside clinic, stuffed full of stereotypical loonies; just the place for our tormented heroine (Dee Wallace) to recuperate in peace. The surrounding mist-shrouded woods, the banshee wails under a full moon, and the roaming lycanthropic beastie with glowing green eyes are the stuff of pure cliche (though I suppose it's the first time you'll get to see a couple of werewolves having it off) and *The Howling* further perpetuates the hoary old cinematic myth that otherwise sensible people, especially women, will in moments of stress gaily traipse into obvious danger. All the while Pino Donaggio's music tries hard to do our work for us.

OK, the effects — when at last they arrive — *are* special, but no more so than those in *Scanners* and — *Altered*. And the little 'jokes' (like the sheriff eating from a can of Wolf chili, a bottle of Wolf whisky behind him, a copy of Ginsberg's *Howl* on his desk) are just stupid. Laugh? I'm chumping up phlegm here.

Monty Smith



The Postman Always Rings Twice: Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange pose furiously in Bob Rafelson's extravagant exercise in '40s style.

Knock, knock, knocking on Hollywood's door

Neil Norman meets Bob Rafelson, the man behind *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and other uneasy pieces

WRITER, PRODUCER, director and best buddy of Jack Nicholson, Bob Rafelson walks and talks it like all those things combined, garnishing his charisma with a lazily sardonic sense of humour and a deceptive ennui. 'Independence' is writ large in the curly, iron-grey hair and lean, suntanned frame that lounges barefoot in the director's suite at Claridges. The morning papers carry reviews of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and his reaction is that of a man who can cope just as easily with success as failure.

"Well, I just read the first review, in the *Guardian* I think. It was nice you know? 'The best American film of the year' . . . or something like that . . ."

He is evidently a man not easily impressed, either by himself or others, and to meet him is to rid oneself of the feeling of inconsistency in a man who created *The Monkees* (along with radical New York producer Bert Schneider), co-produced *Easy Rider* and directed at least three of the most important American films of the last decade in *Five Easy Pieces, The King Of Marvin Gardens* and *Postman*. With all this in mind, it seems inevitable that his one brief courtship with a major studio should have ended in an acrimonious separation.

"I was working on a project and I was fired. It was called *Brubaker* and I was fired ten days into the shoot. It was a kind of painful experience in my life . . . the first time it had ever happened."

Why did it happen?

"Presumably because I broke open the head of the vice president of Fox with a steel ashtray. That's not what I did, but they said I did. I'm not meant to direct pictures for studios; it's just not my nature. I seem to be too independent of mind."

With this maverick reputation firmly established, I wondered if it was more difficult for him to raise money than other, uh, more orthodox directors.

"It does make it sometimes more difficult, I imagine. I've never even considered it, I mean it's not a problem for me. I suspect that what might be a problem is that studios are not likely to turn to me for projects that I might want to do because they 'don't want to deal with these fucking maniacs' is their attitude . . . unstable, incompetent . . . whatever else they call me . . ."

Soon after his departure from the set of *Brubaker* he got a call from Nicholson with an idea for remaking *Postman*. James M. Cain's novel had been previously filmed twice, though neither Visconti's 1942 guignol melodrama, *Obsessions*, nor Tay Garnett's lily-livered '46 version had adequately captured the book's American heart of darkness. Rafelson had seen the US version about ten years before and had noticed a similarity between John Garfield's approach to character and Nicholson's own attraction towards anti-heroic roles. Disinclined to remake any movie, he nevertheless re-read the novel and took another brief look at the film before gradually coming round to the idea of initiating it as a personal project.

"I thought that this in fact would not be a remake because they never had made it in the first place. They had avoided the period and updated for the 1946 version. Because of the Hays Office and censorship they couldn't really do what was the root of it. Cain saw the first movie and came out and said 'Were they fucking?' you know? The whole idea of it is this kind of rude passion they have for one another which had to be skirted around."

As a director, Rafelson tries to be as discreet a presence as possible on the screen, though he's aware that his deliberate absence of style might well be construed as a stylistic device. Working from an original novel (his last film, *Stay Hungry*, was also an adaption from a book, albeit a loose one) did give him, however, a basic security of plot that allowed him to investigate the characters to the full and explore their motives.

"I've never been very concerned about plot, as opposed to structure. There's a substantial difference between the two. My films are very structured I suppose but that's not apparent on a plot level. *Five Easy Pieces* is not the kind of movie that you can emerge from and say what it's about; but you can certainly tell about the characters and that's been my concern in most of my films I guess."

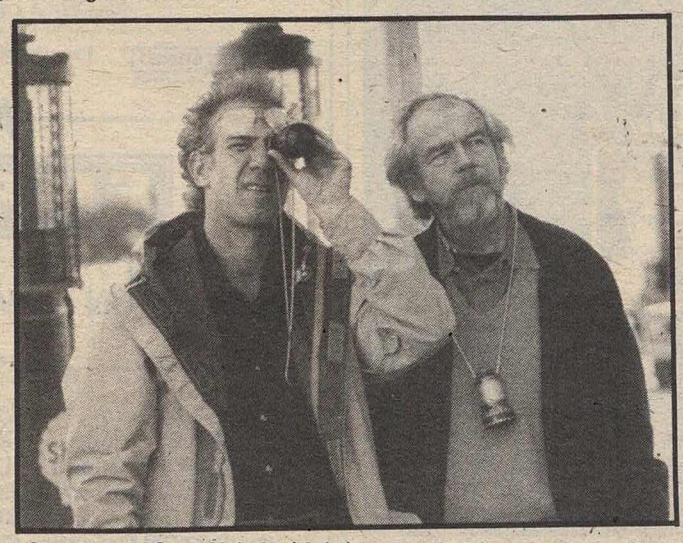
I take the opportunity to remark that, despite their naturalistic content, I often perceive a surreal consciousness pervading his films. Again, he makes with the poker face.

"You do, huh? I'll be Goddamned. Where did you get that idea from? There's a line I think in a poem by Marianne Moore — 'Real people in imaginary gardens.' I suppose that's it. I'll tell you something about myself that I've never told anyone in the movie business . . . but maybe it relates somehow. I've never had a dream in my life. I don't know what it is that people are talking about. When they characterise their dreams they seem to be characterising what I experience during the day all the time. All people physically dream but I have no recollection of my dreams. I mention it to you because I don't think of myself as some psychiatrist might as being a massively repressed human being. It's not for the effect of manipulating you within a realistic context and then throwing surreal images into the film to alert you, it's simply an inherent vision. Because all those strange things I put on the screen are strange; I didn't invent them, That's the way the world is; that's the way I see it anyway. It's not Daliesque. It's not that kind of surreal. Real people in imaginary gardens."

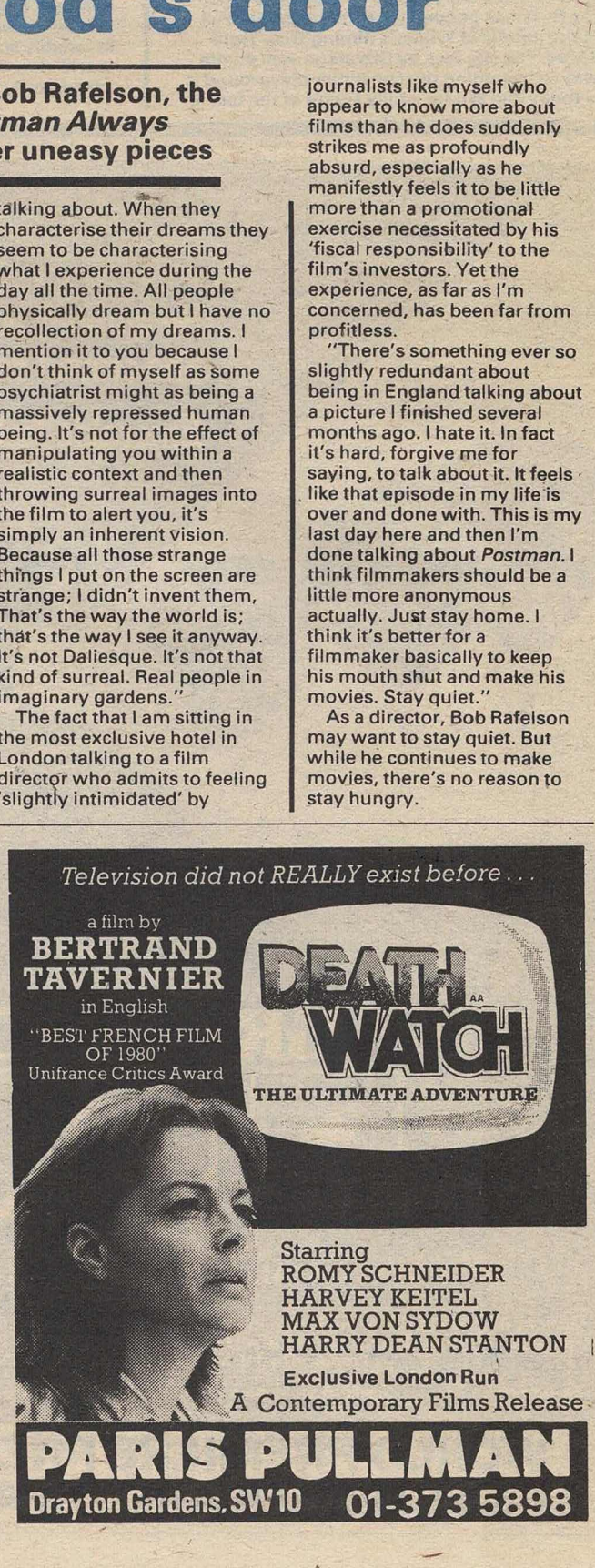
The fact that I am sitting in the most exclusive hotel in London talking to a film director who admits to feeling 'slightly intimidated' by journalists like myself who appear to know more about films than he does suddenly strikes me as profoundly absurd, especially as he manifestly feels it to be little more than a promotional exercise necessitated by his 'fiscal responsibility' to the film's investors. Yet the experience, as far as I'm concerned, has been far from profitless.

"There's something ever so slightly redundant about being in England talking about a picture I finished several months ago. I hate it. In fact it's hard, forgive me for saying, to talk about it. It feels like that episode in my life is over and done with. This is my last day here and then I'm done talking about *Postman*. I think filmmakers should be a little more anonymous actually. Just stay home. I think it's better for a filmmaker basically to keep his mouth shut and make his movies. Stay quiet."

As a director, Bob Rafelson may want to stay quiet. But while he continues to make movies, there's no reason to stay hungry.



Cameraman Sven Nykvist (right) proves that people who've worked with Ingmar Bergman do have a sense of humour: When Bob Rafelson takes that flash camera attachment away from his face there'll be a big black ring around his eye.



James Cagney (Clue: he's not wearing a frock) with Lilo Pulver and Hanns Lothar in Billy Wilder's One, Two, Three

Picture Parade

THE recently televised *One, Two, Three* wasn't German emigre director Billy Wilder's first time back in Berlin after the war. He'd returned once before to film the caustic comedy *A Foreign Affair* in the ruined city of 1948 with Marlene Dietrich and Jean Arthur. The affair depicted was that between the Germans and their American occupiers, its motivation a strictly business one. Dietrich is the tart who always makes sure she's on the winning side and Arthur's a frosty congresswoman disgusted by American servicemen's mercenary behaviour. It's bitingly funny and both sides get bit — the Nazi legacy which Wilder escaped in '34 and the shallow disintoxification methods of the GIs, buying up booze and broads with American dream chocolates and stockings.

By '61 the German/American friendship was well and truly sealed — especially when the Russians popped up with the Berlin wall in the middle of Wilder's filming *One, Two, Three.* The city was by this stage well on the way to becoming the consumer playground it is today and Wilder's fully aware of the fact. In his last role (pre-*Ragtime*) James Cagney is an aggressive Coca-Cola marketing man, about to open new fronts in the East, whose job is threatened by his boss's daughter marrying an East Berlin Communist while left in Cagney's charge. Cagney's brilliant, a likeably despicable, fast-talking example of rampant consumer diplomacy vitriolically lampooned by Wilder.

But the biggest joke of all is that he's winning, and Wilder — misanthrope that he is — acknowledges his victory. Wilder's invariably condemned for his pessimistic world view when he should be praised for the astringently comic accuracy of his barbs.

Chris Bohn

Reggae Sunsplash

Directed by Stefan Paul *(Osiris)*

Dread beat and drudge

IMAGINE what happens when you fly a German film crew to cover a reggae festival in Montego Bay on Jamaica's north coast.

Imagine the collision between liberal European affluence and grinding third world poverty, between efficient post hippie humanism and a spirituality born out of sufferation, between playing crossover albums on the home hi-fi and being confronted with the performers live playing through a Jamaican PA system.

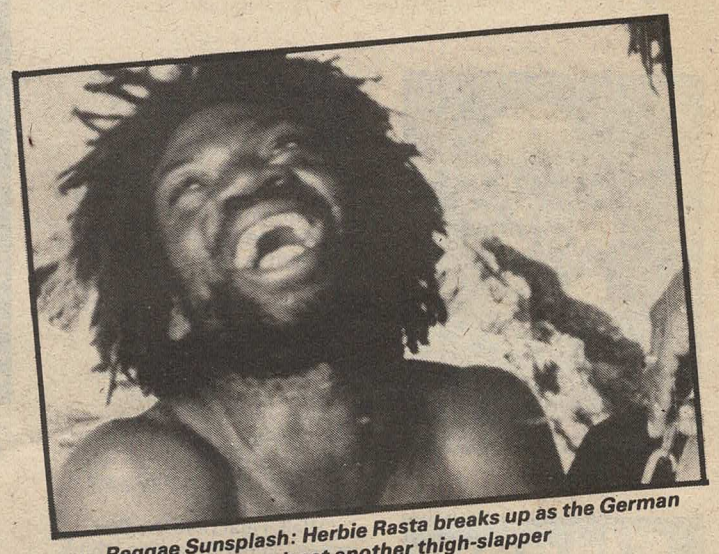
Imagine the culture shock recorded in 90 minutes of chaotically arranged material and you have a sketch of *Reggae Sunsplash.* 1979. On the bill were Bob and The Wailers, Tosh, Spear, and Third World. Opening the show were the likes of Black Uhuru but the film-makers didn't bother with them. How's that reggae fans?

However the crew hung in there, in the dusty pit front of the stage, through the long hours of the festival night, getting progressively hemmed in until they're practically falling over Marley and The I Three by the end of the show, along with a few score others crammed on the stage.

The ensuing footage is mostly unremarkable and badly recorded, although Spear — singing beautifully — Tosh, arrogantly prowling, and Marley, soulful and dynamic, all perform well above average. The film is swollen — one can hardly say fleshed out — by rambling haphazard clips of Jamaican scenery and perfunctary interviews with both the performers and anyone else the crew stumble across in their wanderings. Quite the most hilariously entertaining moment of the movie is the encounter between the German team and a trio of jocular beach dreads and their hand drums. ("For why is this drum so important in your music etc?")

Even more absurd is veteran Clancy Eccles fluffing his mime to an old hit, and a rarer and more precious moment than all these is Marley's performance of 'Hypocrite' . . . *"Hip — for hippocratic/Dip — for diplomatic/Dry — for Dryland tourist . . ."*

Neil Spencer



Reggae Sunsplash: Herbie Rasta breaks up as the German camera crew crack yet another thigh-slapper

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No guile or wile — just wallop

RICHARD GRABEL discovers one way of keeping the young ones off the street as ESG form a funky ring around him.

THESE DAYS, a lot of bands glorify the appearance of being what they are not.

The Lounge Lizards trumpet their self-proclaimed "fake jazz", dilettante dabbling of the worst sort, — insidious because its packaging is stylish enough to pull an audience that should be getting inspired, not sedated. James White, once an innovator, now sells fake funk.

Circus Mort deal in fake angst-and-psychosis new muzak. The Speedies sell fake Anglo-pop, complete with put-on accent. Chandra sells fake innocence, nurtured in exclusive private schools.

Aesthetic theories don't hold much water in the South Bronx, which goes a way towards explaining why most of the music coming out of there is so true to life. The girls of ESG grew up and still live in a South Bronx Municipal Housing Project, the New York equivalent of a London Council Tower Block. It's a tough place.

ESG don't play fake anything. ESG play real funk, transformed their own way into something direct, unfussy, irresistable. They make original rhythms, stripped down to the bare bones.

You can hear them do their stuff on a Factory single — three songs produced by Martin Hannett. 'You're No Good' and 'Moody' are two of their nicest melodies. Even better is the US release on 99, a twelve-inch with three added songs, recorded live at Hurrah. The live side is more raw, madly percussive, polyrhythmic and swinging.

ESG are the four Scroggins sisters — Valerie (drums, 17), Deborah (bass, 18), Renee (vocals / guitar, 21), and Marie (percussion, 24) plus Tito Libran (congos, 16), a friend from Brooklyn.

We sit in the Hurrah dressing room after their soundcheck, me in the middle, they pulled up around me in a self-protecting circle.

The seeds for ESG were planted six years ago, when the girls' mother bought them instruments, "so we wouldn't be hanging out on the street." They still practice in the apartment where they live.

Don't the neighbours complain?

Valerie: "They play loud R&B, and they have lots of parties, and nobody complains on them, so they don't complain on us."

Renee: "They like it."

How did you decide who got what instrument?

Renee: "Britches, that's Valerie, used to beat on boxes, so we thought drums were for her. We looked at Deborah's fingers and said wow, you've got long fingers, you should play bass. And I always played acoustic guitar, so I got the electric guitar."

Just like that. Such lack of conceit. I'm charmed.

Les Scroggins and Tito-gee, ESG!

Renee: "At first we used to just try to copy records from the radio. Then we got tired of that 'cause it didn't come out right. So we decided we wanted our own sound and we never tried to play after anyone else again. First we'd just play some music, and we'd try to glue it together and finally one day it was a tune.

"We like funk music. To me, what we first wanted to do was mix funk with rock, but that didn't really work. So we stuck with funk."

Is it deliberate that your sound is so spare and minimal? Like the way Renee picks up the guitar and plays three notes?

Renee: (giggles) "When we make songs it starts out with drums and bass and then we add each instrument. So, like, if those three notes are what fits there, we just want the sounds that are neccessary, If it needs six notes we'll put six notes. Then we put the congos, cowbells."

When ESG began playing out, a year and a half ago, more than one critic described them as "minimalist salsa." They don't agree.

Renee: "No, not really. People think that because of the congos in there."

Tito?

Tito: "It's percussion. Not really salsa."

Renee: "Salsa is more hot."

Your music is more cool.

Renee: (giggles) "We like to think of it that way. Cool."

Also because they come from the South Bronx, people assume they are Latin. Tito is Latin, but the Scroggins' mother is Black / Cherokee Indian, and their father is Italian / Irish. Tito's father plays in a salsa band, and Mr Scroggins is a former musician. An ESG gig is always a family affair. Their brother acts as roadie and drives the family car, loaded with equipment. And Mrs Scroggins is always there, a formidable woman who brooks no nonsense where her daughters are concerned.

Would success spoil ESG?

Renee: "No, I don't think our attitude would change, really. My mother keeps a firm hand, telling us don't let it go to your heads. My mother was the one that put up the money for all our instruments, so all we want to do if we make a lot of money is buy her a house. That's all. And some furniture to put in it."

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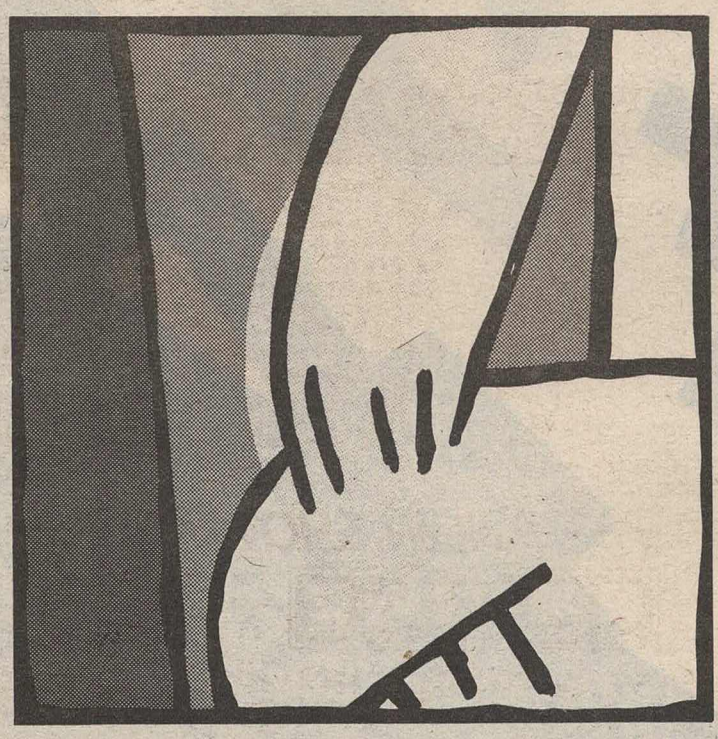
new single



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"OH, HELP ME in my weakness, I heard the drifter say" — Bob Dylan.

THE WALKER BROTHERS

RAY LOWRY puts on his walking shoes and catches the train ... to catch THE March ... to catch the Quads and see their blisters.

Peoples march for jobs

Is this really 1981? Tony Benn and marchers.

I WAS on the train down to London from Manchester recently, and the compartment gradually filled with rugby fans heading for their Cup Final at Wembley.

As we travelled, a group nearby imbibed and waxed expansive. One thickset lump was particularly voluble and at a station halt he amused his companions by shouting "National Front!" out of the window as two obviously Jewish gents — sidelocks and black suits — walked by. Later on into the journey he read aloud the headline from his newspaper *'Bobby Sands near to death'*, following this with "He'd be a lot fucking nearer to death if I was anywhere near him — I'd tear his fucking windpipe out, the Irish scum!"

He then opined that the way to tackle the Northern Ireland problem was to "send in the S.A.S and waste the fucking lot of them."

His mates didn't object to any of this, nor did anyone else nearby show the least surprise or irritation.

That's one face of Britain 1981. Another one can be seen when the People's March for Jobs comes through your town. Officially, this march more or less doesn't exist, because the media-ocrities have been told to feed us a diet of Rippermania, propaganda about the British Army's role in the six counties and evasions about racial prejudice in our police force instead.

Cure fans would probably insist that it's not worth marching anywhere for work anyway, and there's something to be said for marching for the Right Not To Work and massive social security and dole payments increases if the government is committed to finishing off British industry; but dressing up as a dandy highwayman or a precious aesthete and despising the notion of work smacks of indolence and conceit (and will those ninnies who constantly strive to assure us that is doesn't cost money to have STYLE quit whistling through their windy arseholes).

Some people happen to be good engineers or mechanics and don't want to be legends in their own bedrooms — "Mummy, I've decided to devote myself to artistic striving; in the front room" — or to dance their way through the depression. I, for one, want to see great British motorcycles and automobiles and locomotives and aircraft again. That's not nationalism but an acknowledgement that we have the ability to make anything as well as, and better than, anywhere else in the world and that everyone doesn't want to be a computer programmer or to make records, maaan (and some should be actively discouraged from pursuing this course) or sit on their arses making profits out of other people's misery.

THE JAM have contributed money to the march, The Quads (of whom more later) have, and are, devoting their time, energy and considerable talents to the Liverpool-London leg of the march and I sincerely hope that many more rock and roll consciences will have been pricked by the time of the carnival in Brockwell Park on May 30th.

Definitely appearing so far are Pete Townshend, the Members, Tour De Force and, of course, the Quads.

Last week I trained it down (oh, irony, oh, my feet) to be in Wolverhampton when the marchers arrived in that town; like most in England a reasonably attractive, mellow cityscape disfigured by a shoddy shopping complex. Manchester has the infamous Arndale centre; in Wolvehampton it's a Mander Centre, but the effect is about the same: an unappetising lump of raw concrete dropped from a great height into the middle of a Victorian townscape and then scrupulously, religously neglected.

The sun's shining anyway, so I get inside a pub a bit quick and spend a pleasant hour or so reading The Cure's tips on how to beat the recession by brewing home made lager in your parent's house, in my copy of the super, soaraway *NME*. I love this idea of dispensing with a support band and using your own film instead. This is LIVING ROOM ROCK — come on in, but be quiet, you must abide by the rules of our household. Take your shoes off, you'll muck up the carpet, please use the ashtrays provided and, now that you're completely uncomfortable, I'll bore you to tears with my tedious preoccupations and obsessions. Well, HOGWASH!! Here comes the march, let's go and have a gawk.

There's a civic welcome in each town the marchers hit on the way down to London — its warmth and sincerity, I guess, depending on whether the local council is Conservative or Labour — and various worthies and the worthless make speeches of welcome, publicly donate sums of money to the march and, in many cases, repeat the same things the marchers heard in the town before last and the one before that.

The core of the march is a couple of hundred or so green-clad figures and they get a tremendous welcome as they swing into St Peter's Square, where a perfect cross-secion of Tribal Britain (punks, Teds, students, bikers, heavy metallurgists, table cloth fanciers, police and ordinary people) has gathered for the show. The local labour leader, John Byrd, makes a short speech of welcome and he's followed by various local political figures, union leaders and the Bishop of Wolverhampton.

Now, it's fine to see Church leaders supporting the cause but the Bishop's speech is, frankly, wet. I'm sick of hearing woolly nonsense about the necessity for us all to work together to sort out the country's problems (death throes, more like). Bishop, dear, the people who control the wealth of the country and who have decided that the British work-force can rot on the vine while they make their enormous profits where labour is cheaper and easier to exploit, don't want to work together with you, me, Joe Soap or the bullet-proof Pope. This march is necessary because working people are being allowed NO SAY WHATEVER in the way to solve the country's problems.

Derek Robinson, the famous media-blackened Red Robbo, speaks. But the star of the afternoon is the similarly derided Tony Benn.

Mr Benn is accorded a superstar welcome in every way, the crowd erupting into spontaneous cheering and handclapping as he appears on the platform. His speech is convincing, funny; he rambles a little here and there but generally articulates the frustrations that most of his audience feel, and I can only conclude that if 'Parlimentary Democracy' is going to be on our backs for the forseeable future he would make a far more credible leader of the Labour party than the vague and pedantic Michael Foot. It's easy to see why the press and TV hacks (at the behest of their political/financial masters) try to discredit him at every opportunity.

They try to turn him into a joke because he obviously isn't one.

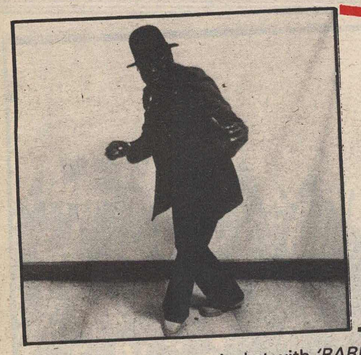
BUT WHAT about The Quads? The Quads are three brothers and a friend and they're from Birmingham. They have made four singles on the Birmingham based Big Bear label, the first of which 'There Must Be Thousands' is the only one that I've heard and which I think is great. They have been on the march since it started in Liverpool, their equipment following willy-nilly in whatever transport they've been able to conjure out of goodwill and sympathy for their endeavours.

Everyone on this march is a bit special and equal in their specialness, but let's stir up the murky waters a little here. I think that most *NME* readers and rock consumers like myself — fans, that is — feel that pop musicians, or more particularly what they create out of electricity, miles of wires, stacks of black boxes and their voices, can sometimes be extra special. That's why I'm always slightly surprised when I find a group of musicians involved in a venture like the march for no other reason than that they feel a part of the movement and want to donate their services. Plus, of course, that a good deed in Rock's Rich Ramalamadingdong automatically shines against the prevailing trivia and self-obsession.

I mustn't make too much of this. The Quads' presence on the march is

□ *continues on page 55*

Jarrow march re-visisted.



crucial warnings and the beat of love

ranking tremors recorded by

charles shaar murray

JESUS! A lilac satin tour jacket with *'BARRY MANILOW'* written on it . . . Andy Cox can't quite believe it. Clive Davis, boss of Arista records, sits behind his New York desk, in his padded executive chair, while Andy Cox, who plays lead guitar for The Beat, is sat across from him feeling like he's applying for a job.

Of course, it isn't like that at all. If anything, it's the other way about because Clive Davis, this little bald man wearing — Jesus! — *a lilac satin tour jacket with 'BARRY MANILOW' written on it,* is hustling Andy. What he wants is 'Wha'ppèn' — The Beat's second album — on his label. Arista already distributes Go-Feet — The Beat's custom label — in the UK, but in the States The Beat are licensed to Sire and Clive doesn't feel happy about that.

So he tells Andy about all the wonderful things that he can do for The Beat, disparages Sire's performance in handling and marketing and the first album, and discusses the music in terms designed to express fully the depth and breadth of his understanding and appreciation of the band.

But there's one problem. Some of the band's lyrics are, to Davis, "too socially aware". American audiences will find the band "threatening".

Threatening? The Beat? The Beat with their jumping-master rhythms, their upful, bright, positive refusal to experience or permit defeat, their strength and their wit? Threatening? Nobody could feel threatened by The Beat unless they had a vested interest in ignorance and negativity, unless they stood in opposition to unity . . . one could almost imagine that a Gregory Isaacs might appear in Clive Davis' office, pointing a finger and intoning *"Strictly badness 'im seh 'im a defend"*.

At any rate, The Beat remain unenticed by Mr Davis' blandishments, and elect to remain associated with Sire Records. Andy Cox catches a plane and is reunited with his colleagues in a dressing room at *Top Of The Pops*.

AH, *TOP OF THE POPS!* The gateway to the universe! If you stand by the artists' entrance long enough, half the world passes by. I mention that I'm visiting The Beat to two people called Philip, both quite tall: one's coffee-coloured and comes from Dublin, the other's make-up coloured and comes from Sheffield.

"Ah, yes, The Beat," croaks Phil Lynott," *Daemon* band. Just about me favourite right now. Oi'd really loike t'meet 'em."

"The Beat!" murmurs Phil Oakey, raising an eyebrow so heavily encrusted with mascara that the feat should entitle him to a place of honour in the next Olympic weight-lifting team. "They supported us once. Just about everybody who's big supported *us* once."

And there we stand, The Beat, The Human League, Thin Lizzy, Teardrop Explodes and Tenpole Tudor, all gripped and held suspended by the soaring, matchless artistry of Sheena Easton.

In the dressing room, furniture gently vibrates to the heavy heavy dub. Dave Wakeling is showing off his new suit — grey double-breasted it is, lovely — and Saxa is concerned. See, he thought that they were going to be doing 'Drowning', but the band have decided to push 'All Out To Get You' — the other half of the double-A combination — and the result is that he's brought the wrong saxophone. 'Drowning' requires the tenor sax, but 'All Out To Get You' calls for an alto.

Now Saxa's been a pro musician longer than the rest of The Beat — with the exception of drummer Everett Morton — have been alive, and he has his pride. "All dem musician out deh, man, see me play one t'ing and hear another." The situation is complicated by the fact that tenor and alto saxophones require different fingerings to produce the same sequences, so Saxa sits himself down and painstakingly works out his line from 'All Out To Get You' on the tenor. On the show, finally, you still see him playing the tenor while you hear the alto, but if you looked closely you'd've seen that the fingering was *absolutely correct.* This must've proved vastly reassuring to all those people who still think Bob Geldof played the sax on 'Rat Trap'.

Ranking Roger appears in a stunning jazzbo zoot-suit outfit loaned to him by a magazine for whom he'd been doing some modelling. "There were two Japanese girls there to help me dress," he remarks, rolling his eyes skyward.

To do this *Top Of The Pops* has cut two days off their rehearsal schedule. Less than a week later, they are due to commence their tour.

"I dunno who' gonna come and see us," Dave Wakeling wonders. "It could be anything from 12-year-old 2-Tone fans to 35-year-old *Guardian* readers. Or it might just be four skinheads throwing tomatoes."

They go out to tape their segment, having to go through some highly militant talking to get their friends and entourage past a BBC mook ("It makes no difference to me whether you do the show or not, mate") guarding the door. They come over great — Dave Wakeling looks horribly like Robert Redford on television and Roger skanks impeccably in his zoot-suit — but ultimately the spectacle is saddening: a group pretending to throw themselves wholeheartedly into their music in front of an audience that's pretending to respond. A hollow replica of what happens when the band play live . . . in Aylesbury. *Is a strickly love an' unity we deal in today so!*

THE BEAT have swelled to an eight-piece for the duration, with keyboard player Blockhead fleshing out the mid-range with a little judicious organ and trumpeter Eddie Satlin — a friend and contemporary of Saxa's — adding an extra touch of gleaming, polished brass. They even get up to nine when Cedric Myton — main man of The Congos, whose legendary 'Heart Of The Congos' finally achieved a British release through Go-Feet — leaps up to sing and skank on the odd number or two. Myton, a tall, loose limbed presence radiating strength through smiles, is a hero to The Beat; he is now also a friend, staying at Andy Cox's Birmingham abode and teaching the guitarist one hell of a lot about cooking fish.

The Beat offstage are a concatenation of different voices, from Saxa's throaty cackle and magisterial pronouncements on everything from the Nature Of Music to the State Of His Health, to bassist David Steele's wry throwaways which seem to emerge from the side of his mouth in order to disappear up his nose. Steele talks in a manner also used by several other people I have met during my stay on the planet, but all the others were called Nigel. I find this confusing.

Dave Wakeling — pleasant, good-looking, friendly, reasonable — is the centre of the band, which does not make him (want to be) more important than anyone else. It's Dave Wakeling who finds himself on a Birmingham talk show being interviewed jointly with this guy who runs a very plush theatre, and as the interview goes into its last ten seconds — behind the camera Wakeling can see a floor manager counting down from ten and giving it the old okay-wind-em-up revolvo hand motion — the host asks the theatre chappie whether he would put The Beat on at his theatre.

Seven seconds to go.

"Of course," says the man from the theatre, "if they behave themselves".

Five seconds.

"Well," repostes Wakeling, finding himself cast as a representative of everything young and dirty and inexplicably violent and troublesome, "we're very well behaved . . ."

Three seconds. Wakeling looks straight into the camera.

". . . AND WE'RE TOTALLY OPPOSED TO NUCLEAR WARFARE!" he announces with his biggest, blondest smile.

Wham. Cut to an item about landscape gardening.

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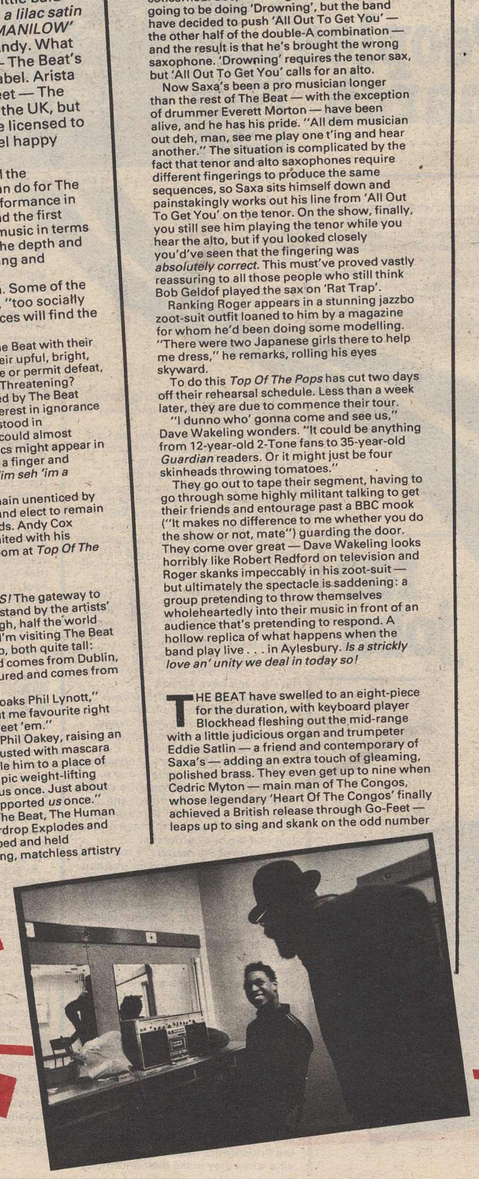

photos anton corbijn

coming from your number one station inna strickly go-feet style

jazzbo zoot suits versus satin bomber jackets

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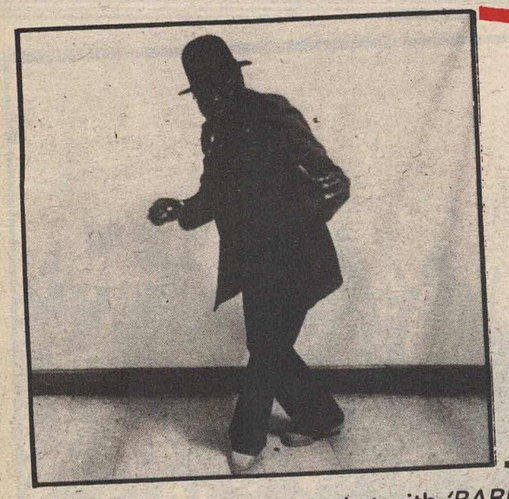

coming from your number one station inna strickly go-feet style

crucial warnings and the beat of love

ranking tremors recorded by

charles shaar murray

JESUS! A lilac satin tour jacket with *'BARRY MANILOW'* written on it . . . Andy Cox can't quite believe it. Clive Davis, boss of Arista records, sits behind his New York desk, in his padded executive chair, while Andy Cox, who plays lead guitar for The Beat, is sat across from him feeling like he's applying for a job.

Of course, it isn't like that at all. If anything, it's the other way about because Clive Davis, this little bald man wearing — Jesus! — *a lilac satin tour jacket with 'BARRY MANILOW' written on it,* is hustling Andy. What he wants is 'Wha'ppèn' — The Beat's second album — on his label. Arista already distributes Go-Feet — The Beat's custom label — in the UK, but in the States The Beat are licensed to Sire and Clive doesn't feel happy about that.

So he tells Andy about all the wonderful things that he can do for The Beat, disparages Sire's performance in handling and marketing and the first album, and discusses the music in terms designed to express fully the depth and breadth of his understanding and appreciation of the band.

But there's one problem. Some of the band's lyrics are, to Davis, "too socially aware". American audiences will find the band "threatening".

Threatening? The Beat? The Beat with their jumping-master rhythms, their upful, bright, positive refusal to experience or permit defeat, their strength and their wit? Threatening? Nobody could feel threatened by The Beat unless they had a vested interest in ignorance and negativity, unless they stood in opposition to unity . . . one could almost imagine that a Gregory Isaacs might appear in Clive Davis' office, pointing a finger and intoning *"Strictly badness 'im seh 'im a defend"*.

At any rate, The Beat remain unenticed by Mr Davis' blandishments, and elect to remain associated with Sire Records. Andy Cox catches a plane and is reunited with his colleagues in a dressing room at *Top Of The Pops*.

AH, *TOP OF THE POPS!* The gateway to the universe! If you stand by the artists' entrance long enough, half the world passes by. I mention that I'm visiting The Beat to two people called Philip, both quite tall: one's coffee-coloured and comes from Dublin, the other's make-up coloured and comes from Sheffield.

"Ah, yes, The Beat," croaks Phil Lynott," *Daemon* band. Just about me favourite right now. Oi'd really loike t'meet 'em."

"The Beat!" murmurs Phil Oakey, raising an eyebrow so heavily encrusted with mascara that the feat should entitle him to a place of honour in the next Olympic weight-lifting team. "They supported us once. Just about everybody who's big supported *us* once."

And there we stand, The Beat, The Human League, Thin Lizzy, Teardrop Explodes and Tenpole Tudor, all gripped and held suspended by the soaring, matchless artistry of Sheena Easton.

In the dressing room, furniture gently vibrates to the heavy heavy dub. Dave Wakeling is showing off his new suit — grey double-breasted it is, lovely — and Saxa is concerned. See, he thought that they were going to be doing 'Drowning', but the band have decided to push 'All Out To Get You' — the other half of the double-A combination — and the result is that he's brought the wrong saxophone. 'Drowning' requires the tenor sax, but 'All Out To Get You' calls for an alto.

Now Saxa's been a pro musician longer than the rest of The Beat — with the exception of drummer Everett Morton — have been alive, and he has his pride. "All dem musician out deh, man, see me play one t'ing and hear another." The situation is complicated by the fact that tenor and alto saxophones require different fingerings to produce the same sequences, so Saxa sits himself down and painstakingly works out his line from 'All Out To Get You' on the tenor. On the show, finally, you still see him playing the tenor while you hear the alto, but if you looked closely you'd've seen that the fingering was *absolutely correct.* This must've proved vastly reassuring to all those people who still think Bob Geldof played the sax on 'Rat Trap'.

Ranking Roger appears in a stunning jazzbo zoot-suit outfit loaned to him by a magazine for whom he'd been doing some modelling. "There were two Japanese girls there to help me dress," he remarks, rolling his eyes skyward.

To do this *Top Of The Pops* has cut two days off their rehearsal schedule. Less than a week later, they are due to commence their tour.

"I dunno who' gonna come and see us," Dave Wakeling wonders. "It could be anything from 12-year-old 2-Tone fans to 35-year-old *Guardian* readers. Or it might just be four skinheads throwing tomatoes."

They go out to tape their segment, having to go through some highly militant talking to get their friends and entourage past a BBC mook ("It makes no difference to me whether you do the show or not, mate") guarding the door. They come over great — Dave Wakeling looks horribly like Robert Redford on television and Roger skanks impeccably in his zoot-suit — but ultimately the spectacle is saddening: a group pretending to throw themselves wholeheartedly into their music in front of an audience that's pretending to respond. A hollow replica of what happens when the band play live . . . in Aylesbury. *Is a strickly love an' unity we deal in today so!*

THE BEAT have swelled to an eight-piece for the duration, with keyboard player Blockhead fleshing out the mid-range with a little judicious organ and trumpeter Eddie Satlin — a friend and contemporary of Saxa's — adding an extra touch of gleaming, polished brass. They even get up to nine when Cedric Myton — main man of The Congos, whose legendary 'Heart Of The Congos' finally achieved a British release through Go-Feet — leaps up to sing and skank on the odd number or two. Myton, a tall, loose limbed presence radiating strength through smiles, is a hero to The Beat; he is now also a friend, staying at Andy Cox's Birmingham abode and teaching the guitarist one hell of a lot about cooking fish.

The Beat offstage are a concatenation of different voices, from Saxa's throaty cackle and magisterial pronouncements on everything from the Nature Of Music to the State Of His Health, to bassist David Steele's wry throwaways which seem to emerge from the side of his mouth in order to disappear up his nose. Steele talks in a manner also used by several other people I have met during my stay on the planet, but all the others were called Nigel. I find this confusing.

Dave Wakeling — pleasant, good-looking, friendly, reasonable — is the centre of the band, which does not make him (want to be) more important than anyone else. It's Dave Wakeling who finds himself on a Birmingham talk show being interviewed jointly with this guy who runs a very plush theatre, and as the interview goes into its last ten seconds — behind the camera Wakeling can see a floor manager counting down from ten and giving it the old okay-wind-em-up revolvo hand motion — the host asks the theatre chappie whether he would put The Beat on at his theatre.

Seven seconds to go.

"Of course," says the man from the theatre, "if they behave themselves".

Five seconds.

"Well," repostes Wakeling, finding himself cast as a representative of everything young and dirty and inexplicably violent and troublesome, "we're very well behaved . . ."

Three seconds. Wakeling looks straight into the camera.

". . . AND WE'RE TOTALLY OPPOSED TO NUCLEAR WARFARE!" he announces with his biggest, blondest smile.

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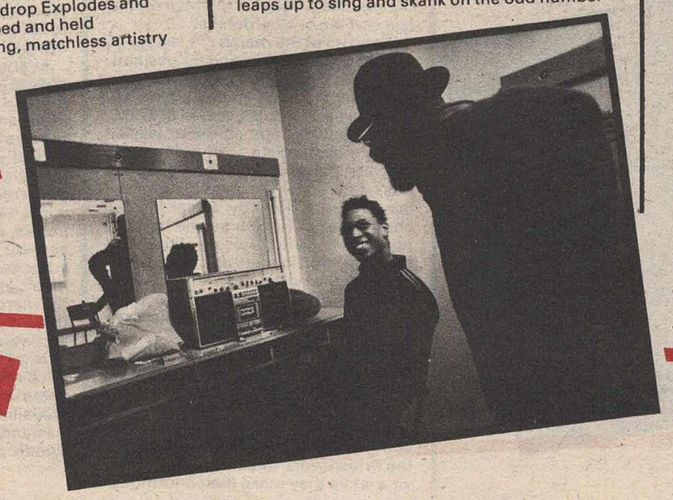

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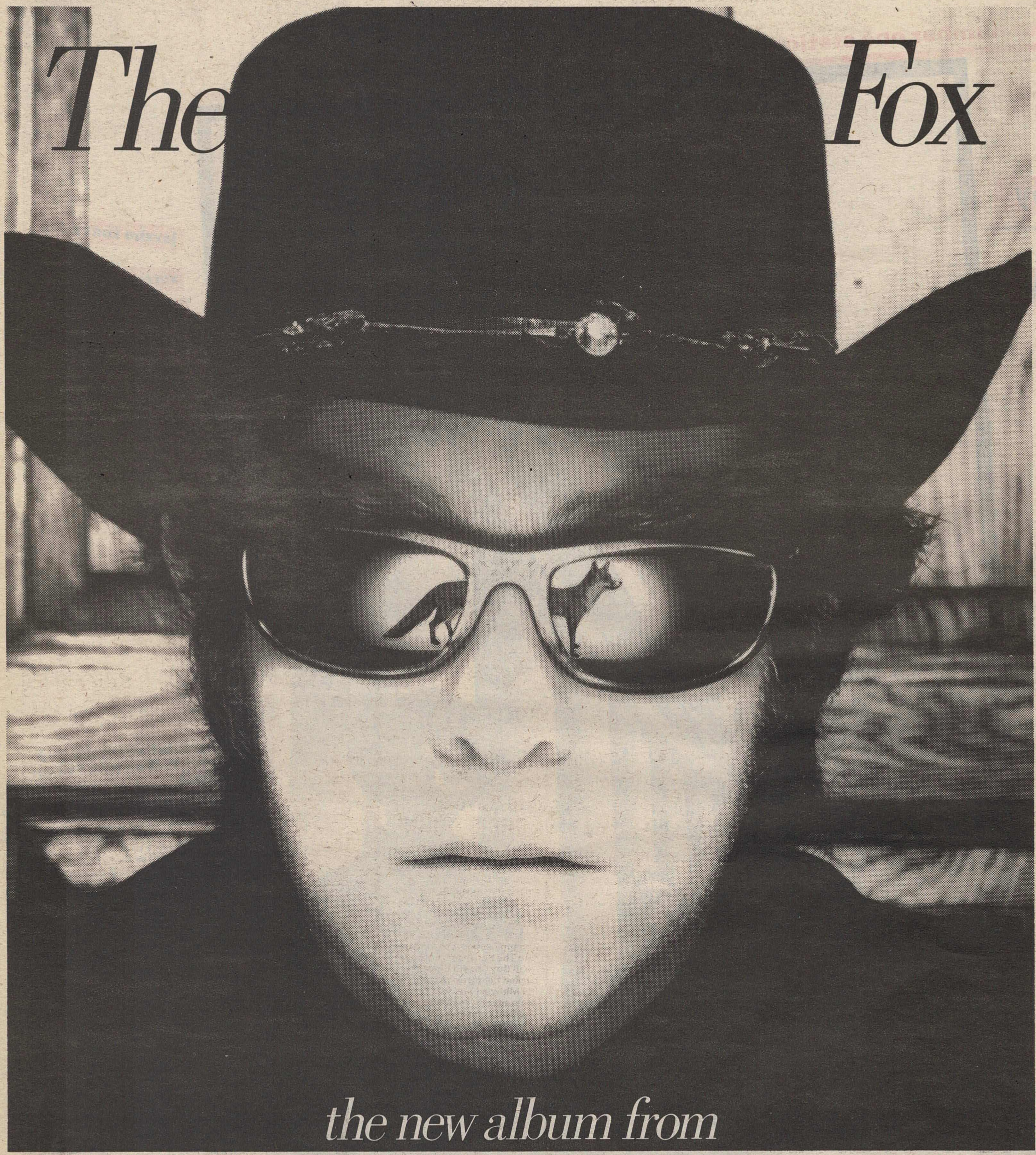

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Pic: Antoine Giacomoni.

in the NICO TIME

NME digs up and dusts off yet another old member of The Velvet Underground. This one's different, though — she's about to have a massive worldwide hit. Or so says CHRIS BOHN

HEY-HO, is it really that time of the decade already?

Once again Nico has surreptitiously floated into the public consciousness — just when she was about to be written off and into the footnotes of the Velvet Underground legend, too. Whereas before she'd drift right back out of it unnoticed, she's intent on leaving a more permanent impression this trip.

Her resolve is shaping up well, as she's close to finishing her first LP in seven years. What's more, the task has revitalised her; she's looking slimmer and healthier than she did three years ago. Less temperamental and much more energetic than the myths have led us to believe, she's almost skittish in her enthusiasm for the record.

And she has good reason to be proud, going by the three tracks this listener heard in the South London studio where she's adding her final vocals.

Though unfinished, it's already sounding better than 'The End . . .' the Island record that marked the drying up of her musical relationship with producer/arranger John Cale.

This time she's been taken in hand by two coolly efficient French folk, Nadetl' Duget and Philippe Quilichini, who have put up half the costs of the record — the rest made up by the Aura label who'll be releasing it in June under the title 'Drama'.

Talking in purely commercial terms, theirs can hardly be considered a sound investment. Despite her immense reputation — notably with pop and media people more than the public — she plainly doesn't sell well. Or at least fast. What's more, her notorious unreliability compounded her difficulties in finding a contract.

Thus when she approached Quilichini to produce her, he imposed the condition of a back-up rock and roll group to shift the musical fulcrum away from her insular harmonium.

She readily agreed.

"I find it so much fun to seeng rock and roll," Nico reveals with a smile, her bitter-chocolate voice still tinted by a German accent.

That hasn't always been apparent.

"I know," she confides conspiratorially, "but it was getting boring really, all that quiet stuff. And having been a member of The Velvet Underground, rock and roll is something I have to do at one point, even if only for one album. I want to combine it with Arabic music."

Arabic music?

"Yes, because I am part Turkish — well, my father was part Turkish."

Don't worry Nico-philes. "Rock and roll" in Nico's hands means primarily that back-up musicians are used to whip up the sultry mysteries she would previously pump out alone from her harmonium. It is not so much a change in mood, as in accessibility. Only two covers could be really construed as rock manifestations and they're excellent. One's a return to the first Velvet Underground and Nico record for Reed's 'I'm Waiting For The Man' and the other's an extraordinary putsch on Bowies's 'Heroes'.

The first-named captures the nervous snap and recoil of the original without repeating it note for note. In contrast to the tune's hopped-up zest, Nico's voice blunts the desperation of the song and replaces it with defeat and despondency.

"I always wanted to sing that song but they wouldn't let me," confesses Nico. "Lou Reed was the boss and he was very bossy. Anyway I know a little bit more about the subject now than I did then. I find it something to occupy yourself with, running up and down the city."

But isn't it likely to reinforce the stories about her own habits?

"I don't really care, you know, about the things everybody says about me."

Far more positive is her covering of 'Heroes'. Again producer Quilichini has expertly re-arranged the tune, but the song itself is so suited to Nico's deep cathedral tones that she could perform it a cappella. Listening back to the version she recorded the previous evening, she's glowingly proud of how it's turned out.

"I thought maybe I'd do 'Look Back In Anger', but then I guess it's not such an important song," she says. "I had a few in mind to do, like 'Wild Is The Wind' off 'Station To Station' — I sing that one just like Bowie.

"Apart from having so much choice," she continues, "I thought I could do one or two songs from Lou Reed's 'Berlin' album, but they're all so suicidal. And this one, 'Heroes', is not quite so destructive."

Other songs on the LP include those she played live in 1978 when she opened for the likes of The Adverts and Siouxsie And The Banshees — 'Sphinx' (stupidly dedicated to Andreas Baader. Why? "Because he had that hypnotic look, very hypnotic . . ."), 'Gengis Khan' and 'Henry Hudson'.

WHY THEY weren't recorded three years ago and where she had been the preceding seven years was discussed at an earlier rendezvous at the West London flat in which Nico's staying during the recording. The front room is decorated Moroccan style, a pot of incense burns on the table next to which Nico squats on the floor drinking a fruit juice cocktail. Her explanation of her absence is a bit vague, but then she has only just got up.

"I don't have a sense of time, time is timeless to me and I'm not in a hurry to get older," she chuckles. "I mean if I were worried about time all the time it would be terrible."

Any clearer? No, I didn't think so. However, continue.

"Well, it's just as if I'd taken a long vacation. It was just necessary for me to be absent; plus I was living my drama, my exile, that is the subject of my record and I've been living that as intensely as possible."

Her drama involves travelling a lot, losing her papers and generally making life difficult for herself.

"I always put myself in a position where I am cornered. Why? I don't know, that is up to the psycho-analyst to say."

Nico's ill-defined concept of time nevertheless works in her favour. Though she's only made four LPs and sung three songs on The Velvet Underground's first record, she's sustained a siren-like aura of mystery that draws successive generations of pop people to her.

In '74 it was the forlorn Kevin Ayers, in '78 Pop Group manager Dick O'Dell misjudged his own appreciation of her to be the general mood of the punks — she being a member of the VU and all — and placed her as unhappy support to Siouxsie And The Banshees. Last year Dead Boy Cheeta Chrome backed her through a tour of the Midwest and this year she's already been wooed by The Scars and lovesick schoolboys Orange Juice.

OJ offered her a few songs and a VU-like co-billing: Orange Juice and Nico. An attempt, suggested go-between Geoff Travis, to bridge the generations.

"Nico asked them if they thought she was a grandmother," says companion Nadetl'.

Nico asserts: "I could be a grandmother soon. My son is 18 now."

So, if Nico hasn't exactly been fashionable — oops, un faux pas!

"My goodness, I haven't been involved with fashion!" Nico gently scolds. "I was in fashion for 12 years before I make The Velvet Underground — I started at 14." (She starred in Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* in '59). "Fashion has not only to do with clothing, it's a whole movement, fashion — like a philosophy."

Where does she fit in now?

"I guess I'm always a little bit ahead," she boasts. "All the people dress the same way now that I was dressing on 'Marble Index'. Look at the Spandau Ballet, for instance . . ."

Move to the groove

HARVEY MASON

'HOW DOES IT FEEL' B/W 'ON & ON'

(Plus 'TILL YOU TAKE MY LOVE' on 12")

7" ARIST 399 12" ARIST 12399

From the album M.V.P. (AB 4283)

Jeff Lorber Fusion

'MONSTER MAN' B/W 'MAGIC LADY'

(Plus 'SPUR OF THE MOMENT' on 12")

7" ARIST 410 12" ARIST 12410

Shirley James & Danny Ray

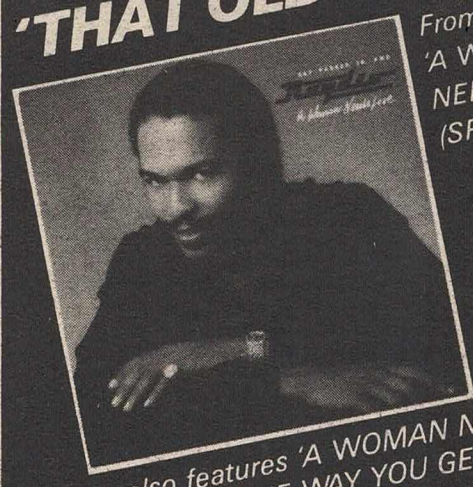
'WHY DON'T YOU SPEND THE NIGHT'

7" BJ 4509 12" BJD 4509

Ray Parker Jr. and Raydio

BRAND NEW SINGLE

'THAT OLD SONG' ARIST 417



From the album 'A WOMAN NEEDS LOVE' (SPART 1152)

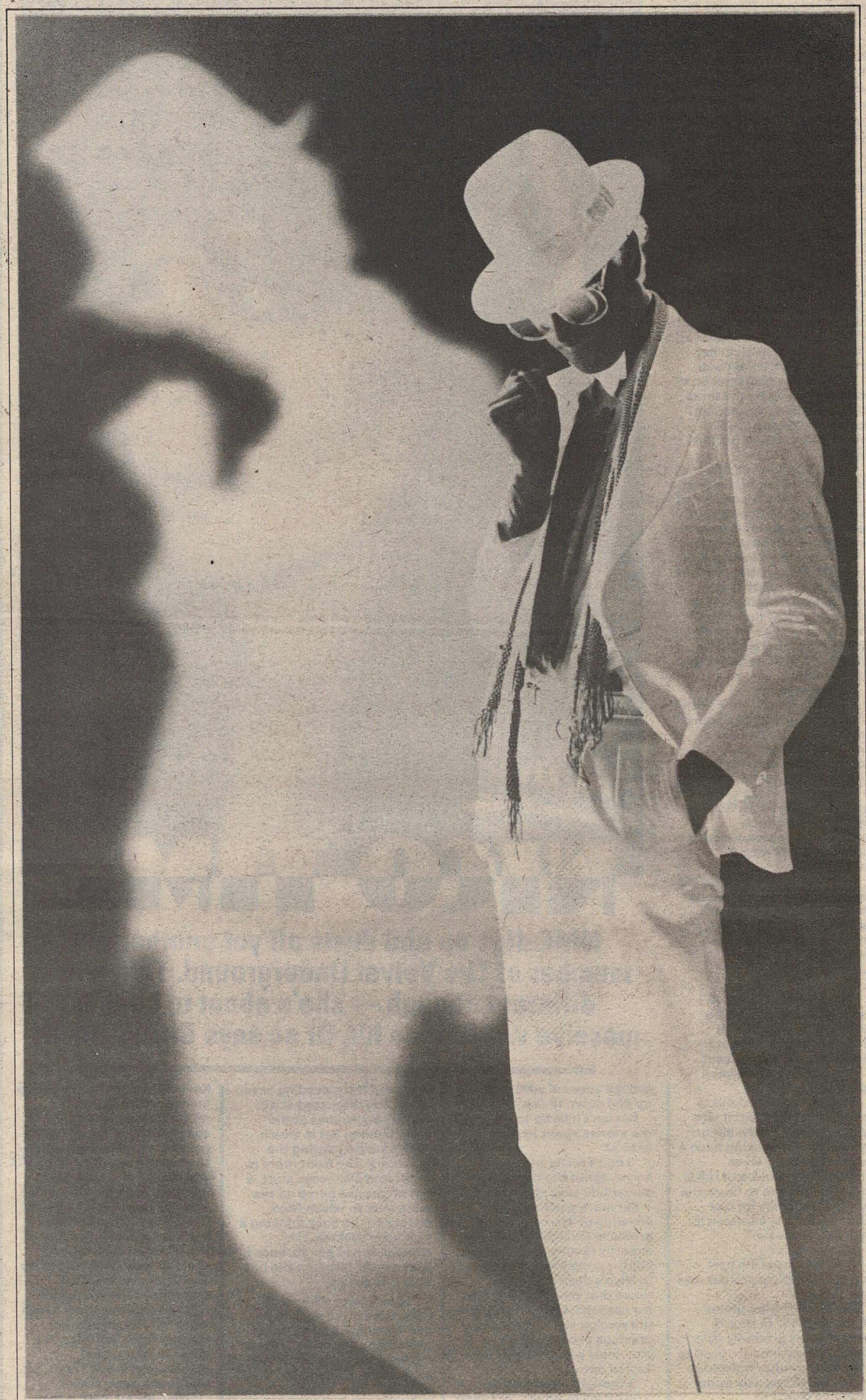
Album also features 'A WOMAN NEEDS LOVE' and 'ALL IN THE WAY YOU GET DOWN'.

'A WOMAN NEEDS LOVE' SINGLE AND LP ALREADY TOP 20 SMASHES IN THE U.S.

WATCH OUT FOR BARNSLEY BILL!

ARISTA

THE PHENOMENAL RISE OF RICHARD STRANGE



The year is 199–. Europe is in chaos–torn asunder and divided.
Left is fighting Right, Black against White, Rich against Poor.
Fat men sit around and scratch their bloated heads and
stomachs in a futile attempt at solving unreconcilable problems.
Until a timid voice in the corner pipes up "Call for Richard Strange."
Now read on.....

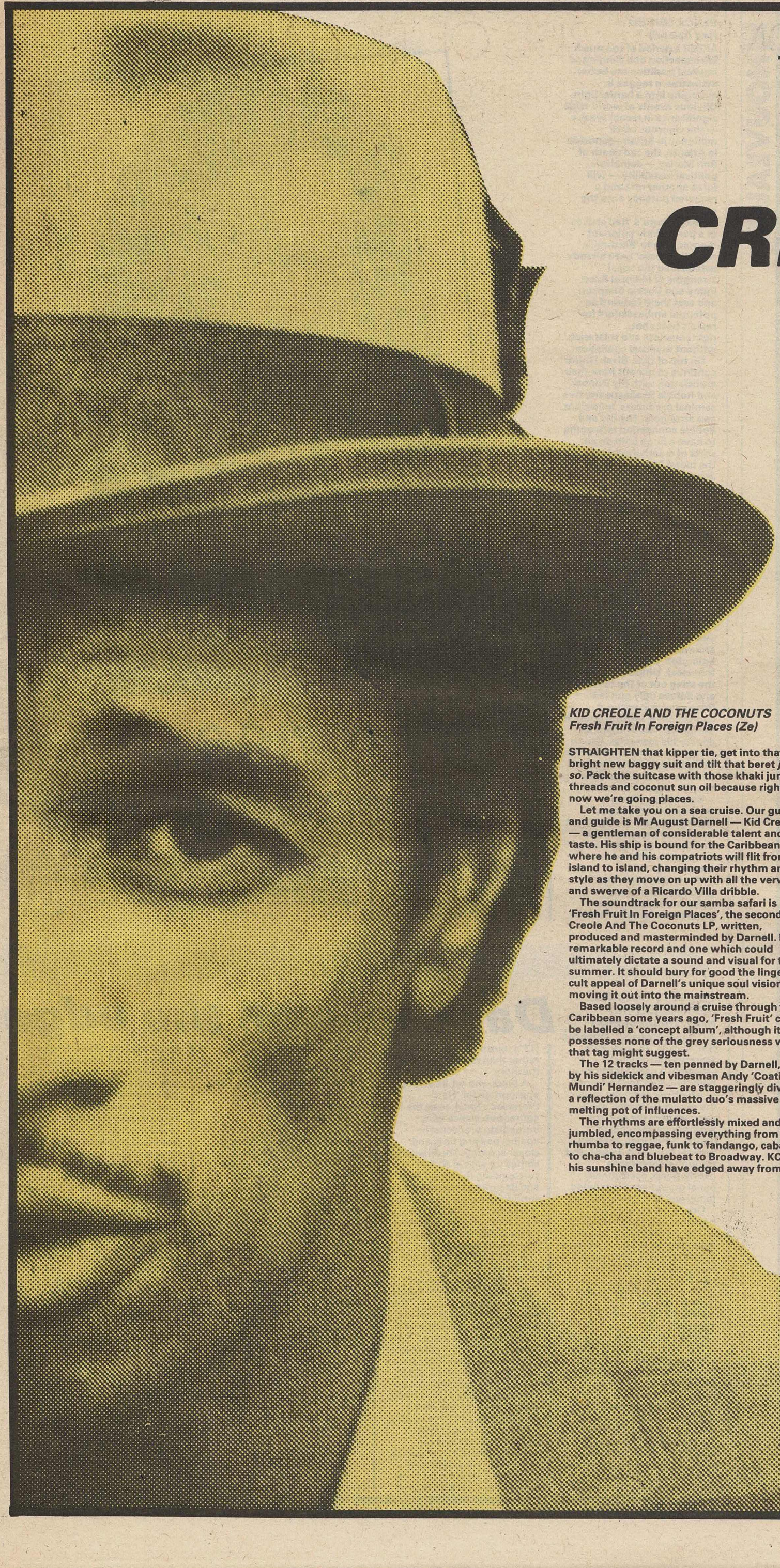
A POLITICAL FANTASY

Virgin

THE RECORD IS OUT NOW

LPs

CRE-OLÉ



KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS
Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places (Ze)

STRAIGHTEN that kipper tie, get into that bright new baggy suit and tilt that beret *just so.* Pack the suitcase with those khaki jungle threads and coconut sun oil because right now we're going places.

Let me take you on a sea cruise. Our guru and guide is Mr August Darnell — Kid Creole — a gentleman of considerable talent and taste. His ship is bound for the Caribbean where he and his compatriots will flit from island to island, changing their rhythm and style as they move on up with all the verve and swerve of a Ricardo Villa dribble.

The soundtrack for our samba safari is 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places', the second Kid Creole And The Coconuts LP, written, produced and masterminded by Darnell. It is a remarkable record and one which could ultimately dictate a sound and visual for the summer. It should bury for good the lingering cult appeal of Darnell's unique soul vision, moving it out into the mainstream.

Based loosely around a cruise through the Caribbean some years ago, 'Fresh Fruit' could be labelled a 'concept album', although it possesses none of the grey seriousness which that tag might suggest.

The 12 tracks — ten penned by Darnell, two by his sidekick and vibesman Andy 'Coati Mundi' Hernandez — are staggeringly diverse, a reflection of the mulatto duo's massive melting pot of influences.

The rhythms are effortlessly mixed and jumbled, encompassing everything from rhumba to reggae, funk to fandango, cabaret to cha-cha and bluebeat to Broadway. KC and his sunshine band have edged away from the poppier pastures of last year's 'Off The Coast Of Me' debut set to bed down in a lusher, more exotic rhythmic undergrowth.

But such bizarrely juxtaposed Latin dancebeats are nothing special in themselves. What *is* special are the evocative twists of Darnell's lyrics and the odd melodic tangents that his songs often take.

But let's start this Caribbean mystery tour on the New York City quayside where the anchor is already up and the banana boat on its way out to sea. The cruise begins with 'Going Places', Darnell reflecting on his regrets at leaving Manhattan, over a sparkling horn accompaniment: *"Believe me, I know, when you leave New York you go . . . nowhere!"*

'In The Jungle' follows, a sequel to Darnell's 'Jungle Love' on the Cristina album. It is a muzakal ode to the drawbacks of interbreeding, delivered over gushing tom-toms.

The lilting ska of the batty 'Animal Crackers' welcomes us to our first stop: *"I'm sure your entourage will more than like it here / We'll give you something practical to wear."*

The only real ballad is the sublime 'I Stand Accused', a lush love song, feelingly sung by a plaintive Darnell and brilliantly orchestrated by Hernandez.

'Latin Music' is a satirical duet between Darnell and the Coconuts, our protagonists debating the ethics of the rhumba and the samba: *"I'm so confused / This Latin music's got me / So, so bemused / The accent's worse than Cockney!"* A wry retort duly follows in Hernandez's staccato 'Musica Americana': *"Jo no comprendo la musica Americana!"*

If Darnell is the philosophical romantic then Hernandez — already responsible for the year's best single in 'Me No Pop I' — is a more animated, demented character. His uptempo, funk-stained 'I Am' is an attack on radio station rigidity in the US where Latin and Hispanic music are bundled into a 'minority' bag and relegated to the specialist shows.

Darnell returns to the fore as the ship heads back down Jamaica way for the buoyant roots rocker 'Schweinerei' — the title is German for pigsty — and the mellower Latinesque reggae of 'Gina Gina'.

The most eccentric song in the entire set is the pounding, sexually evocative 'Table Manners': *"When a pretty girl meets a handsome guy / And she takes him home for a little bite / When it's understood that the food is good / And the night is young, then he must oblige . . . WHERE'S YOUR TABLE MANNERS?"*

With the dolefully sombre 'Dear Addy', a lover's rock letter from Darnell to his wife, we are obviously on our way back home, the end of the voyage consumated by Hernandez who orchestrates the pizzicato violins that give an almost Oriental flavour to the closing credits.

Back on dry land, we can conclude that 'Fresh Fruit' confirms the opinions of pun-dits like Ian Penman who have been heralding Darnell and Hernandez as major talents in these very pages for a year and more.

My only hope is that Kid Creole And The Coconuts can emerge from the shadows of cultish snob appeal. It has been a mystery why the Savannah Band's Latin-tinged disco single 'Cherchez Le Femme' marked Darnell's only real commercial success when it was a minor hit five years ago. But this LP and this summer could change all that.

Won't you let them take you on a sea cruise?

Adrian Thrills

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
THE TIME IS RIGHT
Night People
DEBUT ALBUM
LBG 30325
ALSO ON CASSETTE
FEATURING
GUILTY
AND THEIR NEW SINGLE
TOKYO
BP397
LIBERTY
NOUVEAUX CLASSIX

BLACK UHURU
Red (Island)

AFTER a period of too much introspection and clinging to musical tradition the better mainstream reggae is emerging into a harder light. Obvious events of world wide significance in recent weeks — the vigorous black militancy in Britain, genocide in Atlanta, the sad death of Bob Marley — Jamaica's political instability — will force another role and a renewed potency onto the style.

Black Uhuru's 'Red arrives at a particularly poignant moment while 'Sinsemilla' and 'Showcase' have already established the vocal strengths of Michael Rose, Puma and Duckie Simpson and cast them forward as potential ambassadors for rasta's best shot, righteousness and tolerance without mystical confusion.

On top of that, Black Uhuru continue to benefit from their association with Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, two seminal producers, musicians and arrangers. The Sly and Robbie connection is begging to have a huge hold on all sorts of creative soul sounds; the metal funk of Grace Jones, the sweet lovers rock of The Tamlins, the Taxi rankin' catalogue. This is also a time when no one can pretend that Island is Babylon and so Sly and Robbie keep an ear open to catch those strange folks at Ze. You can hear this on 'Red' and it's beneficial.

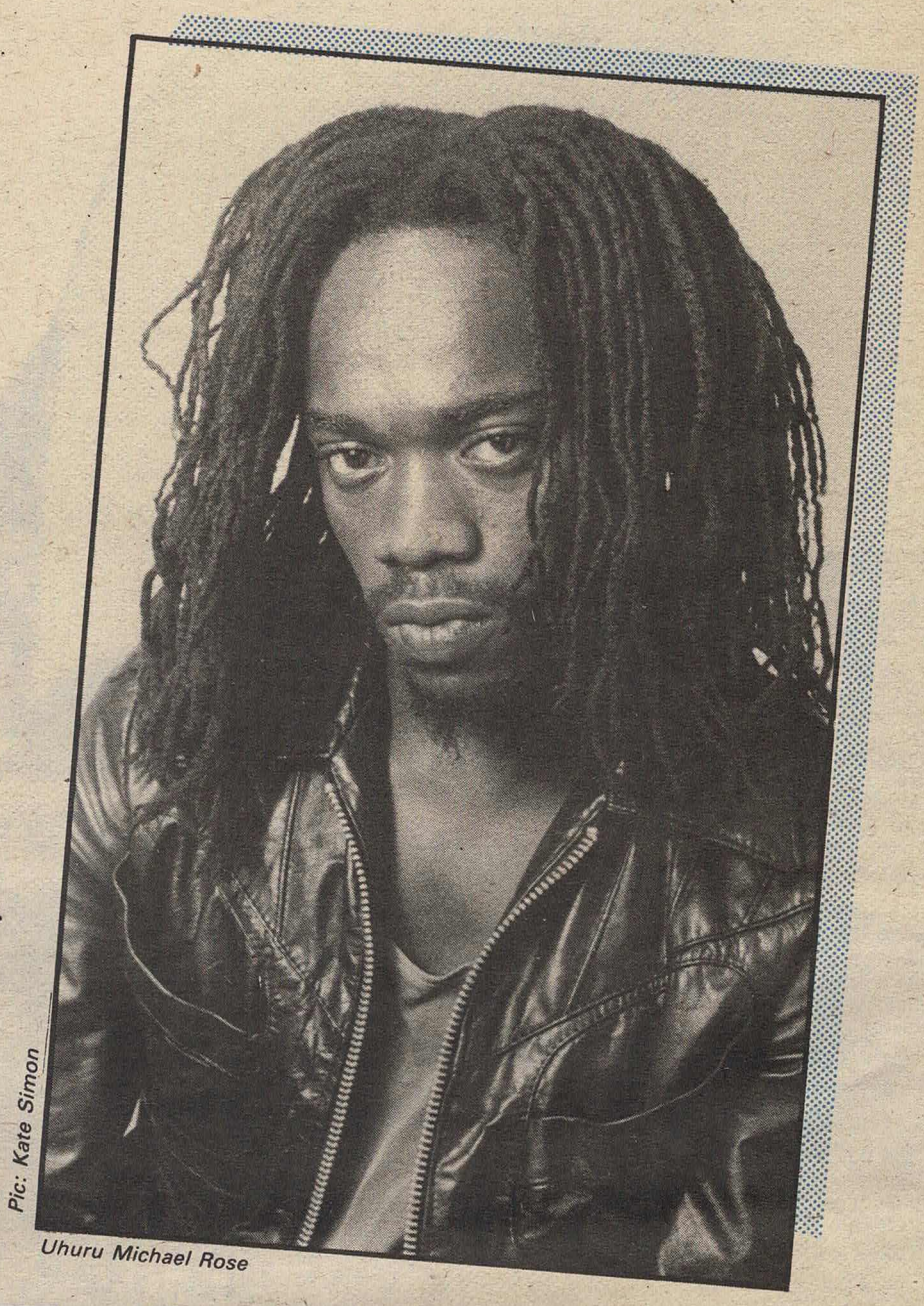
Meanwhile Black Uhuru are developing their own direction and character. Michael Rose stands for peace and life. The songs that wrap around 'Red', 'Youth Of Eglington' and 'Carbine' make that clear. Uhuru want to take the sting out of the tension and defuse ugly gun law. Rose says that without compromise, looking about in the cheap Freddy Laker jet age for his examples. Uhuru recognise the struggle in New York, Kingston and London, the only place to avoid the sounds of gunshot (so far).

But no everything is endurance and danger, 'Sponji Reggae' is a light and humorous account of the musical drug, 'Utterance' a celebration of its mass acceptance.

The lynchpin on 'Red' is probably 'Rockstone', a defiant work song that protests on behalf of people without the right of choice. A contemprorary slavery days.

Whatever the focus Black Uhuru are to deliver a fresh appraoch; all the group sounds, rhythms and vocal parts are stimulating and funky. Puma's range is deployed to make the choruses sticky and sensual while the back-up is radical enough to be interesting in its own right. For the third time Black Uhuru have concocted a combination of ingredients to ease your head. They're also up to date. Take it as 'Red'.

Max Bell



Pic: Kate Simon

Uhuru Michael Rose

Tolerance, peace, life

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS
Hard Promises (MCA)

Darkness on the edge

WITH the release of 'American Girl' back in '76, Tom Petty asserted that ability to articulate a native territory — both inherited and imagined — which occasionally makes the phrase 'rock star' more relevant than the average arbitrary partnership of nouns. Since then, through business ups and downs, and through a sometimes overly-florid, occasionally banal output, he's continued to nurture two strong assets.

One is the authentically personal voice with which he writes, nailing every song's 'situation' as coolly as a movie madman might pierce straight through the white lobe of an ear. The other is the aptly-named Heartbreakers themselves, with their elemental conspiracy of sensually jangling guitars and swelling keyboards.

'79's 'Damn The Torpedoes' was Petty's strongest proof that his preferred economy need not preclude intelligence, emotion or originality ('Refugee', 'Louisiana Rain', 'Even the Losers'). As formidable a success as 'Torpedoes' proved commercially, its thinking suggested something beyond even the goods on display and 'Hard Promises' (TP's fourth LP) develops, rather than merely continues the story.

A black-and-white sleeve is appropriate for 'Hard Promises', which tests the aggressive stance of its immediate predecessor against passing time and closer scrutiny. The imagery it comes up with is all that surrounding the 'good fight', and its protagonist is the survivor who decided *not* to live like a refugee, but who finds himself slightly shaken by the complications arising from his decision.

Instead of finding glory in pure assertion, 'Hard Promises' finds a dignity in acceptance. That's the theme of its most powerful cut, 'The Waiting', which kicks off the album in that optimistic vein of Byrds homage (here, 'Turn Turn Turn') by now somewhat synonymous with Petty's band. From the dazzle of an initial swoop punchdrunk on the pure ecstasy of love into a cheeky confessional verse only Petty would have written *("Well yeah I might have chased a coupla women around / But all it ever got me was down")* through Mike Campbell's stinging bridges, the Heartbreakers drive their hard bargain of holding out for the genuine over the facsimile. And Petty ignites the whole package with a new vocal authority evident throughout the album.

The Petty-lovine co-production has never run more seamlessly from cut to cut, but now the density of 'Torpedoes' has been pared down to showcase Tom's phrasing expertise. This is given fullest rein on 'A Woman in Love (It's Not Me)', where the confidence and control Petty brings to his delivery strike home as sharply as the realisation that the album is actually *following up* the band's previous conceits about bravado and romance (ie scenarios like 'Magnolia' and 'The Wild One (Forever)') to see what happens in real life.

Discarding theatrics on 'A Woman', Petty progressively peels down another She's-Walking-Out-On-Me-Now number until the resonance of its final verse far exceeds mere narrative. *("Time after time, night after night / She would look up at me / And say she was lonely . . . I don't understand the world today").*

The fact that Petty the pretty boy (leaving aside quibbles about the role of overbite in rock stardom) consistently chooses to cast himself in the role of the loser — or at most the observer — was bound to force an eventual confrontation with the 'anything that's rock'n'roll' Southern chutzpah which has always underpinned a substantial chunk of the Heartbreakers' universe. And 'Hard Promises' is that turning point; Petty has reconsidered the enticing "little bit of mystery" which caused him only a 'Shadow Of A Doubt' on his 'Torpedoes' number of the same name. He opens up 'A Thing About You' — the new LP's sharpest, lightest rocker — with a declaration: *"I'm not much on mystery / Yeah you gotta be careful what you dream".*

A more serious stand follows with 'Insider', the song originally written by Petty for 'good friend' Stevie Nicks (and retrieved when its composer realised what he'd given away). Just as Side One's 'The Waiting' is the key to the promise of this LP, 'Insider' is the heart and guts of the matter. Nicks' participation in this lament of a love left behind extends beyond metaphors about Dark

TOYAH
Anthem (Safari)

BECAUSE OF its horrors, the inanity and the monstrous clotted wisdom, 'Anthem' will do for me. It is tragically terrible. Trapped in nostalgia for docile early '70s pomposity, warmly appreciative of modernist motion, uncompromisingly self-satisfied — suffer it! Toyah is a tormenting ruffian. She is a dreadful exaggeration or simplification of everything that she imagines herself to be: savage, exotic, sensitive, indignant, ungrateful. Her acting out of the artist ridiculing the greyness of reason is beautifully awful.

It would be wrong of me to suggest she should concentrate on exploiting the scintillating force of her personality instead of projecting herself as some enchanted enigma. Firstly it would ruin the terrorising absurdity of her songs, secondly she would rather kill a groupie than accept advice from a stranger. In 'I Want To Be Free', the current single which is straightforwardly autobiographical in the style of 'Spaceball Ricochet', she declares: *'I don't want to be sweet and neat I don't want someone living my life for me I want to be free'.*

In 'Spaceball Ricochet' Marc Bolan sings *'With my Les Paul / I know I'm small / but I enjoy living anyway.'* In 'I Want To Be Free' Toyah sings *'So what if I dye my hair / I've still got a brain up there'.* This is a desolate couplet, and points to the Toyah problem. She desperately wishes it to be known that she's got *'this brain up there',* but refuses to engage properly our intellect. Instead she sings in riddles of distant dramas, sings with crippled zest of all manner of myth and martyrdom, deals in flaking images of magic and revelation, devotes herself to a neo-numinous world.

Side I is labelled 'once upon a time', side 2 'happy ever after.' Presumably side I is fairy tales, side 2 sort of future shocks, but it really doesn't matter at all. For Toyah, the future bleeds into the past bleeds into myth bleeds into the future bleeds into her defined image bleeds into her desired stardom bleeds over all available space and time.

'Anthem' is good varied value for the susceptible: and indescribably bad. A muddled, self-consciously lush celebration of instinct, mystery, the dark, a semi-hysterical rejection of the surface of life, an unsophisticated representation of an obsession with decadence and occultism. The LP is both repulsive and appealing, somehow, despite its desperate seriousness and degenerate sincerity, a fantastic pop LP. Paul Morley

BETTY WRIGHT (Epic)

PLAY IT SLOW, Scott Joplin used to say about ragtime. The highspot of Berry Wright's third album is when she applies this advice to funk. 'Body Language' and 'Dancin' On The One' are great pieces of delayed-beat disco: over the supertight dance foundations producer Andre Fisher has gone for rippling but sparse instrumentation and strong female back-up vocals. Betty herself, for the first time since the under-rated 'Shoorah Shoorah' in '74, sounds like the 'Clean Up Woman' of a decade ago: driving and sexual, but always sophisticated, never mean.

Although the rest of the album is more lavish and mellow, especially the collaboration with Stevie Wonder on 'What Are You Going To Do With It?', Betty still injects moments of push, like the way she mirrors the bass of 'Indivisible'. She works in this kind of energy with the minimum of fuss: artful pride before bravura.

The technical achievements of her voice are evident on every track. In 'I Like Your Loving' she works low swoops against the light vibes, while 'Make Me Love The Rain' ends on the sort of high note which only Minnie Ripperton could trill out.

It's this very style which has prevented Betty from a bigger breakthrough. It's as if the ease with which she is able to cross a variety of styles has meant that she has never presented the market place with an integrated pre-packaged persona. Do you have an image of Betty Wright?

The complexity of her character belongs with the way in which she structures her songs; like the best soul artists she thrives on flesh-and-spirit contradictions at the heart of the music itself — body music out of old time religion. Only occasionally does she lose this tension: 'One Bad Habit' — the point of the song being that she doesn't really have one — is plain dull, and squares with the fact that a pastor is one of the people to whom the album is dedicated. It makes for an ominous concluding track; it's surely not time for Betty — still only 27 — to give up those steamy but elegant struts?

Paul Tickell

of L.A.

Angels and worlds of white and gold to some surprisingly complementary counterpoint.

One reason 'Insider' (from which the LP's title is plucked) is so central to 'Hard Promises' is that with all its lyrics couched in the first person male and female *share* the central role — the *"fool who was never quite enough",* left behind because he/she kept those hard promises to the self and sacrificed romance rather than something more irreplaceable.

The assumption that human dignity requires living with hard promises is behind every song on this album; in even 'Letting You Go', which cruises right along without ever stopping for gas.

Like Springsteen, he offers a *Modus operandi.* As the album's title indicates, it's not an easy or a necessarily gregarious option but then (again like Springsteen), Petty does believe that The Waiting is, in the end, the earning of something that can feel *"like heaven just now . . . like something from a dream".* And who else would have thought that *our* time was on our side?

Cynthia Rose

ROCK YOU CAN'T REFUSE!

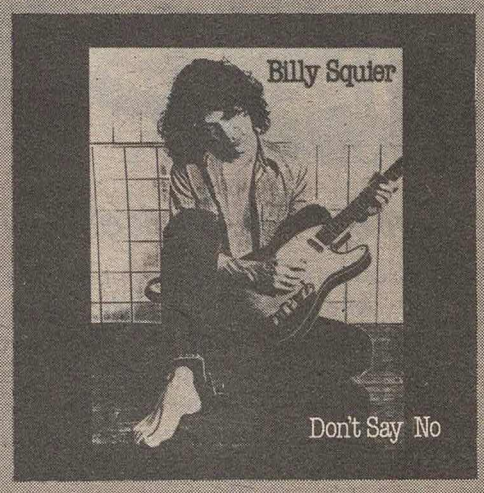
Billy Squier

the sting in the tail on the Whitesnake Tour

MAY 15 DEESIDE Leisure Centre
16 LEEDS Queen's Hall
17 STAFFORD Bingley Hall
21 GLASGOW Apollo
22 GLASGOW Apollo
24 NEWCASTLE City Hall
25 NEWCASTLE City Hall
26 LEICESTER Granby Halls
28 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
29 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
30 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
31 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon

DON'T SAY NO

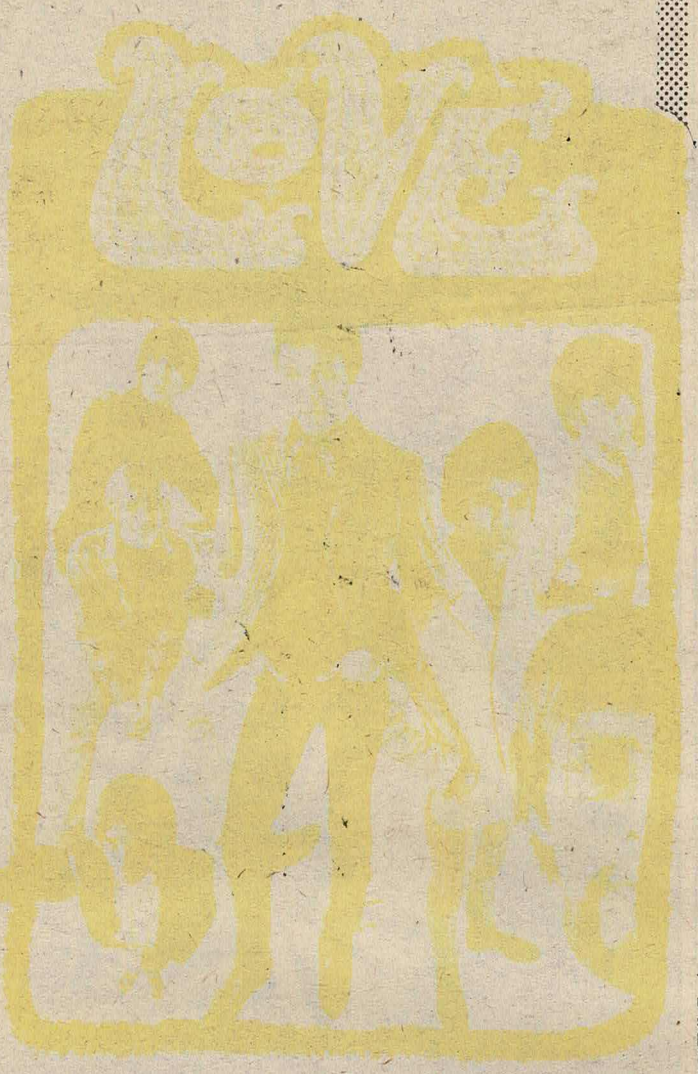
The album that's rocking America. Now available here.



TC/EST 12146

Capitol

Just William



LOVE
da capo (Elektra)
(RE-ISSUE)

I WISH no part of any alleged conspiracy to further the remarkable reputation or enigma of Arthur Lee, nor add a single stitch to the embroidery of Julie Burchill's celebrated tapestry of rock, deceased: merely recall that one Max Bell once said Lee was definitely off the bus while the rest of the West Coast was queuing for tickets.

Expressions tell everything! I see one on you.

Pace the jangly guitars and Jaggerstrutta vocals, all are faithfully worked into the faded weave, inscribed in myth, as is the debt to Johnny Mathis, or how up close Arthurly is so hip it like really phases you out. I mean, you know the buzz you get off of really good Moroccan? With pictures and words, is this communicating?

Personally, I always consider that Bryan Meaclean is crucial to Love's apparent dichotomy. He provides the flower power motif that lends many ears to regard this music as artefact. Arthur Lee was definitely off the bus etc. . .Nor must we forget the huge debut the world owes to Mr. Tjay Cantrelli's sunglasses, neither neglect mention of John Echols, who provides not altogether proficient but certainly peppermint guitar noises. We may also make issue of harpsichords from Telemann, the fact of Karl Mark having lived above Leoni's Quo Vadis restaurant in Dean Street, the recommended reading of Ralph Ellison for greater insight into 'She Comes In Colors', the apparent dated aspect of 'Orange Skies', even though sunsets are blessed with as roseate a blush as ever they were in 1967, and the K in 'The Castle'

Arthur Lee understood the tribal coming ere its approach. *"Here's my baggage and my staff,"* he sings, *"leaving by a boat, a plane, a raft. . ."*

Whither goest thou?

Penny Reel

BE BOP DELUXE
The Be Bop Deluxe Singles As and Bs
(Harvest)
BILL NELSON
Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam
(Mercury)

NO MATTER how flashy their futuristic trappings, Bill Nelson could never wholly disguise the fact that his Be Bop Deluxe were basically a pretty good "guitar band". Though he laudibly tried his darndest to break the restrictive codes, his traditional bedroom training — at a guess playing along to Hendrix and Spirit — invariably proved too strong, the urge to display his abilities too irresistible.

Be Bop and Bill were never satisfied with winning the admiration of the rock fringes. They always aimed for a contemporary pop audience and jumped trends frantically in an effort to keep up. The Be Bop singles' collection is a misnomer that is acknowledged in the sleeve notes: "Be Bop Deluxe never set out to record a single as such and all these tracks were taken unedited from contemporary albums . . ." And so it shows.

Outside their one minor hit 'Ships In The Night' — pleasantly lurching tune, matched by clumsy lyrics — most songs start off okay and then meander aimlessly out of view. Nothing that Be Bop did either offended or affronted, virtually everything is uniformally pleasant and inconsequential, including the supposedly more experimental B sides that occupy Side Two.

Be Bop Deluxe were always one step behind and so too is Nelson's new solo LP, though he claims that the delay was down to his lack of contract which prevented it coming out two years. It's a flimsy excuse as it would've struggled to keep up back then. In keeping with the keyboards-orientated times he's subordinated his considerable guitar skills to the electro-flow of the music, but his muggy landscapes are both lacklustre and incomplete.

The sources are even more obvious than old. The bleak spirit of Bowie's 'Low' period dominates, except where Roxy Music butt in. Worse he's diluted the opium-inspired clarity of his hero Jean Cocteau into a drivelling hippy didacticism and/or fuzzy alienation. Some tracks are nevertheless undeniably attractive, like 'Rufus Runs Out Of Sand'. Though the lyrics are as awful as the title and tune's Middle Eastern burble of electronic percussion doesn't augur well, the mood is perfectly evoked and the sweetly inspired guitar solo that takes it out makes up for a lot. 'Disposable' — essentially 'In Every Dream Home A Heartache' revisited — isn't bad either, even if the chorus gives a little too much away: *"Disposable/So-so surreal/Disposable."*

The rest washes tight over and recedes without leaving any puddles, as does the wet ambient music of the accompanying giveaway LP 'Sounding The Ritual Echo (Atmospheres For Dreaming)'. It's a shame, because Nelson is an undoubtedly affecting guitarist given the right setting.

Chris Bohn

LIGHTNING STRIKES

THE DELUXE BLUES BAND
The Deluxe Blues Band (Hot)

THE FIRST ever "live digital recording", this is straight 'n' sweaty London pub blues. Frontman Danny Adler (ex-Roogalator) is a well-respected man on this circuit, as are the rest of his band — Micky Waller, Bob Hall and Bob Brunning. Unfortunately, class musicians and trusty old standards ('Hootchie Cootchie Man', 'Ready Willing And Able' etc.) don't necessarily add up to a memorable LP. It might've been fine on the night — but by the cold light of day, their trad-boogie sound like hard, hard work.

Paul Du Noyer

VANGELIS
Chariots Of Fire (Polydor)

ORIGINAL soundtrack from the much-praised film; appropriately grand and superpanoramascopic in approach. Really quite impressive, actually: pomp with a purpose. This one will run and run.

Paul Du Noyer

FACTION
Faction (Inevitable)

NOT an LP, say Inevitable, but an EEP — an extended EP. Finding Pink Military in something of a non-going situation just now, members Nicky Hillon and Reg Redmond have kept their hands in with this low-key release: sort of experimental doodlings "with the emphasis on feel rather than production". Label-mates Pete Wylie (Wah!) and Joey Musker (Dead Or Alive) are also around, although their contributions are limited to the odd track. All in all, it's a queer piece of work: too subdued to be exciting, but not without its moments of promise. Stay tuned for more Inevitable EEP projects.

Paul Du Noyer

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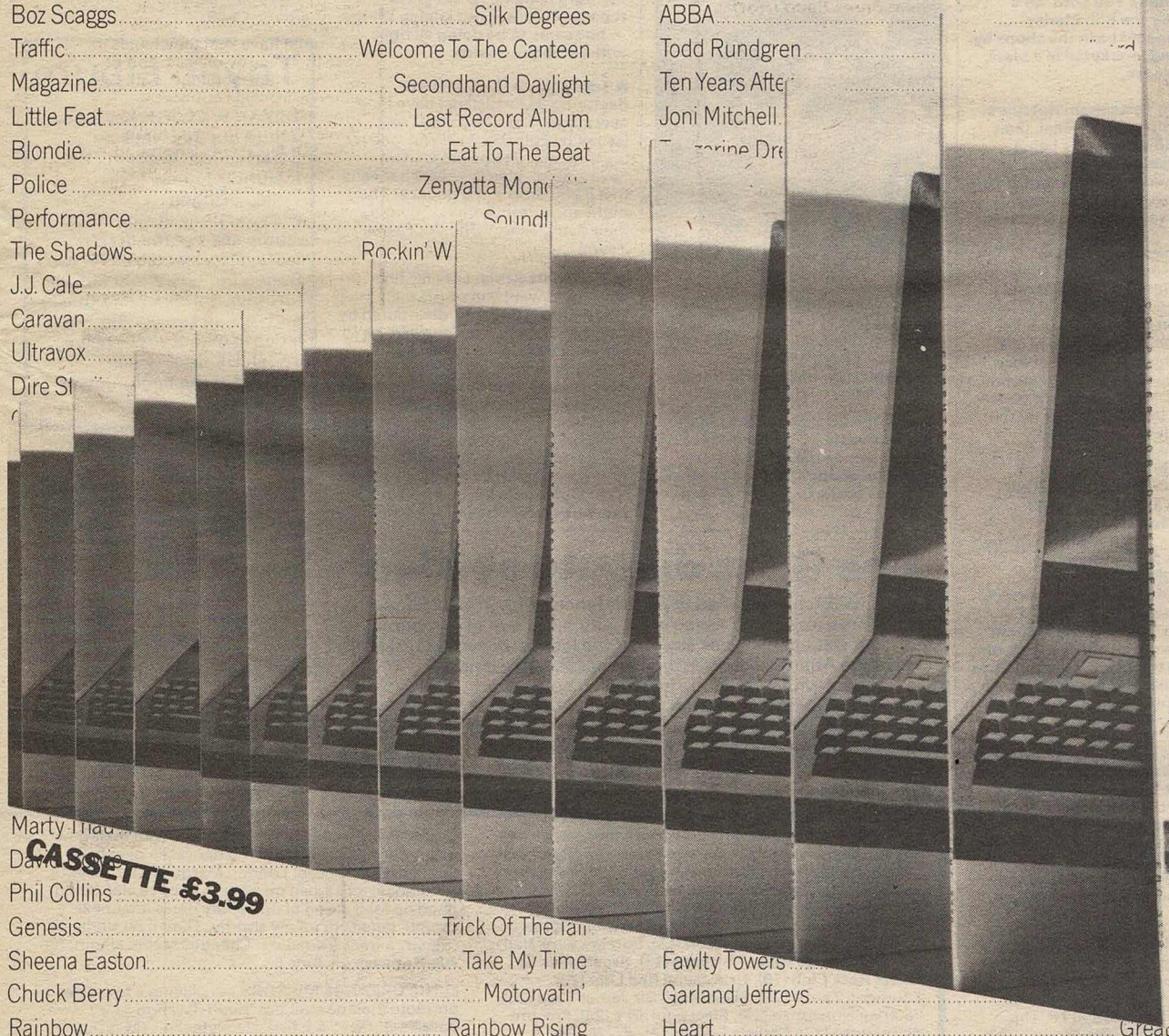

Eno — Before And After Science
The Chieftains — Boil The Breakfast Early
Robert Johnson — King Of The Delta Blues Singers
Roxy Music — Manifesto
Television — Adventure
Jeff Beck — Rough And Ready
Gong — You
XTC — Black Sea
Hall & Oates — Abandoned Luncheonette
Hawkwind — Space Ritual
Santana — Abraxas
Adam & The Ants — Dirk Wears White Sox
Cliff Richard — 40 Golden Greats
Japan — Adolescent Sex
Wings — Over America
Dr. Hook — Greatest Hits
Eric Clapton — Just One Night
Emmylou Harris — Elite Hotel

Tangerine Dream — Stratosfear
Boz Scaggs — Silk Degrees
Traffic — Welcome To The Canteen
Magazine — Secondhand Daylight
Little Feat — Last Record Album
Blondie — Eat To The Beat
Police — Zenyatta Mon
Performance — Soundt
The Shadows — Rockin' W
J.J. Cale
Caravan
Ultravox
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Marty
Da
Phil Collins
Genesis — Trick Of The Tail
Sheena Easton — Take My Time
Chuck Berry — Motorvatin'
Rainbow — Rainbow Rising
Nick Drake — Fruit Tree Box Set
Peter Tosh — Legalize It
Billy Joel — Piano Man
Can
Blacl
Styx
Devo
Rollin
Black
John M
Mike C
Beatles
Barry M
Human
Crusade
Joy Divis
Holger C
Queen — Queen II

Boston
ABBA
Todd Rundgren
Ten Years Afte
Joni Mitchell
Tangerine Dre
Fawlty Towers
Garland Jeffreys
Heart — Greatest Hits
Tomita — Snowflakes Are Dancing
Steve Hillage
Earth, Wind & Fire — Open Your Eyes
The Skids — Days In Europa

The Who — Meaty, Beaty, Big And Bouncy
Christopher Cross — Christopher Cross
Southern Freez
Kumpas
The Young Soul Rebels
Live 1969
Signing Off
tranger Than Richard
Yellow Brick Road
or Rotting Vegetables
Hunky Dory
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ild Frontier (Import)
Imagination
Tribute To Bill Haley
Cut
Bat Out Of Hell
y Tonk Masquerade
Candles
A Night On The Town
ust Be A Better Way
Photographs As Memories
Grotesque
Monty Python — Instant Record Collection
Spandau Ballet — Journeys To Glory
Television Personalities — And Don't The Kids Just Love It!
Clock Dva — Thirst
Rolling Stones — Exile On Main Street
Supertramp — Crisis? What Crisis?
Van Morrison — To Stop Now
Stiff Little Fingers
Joy Division
Kevin Coyne
The Hard They Come
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Stevie Wonder
Marth & The Muffins
Janis Joplin — Cheap Thrills
Crass — Stations Of The Crass

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John Dowie	Rabies
Naked Lunch	Der Mussolini
Daf	I Want More (7" and 12")
Can	

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DATA CONTROL RECORD NEWS

THE RED CRAYOLA with Art & Language have an album titled 'Kangaroo?' issued by Rough Trade next week. According to the official blurb, the 15 tracks "represent and reproduce various monstrosities; the grotesque certainties of artistic and political culture. The sources of contradictions in the bourgeois world are not to be discredited in the production of unambiguous, unironic 'alternatives', but rather in discursive complexity and didactic absurdity, and these songs represent convulsions of various sorts". So now you know. . . . By the way, The Red Crayola will be touring Europe in June.

● **LIVE WIRE have their single 'Our Swimmer' / 'Midnight Bahnoff Cafe' released on Rough Trade next week — it was recorded in 1979, but rejected at the time by EMI. Early June sees the release of a two-record Wire package titled 'Document And Eyewitness', containing an album and a 12-inch single — it features the band's last live set in London, and selections from earlier live appearances.**

● **THE VIRGIN PRUNES, who featured on the *NME* C–81 cassette with 'Red Nettle', have their second EP out this weekend on Rough Trade — the titles are 'War', 'In The Greylight' and 'Moments And Mine'. The band will be visiting Britain for two weeks of gigs in July, details to follow.**

● **ESSENTIAL LOGIC have their final single issued by Rough Trade tomorrow (Friday), titled 'Fanfare In The Garden'. The B-side is the 1979 recording 'The Captain'.**

● **THE RAINCOATS' new album 'Odyshape', announced last week, has had its release date put back to June 1.**

THE RED CRAYOLA

ROUGH TRADE'S GLUT OF SPRING RELEASES

WHO'S STORY: NINE ALBUMS

A LIMITED edition collector's item featuring the recorded work of The Who, titled 'Phases', is issued by Polydor this week — it's a nine-album set, selling to dealers at £24. It includes 'My Generation', 'A Quick One', 'Who Sell Out', 'Live At Leeds' 'Who's Next', 'Who By Numbers' and 'Who Are You', plus two double albums, 'Tommy' and 'Quadrophenia' — and they all appear in their original sleeves. The only two Who albums missing are 'Meaty, Beaty, Big And Bouncy' and 'Odds And Sods', which were both compilations.

● **Bucks Fizz** follow their recent No. 1 hit with the single 'Piece Of The Action', released by RCA on May 29. It was written by Andy Hill, composer of their Eurovision winner 'Making Your Mind Up'.

● **Graham Bonnet** follows his 'Night Games' hit with another Russ Ballard composition. Titled 'Liar', it's a May 29 release on Vertigo.

● The new **Linx** single is 'Throw Away The Key', a re-mix of a track from their 'Intuition' album, and it's issued by Chrysalis on May 29. The B-side is a new track 'The Ice Is Melting' — and the 12-inch version carries a bonus track, a re-mix of 'Together We Can Shine'.

● **Dramatis** — Gary Numan's former backing band, who recently signed with Rocket — now have an extended version of their debut single 'Ex Luna Scientia' available in 12-inch form.

● **Spandau Ballet** release a single cassette this weekend titled 'Act 1' — featuring the 12-inch version of 'Glow', plus the album versions of 'To Cut A Long Story Short' and 'The Freeze'. It's expected to sell at around £1.99.

1970 MARLEY SONGS FOUND

TROJAN this week rush release a single featuring two early Bob Marley tracks, recorded in 1970 for Byron Lee's production company and never previously issued — in fact, thay only came to light by chance in the company's archives. 'Wisdom' features Marley with the original Wailers, while on the coupling 'Thank You Lord' he's supported by the Bob Marley singers. It should be in the shops by this weekend, marketed in a black and silver sleeve.

● Following **Tottenham Hotspurs'** triumph in the FA Cup Final, their single 'Ossie's Dream' is being made available as a limited edition 12-inch souvenir. It's pressed in blue vinyl and has a cover picture of captain Steve Perryman receiving the cup.

● **The People,** the new band formerly by ex-Selecter members Charlie Anderson and Desmond Brown, have their debut single out this week on Brad Special's Race Records label. 'Musical Man' is a tribute to reggae trombonist Rico, and it's coupled with live favourite 'Sons And Daughters'. A London club tour is being arranged for the band, details to follow shortly.

● Out next week through EMI is the new **Angelic Upstarts** single, 'I Understand'/'Never Come Back'. Their debut album '2,000,000 Voices' follows on June 8, coinciding with a full-scale summer tour, details to follow shortly.

● **Roy Sundholm** releases his second album for Ensign this week — titled 'East To West', it's the follow-up to 'The Chinese Method' which came out a year ago. One of the ten new tracks will be issued as a single in June, and a series of live dates is being planned for the near future.

● This week Virgin reissue the 1976 single by German electronic band **Can,** 'I Want More' / '. . . And More'. This is due to the resurgence of interest in the group, who are regarded as the prototype for many of today's futurist outfits. The 12-inch version, selling at the same price, carries an extra track 'Silent Night'.

● **Billy Squier,** who's supporting Whitesnake on their current UK tour, has his album 'Don't Say No' out this week on Capitol — who also release the compilation LP 'The **Gene Vincent** Singles Album'. The same label reissues the vintage **Dr Hook** single 'I Don't Want To Be Alone Tonight'.

● 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places', the new album by **Kid Creole & The Coconuts,** is released on the Ze label (through Island) on June 1. The band is also featured on a six-track compilation called 'Mutant Disco' issued next Monday, along with **Coati Mundi, Material, Don Armando's Second Avenue Rhumba Band, Was (Not Was)** and **Gichi Dan.** Two of these acts also have singles out next week — 'Me No Pop I' by Coati Mundi and 'Busting Out' by Material, featuring Nona Hendryx as vocalist.

● Scottish band **Positive Noise** have their single 'Charm' and debut album 'And Yet Again . . ." out this week on independent London label Statik Records (distributed by Stage One). A nationwide tour is currently being lined up for the band to promote the LP, details to follow shortly.

● The first **Blurt** single to be released on the Armageddon label is out this weekend, coupling two new songs, 'The Fish Needs A Bike' and 'This Is My Roya.l Wedding Souvenir'.

TINA WEYMOUTH

● Tina Weymouth of The Talking Heads is one of the members of **The Tom Tom Club,** and she also wrote their debut single 'Wordy Rappinghood', recorded in Nassau and issued by Island on June 8.

● From the **Brian Eno-David Byrne** album 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts' comes the remixed track 'The Jezebel Spirit', issued as an EG / Polydor single this week (7" and 12").

NEW COLLINS MAXI-SINGLE

PHIL COLLINS has a new single issued by Virgin tomorrow (Friday), titled 'If Leaving Me Is Easy', and the 14-minute B-side consists of original home demo versions of his three singles to date — 'In The Air Tonight', 'I Missed Again' and this weekend's new one. An official statement this week stresses that, contrary to some recent press reports, Collins is not joining Wings — he seems to be doing all right without them, it adds.

● **Tot Taylor & His Orchestra** (featuring 34 musicians) have their new single 'The Chocolate Song' issued by Epic this weekend, and it's the first record to be pressed in "extra-dure" plastic — which means that if you drop it, it'll bounce! The outfit are currently busy recording their debut album 'The Tot Taylor Years'.

● **Tymon Dogg** releases his first single this weekend on his own Ghost Dance Records, distributed by Stage One. On 'Lose This Skin' he is backed by Blockheads Mickie Gallagher and Norman Watt- Roy, plus Topper Headon and two other musicians "who must remain anonymous". The B-side is 'Indestructable', one of three Tymon songs recorded by Ellen Foley on her recent 'Spirit Of St Louis' album — though this is his own version, and he plays all the instruments.

Toyah album

TOYAH WILLCOX has a new album out this week on Safari called 'Anthem', featuring 11 new Willcox-Bogen compositions. It's her third studio set, but the first to feature her new band — Joel Bogen (guitar), Nigel Clocker (drums), Phil Spalding (bass) and Adrian Lee (keyboards). It ties in with the extensive Toyah UK tour, which opened at the beginning of this week.

● **Jon & Vangelis,** who scored heavily last year with their single 'I Hear You Now' and album 'Short Stories', have a new Polydor single out this weekend titled 'The Friends Of Mr Cairo'. It's an edited version of the title track from their upcoming album, due in late June.

● Five-piece rock band **Charlie,** who recently signed with RCA and have just released their single 'Perfect Lover', have an album titled 'A Little Immodest' coming out on July 10.

● **Peter Hammill** has signed with Virgin, who are rushing out his single 'My Experience' / 'Glue'. His new album, written and produced by Hammill, follows on June 5 — it's called 'Sitting Targets'.

Bee Gees dispute settled

THE BEE GEES have settled their differences with Robert Stigwood, and have resumed their association with his group of companies. A statement issued this week says that the legal proceedings on both sides of the Atlantic between the two parties "are being discontinued with immediate effect, all disputes and misunderstandings have been resolved." Allegations and claims against Stigwood have been unreservedly withdrawn by The Bee Gees, and this means that the group's new album — which they are currently recording — will be released worldwide in the autumn on RSO Records.

☐ **SPIDER** have extended their current tour, which has already been in progress for an eternity, through next month. Newly fixed gigs are at Harlow Louella's (June 2), Stevenage Swan (3), Gravesend White Swan (5), Bicester Red Lion (6), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (7), Blyth Golden Eagle (11), Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle (12), Ilkeston White Lion (13), Burnley Bank Hall (14), Cambridge Great Northern (18), Broadstairs St Peters Rock Club (19), Gravesend Red Lion (20), Southend Zero 6 (22), Birkenhead Sir James Club (24), Peterlee Norseman (25), Blackpool JR's (26), Preston Warehouse (27), Carlisle Border Terrier (28) and Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (30).

☐ **TENPOLE TUDOR,** charting strongly with their single 'Swords Of A Thousand Men', have announced two London dates to complete their current tour schedule — at the Marquee Club on Monday and Tuesday, June 1 and 2.

☐ **HUANG CHUNG,** just out of the studio after recording tracks under their new long-term deal with Arista, support John Martyn in his mini-tour this weekend — at Birmingham (tonight, Thursday), Brighton (Friday) and London Dominion (Saturday and Sunday). And they headline at London Camden Dingwalls on May 29.

☐ **LIVE WIRE** make their stage debut with their new drummer Chris Whitten, who has taken over from German Gonzales, at London Marquee Club tonight (Thursday) and again on June 5. They're also being lined up for a string of university dates later next month, details to follow shortly. Their new single is 'Sleep', a track from their 'Changes Made' album, for A&M release on June 5.

☐ **THE ORIGINAL MIRRORS** are playing a few dates to promote their new album 'Heart-Twango And Raw-Beat'. They are Bristol Polytechnic (May 30), London Covent Garden Africa Centre (31), Leeds Warehouse (June 2), Bradford University (3), Dundee University (5) and Edinburgh Nite Club (6).

☐ **BUDGIE** headline another series of dates, climaxing in three nights at London Marquee, prior to starting work on their next RCA album. They visit Rugby Benn Memorial Hall (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (Friday), Rawtenstall College (Saturday), Doncaster Romeo & Juliet's (May 25), Leeds Fforde Green (28), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (June 6), Rosythe Lion Club (9), Helensbro' Trident Club (10) and London Marquee (13-15).

☐ **WASTED YOUTH** are no longer supporting Toyah on the road, and have instead joined The Psychedelic Furs' tour which opened this week. D.J. Kane & The Millionaires take over the support spot with Toyah.

☐ **AZTEC CAMERA** take over the support spot on The Undertones' tour from this Saturday (23) at Aylesbury Friars, and they subsequently play London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (June 3) and Edinburgh Valentino's (7) in their own right. Their new single 'Mattress Of Wire' is scheduled for late June release by Postcard Records.

☐ **NINE BELOW ZERO,** just back from a six-week European tour, are playing a number of gigs to preview their new single 'Helen' (released by A&M on June 12). So far set are Colwyn Bay New Pavilion (tonight, Thursday), Scarborough Penthouse (Friday), Lincoln Drill Hall (May 26), Bradford University (30) and Norwich East Anglia University (31).

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

Sheena: autumn tour scheduled

SHEENA EASTON, currently enjoying her fifth chart hit with 'When He Shines', has been lined up for a major UK concert tour — it's not until the autumn, but tickets are already on sale. The outing will coincide with the release of her second album, which she'll be recording at Colorado's Caribou studio during the summer, with Chris Neil again producing.

Dates are Inverness Eden Court (October 4), Glasgow Apollo (6), Edinburgh Playhouse (7), Newcastle City Hall (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Oxford New Theatre (11), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (12), Gloucester Leisure Centre (14), Crawley Lesiure Centre (15), Reading Hexagon (16) and London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (17). Tickets have a £5 top for all regional dates and £6 in London.

Sheena is currently in Japan promoting her debut album 'Take My Time', but she'll be back in time to attend the June 24 premiere of the new James Bond movie *For Your Eyes Only*, in which she sings the title song. This will also be her next single, for EMI release on June 8.

DURAN AND ASH IN LONDON SWITCHES

DURAN DURAN have switched the date and venue of their London concert, part of their previously reported summer tour — they now appear at the Hammersmith Odeon on July 9, instead of at the Rainbow the following night. And this means that their show at Oxford New Theatre moves back one day to July 10.

Meanwhile, the band's self-named debut album is set for June 8 release through EMI — it contains nine self-penned tracks, including the two singles 'Planet Earth' and 'Careless Memories'.

WISHBONE ASH have also switched their London gig, originally planned for the Rainbow on June 3. Instead, they'll now be playing two nights at the Hammersmith Odeon on June 2 and 3. Rainbow ticket-holders should apply for cash refunds from the box office, then purchase new tickets for the Odeon. In case of difficulty, call Outlaw Artists (01-486 0421).

MINOTT VISIT HITS SNAGS

SUGAR MINOTT is at present busy recording a follow-up to his hit single 'Good Things Going' (as well as an album), but legal complications with RCA are preventing confirmation of its release. Until these are resolved, his British tour — dates for which had been promised for this week — will not be finalised.

NELSON'S COLUMN

BILL NELSON has now confirmed the line-up of his band The Practical Dreamers with whom, as reported last week, he begins a UK tour tonight (Thursday) — with Bill on guitar and vocals and brother Ian on sax, the rest of the personnel comprises ex-Sinceros keyboards man Don Snow, ex-Fingerprintz drummer Bogdan Wiczling and bassist Alan Quinn. Nelson has a four-track double single issued by Mercury on May 29, the main title being 'Youth Of Nation On Fire'.

Cramps London show

THE CRAMPS have now set the major London date which will climax their current UK tour — at the Hammersmith Palais on June 22. It's billed as 'A Nite Of Horror Rock', and the rest of the line-up features The Meteors, Screamin' Lord Sutch & The Savages and Red Beat. Admission is £3.50 and the promoters are Straight Music.

OPEN-AIR LIZZY

THIN LIZZY are to headline the second big open-air rock concert to be staged at Milton Keynes concert bowl — it's on Saturday, August 8, and appropriately goes under the banner of 'MK2'. The first event, a year ago, was topped by The Police and attracted a capacity 27,000 attendance.

Three other acts will complete the line-up, and these will be announced in about two weeks, though rumours already suggest that Ian Hunter will be among them. The show will run from 4 to 10.30pm, with gates opening at 2 pm. The site can be reached easily by turning off the M.1 at Junction 14 near Bedford.

Advance tickets for MK2 are available now by post only from NJF/MK2, P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ — make cheques payable to "NJF/MK2", enclose s.a.e. and initially allow up to six weeks for delivery. The organisers point out that, unlike some promoters, they are prepared to accept cheques (but not cash) and do not charge a booking fee. There will also be a number of ticket outlets for personal callers, and these will be listed when the rest of the bill is announced. Tickets on the day will cost £8.

As revealed by *NME* nine weeks ago, Thin Lizzy intend to limit their live appearances this summer to a few selected outdoor shows. Details of the others are still awaited, but they are believed to include events in Dublin and Edinburgh. The Milton Keynes concert will tie in with the relase of the band's new studio album (still untitled), and possibly Phil Lynott's new solo LP will be ready at the same time. it's understood that Lizzy are planning a major UK tour in October.

August metal bash at Milton Keynes

Bette's back in business

BETTE BRIGHT returns to the UK tour circuit at the end of this month, for the first time in two years — and she'll be backed by an all-star five-piece band featuring her former colleague in Deaf School, Clive Langer.

To celebrate the occasion, she has a new single issued by WEA on June 5 — titled 'When You Were Mine', it was written and originally recorded by U.S. funk star Prince, and Bette's version was produced by Langer and Alan Winstanley. It's a preview of her debut solo album 'Rhythm Breaks The Ice', due out in July, when more gigs can be expected.

Confirmed dates so far are Manchester Rafters (May 28), Scarborough Penthouse (29), Retford Porterhouse (30), Swindon Brunel Rooms (June 2), Liverpool boat trip on the *Royal Iris* (3) and London Victoria The Venue (4).

Full line-up of her band is guitarist Paul Nilnick (ex-Deaf School and Stealers Wheel), ex-Yachts keyboards man Henry Priestman, Sinceros drummer Bobby Irwin, James Eller (bass) and Clive Langer (guitar and sitar).

Fifth Wembley gig for Benson

GEORGE BENSON has added yet another show at London Wembley Arena — on Wednesday, June 10. With 40,000 tickets already sold for the four following nights at that venue, this extra concert has been slotted in due to the unprecedented demand. Tickets are £8.80, £7.80 and £6.80, but this time there's a change in booking arrangements — they go on sale to personal callers only at 10am this Sunday (24) at the Rainbow Theatre box-office, Finsbury Park.

TRUST HEADLINING NATIONWIDE TREK

TRUST, the French rock outfit who gigged here extensively early in the year as guests on the Iron Maiden tour, return to the UK this weekend to headline their own tour. Confirmed dates are at St Albans City Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Walsall Town Hall (Saturday), Reading Top Rank (May 25), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (26), Huddersfield Club Eros (27), Wakefield Unity Hall (28), Newcastle Mayfair (29), Redcar Coatham Bowl (30), Nottingham Rock City (June 4), Liverpool Warehouse (5), Glasgow University (6), Edinburgh Odeon (7), Hardstoft Shoulder Of Mutton (8), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (9), Blackburn King George's Hall (10) and London Strand Lyceum (11).

Compost corner

THE FOUR BUCKETEERS from TV's *Tiswas* — Sally James, John Gorman, Chris Tarrant and Bob Carolgees — are playing a series of shows around the country, starting with two nights at London Victoria The Venue this Friday and Saturday (22-23). Also confirmed are Slough Fulcrum Centre (this Sunday), Liverpool Empire (May 29), two performances at Bridgend Leisure Centre (30), Gloucester Leisure Centre (31), Crawley Leisure Centre (June 2), Loughborough University (5), Telford venue to be set (7) and London Wimbledon Theatre (11). Audiences are warned that they attend at their own risk, with the strong possibility that they will go home wet!

TAJ MAHAL AT THE VENUE

TAJ MAHAL, who has already been announced for the Glastonbury CND Festival over the Summer Solstice period, is to play two London concerts during his UK visit — at The Venue on Friday and Saturday, June 26 and 27 (tickets £4). It's also understood that Manhattan Transfer are to play a farewell show at The Venue on Monday, June 1, at the end of their British tour.

Eon drum break

MODERN EON — whose newly released single 'Child's Play' will be followed on May 29 by their debut Dindisc album 'Fiction Tales' — are now in the process of considering and auditioning alternative drummers. Regular drummer Cliff Hewitt has been inactive for some time with ligament problems in his wrist, and on their last tour — supporting The Stranglers — his backing tapes were used while the rest of the band played live. Now the group have their own tour coming up in June and, with Hewitt's wrist refusing to heal, they are having to seek a replacement. Interested parties can contact them through Dindisc (01-221 7535).

□ **JUDIE TZUKE** has added another three dates to her British tour, starting next week — at Oxford University Exeter Hall (May 30), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (June 5) and Leeds Tiffany's (14).

□ **THE BREAKFAST BAND** have gigs in the London area at Eastcote Bottom Line (tonight, Thursday), Southall White Hart (Friday), Cricklewood Hogs Grunt (May 25), Covent Garden Africa Centre (29) and Catford Saxon Tavern (June 4). They also travel out of town to Peterborough Slickers on May 31.

□ **JOE ELY** has had another date slotted into his imminent British tour — at Bristol Granary next Tuesday (26).

JODY ST. are, from left to right, John Mizarolli (guitar), Henry Thomas (bass), Noel McCalla (vocals) and Brett Morgan (drums).

□ **JODY ST,** the new London band fronted by former Moon lead singer Noel McCalla, play a concentrated series of club one-nighters over the next two months, tied in with the release of their first single and album in late June. Their schedule is currently being finalised, but the first two confirmed gigs are at Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (May 28) and Islington Pied Bull (June 5).

□ **VICTIMS OF PLEASURE** play North-East London Polytechnic this Saturday (23), and they are also to be the subject of a semi-documentary picture to be made by the International Film School — it will include footage of the band performing live, and the completed movie is intended for general release on a major circuit as a B-film.

□ **ALTERED IMAGES** have lined up a short tour, with dates at Liverpool Brady's (May 29), Manchester Polytechnic (30), Cheltenham Eve's (31), Brighton Top Rank (June 1), Sheffield Limit Club (2), Leeds Warehouse (4), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (5) and Oxford Scamps (8). They also support U2 at Aylesbury Friars (June 6) and London Hammersmith Palais (9).

□ **MUSICAL YOUTH, Fast Relief** and **Alternative Route** take the road in a package called 'A Dub Venture'. Confirmed dates are at Rugby West Indian Club (May 25), Walsall venue to be set (26), Olbury Chance Club (27), Derby Havana Club (28), Corby Youth Centre (29) and Coventry General Wolfe (30). Maximum admission price is £1.50, with heavy concessions to the unemployed.

□ **ALEX HARVEY BAND** are next Monday's Bank Holiday attraction at London Marquee — and they're supported by Close Rivals, the Birmingham outfit formed by ex-Deadly Toys guitarist and vocalist Ian Giles, whose debut single 'Short Sharp Kick In The Teeth' has just been issued by Hyped Records. The two bands also play Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (tonight, Thursday) and Maidstone Mid-Kent College (Friday).

□ **FAMOUS NAMES** are to headline a package tour by three bands signed to the Street Tunes record label, the other two being Screen Idols and Stagestruck. The package will play 12 British dates from September 1, before moving into Europe.

□ **THE DELMONTES** — the Edinburgh band who've just released their second single 'Don't Cry Your Tears' for Rational Records — are to support The Teardrop Explodes on their previously reported 20-date UK tour, starting June 5.

Nouveaux sur la rue

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, who last toured here as headliners of the highly successful '2002 Review' package, have now been lined up for their own major UK tour. These will be their last British dates for some time, as overseas demands mean that they'll be touring abroad for several months. The opening date at Guildford will be broadcast live in Richard Skinner's Radio 1 show.

Confirmed dates are at Guildford Surrey University (May 28), Torquay Town Hall (30), Plymouth Fiesta (31), Newcastle Mayfair (June 3), Preston Tiffany's (4), Glasgow Strathclyde University (6), Birmingham Locarno (9), Lincoln Drill Hall (10), Nottingham Rock City (11), Liverpool Royal Court (12), Stroud Leisure Centre (13), Portsmouth Locarno (14), London Hammersmith Palais (15), Bristol Locarno (16) and St Albans City Hall (17). They are also appearing in Bradford (June 2), Aberdeen (5) and Edinburgh (7), though venues are still being finalised.

Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents — prices vary slightly, but they're generally around the £2.50 or £3 mark. The band's newly released Liberty single is 'Tokyo', taken from their debut album 'Night People'.

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6133)

marquee

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Friday 22nd May — Adm £2.00
RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES
Plus Remipeds & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 23rd May — Adm £2.00
JOHNNY MARS
Plus Harlequins & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 24th May — Adm £1.50
GEDDES AXE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Monday 25th May
ALEX HARVEY
Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd
Advance Tickets to Members £2.50
Non Members on door £3.00

Tuesday 26th May — £1.75
DOLLY MIXTURE
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

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TALISMAN
SUPPORTED BY
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TUES 26
THE DEADBEATS | THE OUTSKIRTS
WED 27
FROM JAMAICA, REGGAE NIGHT
AL CAMPBELL

FRI 22
NO DICE
SUPPORTED BY PAUL GOODMAN
MON 25
HANK WANGFORD BAND
THUR 28 ROCKABILLY NIGHT
THE BLUE CATS
WITH GUESTS
DADDY YUM YUM

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW and KILTORCH present

XTC

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THURSDAY 21st MAY 7:30pm

TICKETS £3·50 £3·00 £2·50 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

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ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 20th May — £1
A BIGGER SPLASH

Thursday 21st May — £1
THE FLATBACKERS

Friday 22nd May — £1.25
LEE KOSMIN
+ The Uprights

Saturday 23rd May — £1
ARTHUR 2-STROKE
& The Chart Commandos

Sunday 24th May — £1
THE OUTPATIENTS

Monday 25th May — £1
RIO & THE ROBOTS

Tuesday 26th May — £1
PAUL KENNERLEY BAND

Wednesday 27th May — £1
DADDY YUM YUM

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THE

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MAY 26 OLD QUEENS HEAD STOCKWELL
JUNE 1 THE CASTLE TOOTING
JUNE 4 THE STAR CROYDON
JUNE 5 CLARENDON HOTEL HAMMERSMITH

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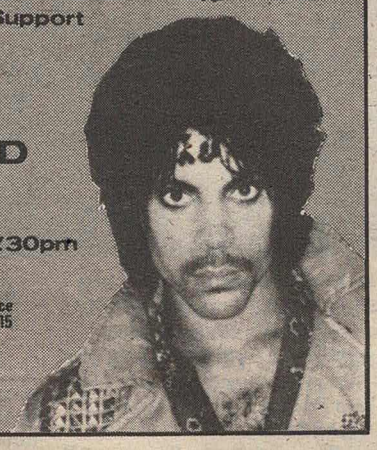

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All Tickets £3.00

Available from the Theatre Box Office The Strand, London WC2 01-836 3715 and usual agents.

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Saturday 23rd May — £4.00
THE FOUR BUCKETEERS FROM TISWAS

Sunday 24th May — £2.00
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Monday 25th May £3.00
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NAKED LUNCH
WAYWARD BOYS
+ Special Surprise Guest
Featuring DJ Dave Archer & Other Top London D.J.'s

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DAVE STEWARTS RAPID EYE MOVEMENT

Wednesday 27th May — £3.50
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+ SHAKATAK

Thursday 28th May — £2.00
B. MOVIE
+ Siam

COMING SOON

Friday and Saturday 28th & 29th May — £4.00
JOE ELY + Special Guest MICKEY JUPP

Friday and Saturday 5th & 6th June — £3.00
FREEEZ + TORSO

Wednesday and Thursday 17th and 18th June — £4.00
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS

Friday and Saturday 26th and 27th June — £4.00
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FOOD, DRINK, LIVE BANDS, DANCING 8pm - 3 am

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FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 21st May — £1
SAD AMONG STRANGERS + Dummies Don't Talk

Friday 22nd May — £3.00
FRANKIE MILLER + Rue-de-Remarx

Saturday 23rd May — £3
RABBIE BURNS & THE TICKET TOUTS

Sunday 24th May — £1
GUY JACKSON & FRIENDS

Monday 25th May — £1.50
THE BOYS + The Spiders

Tuesday 26th May — £1.25
THE DRONES + The Shine

Wednesday 27th May — £1.50
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Saturday 23rd May
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Tuesday 26th May — Adv £3.00
GIRLSCHOOL
+ A II Z

Wednesday 27th May — Adv £3.00
XTC

Wednesday 3rd June — £1.50 on door
Nightclubbing Dancelight
SOFT CELL
RONNY + RUSTY EGAN + STEVO

Thursday 4th June — Adv £2.00
TRUST
+ VARDIS

Saturday 6th June — Adv £3.00
JUDIE TZUKE
+ MAESTOSO
featuring Wooly Wolstenholme from Barclay James Harvest

Thursday 11th June — Adv £2.50
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
+ OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING

Friday 12th June — Adv £3.00
TEARDROP EXPLODES

Postponed Until July
SUGAR MINOTT

Tuesday 16th June — Adv £3.00
TOOTS & THE MAYTALS

Friday 19th June — Adv £2.50
BAUHAUS
+ SUBWAY SECT
+ BIRTHDAY PARTY

Thursday 25th June — Adv £3.00
JOE JACKSONS JUMPING JIVE

Wednesday 24th June — Adv£3.50
KRAFTWERK

Friday 26th June — Adv £2.50
SPLIT ENZ
+DEPARTMENT S

Wednesday 1st July — Adv £2.50
DURAN DURAN

Thursday 9th July — Adv £3.00
IGGY POP

Tickets from:- Rock City Box Office, Virgin, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

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Book Now June GEORGE BENSON

MAY
21 XTC
21, 24 The Undertones
23, 24 John Martyn
23 George Duke & Stanley Clarke
24 Discharge/The Exploited
24 Barbara Dickson
25 Rockabilly Alldayer
25 Dave Brubeck
26 & 27 Andrae Crouch & The Disciples
29 Squeeze
30 John Cooper Clarke
31 Julian Lloyd Webber
31 Marti Caine
31 Lena Martell

JUNE
1 The Beat
1 Fundamental Frolic with Elvis Costello, Ian Dury & The Not The 9 O'Clock News Team
1 Ted Nugent
2 Psychedelic Furs
2, 3 Wishbone Ash
4 Ornette Coleman & John Stevens Away
5 Toyah
6 Rita Coolidge
7 Pat Boone
7 Gang Of Four
7 Light Of The World
9 Whitesnake
11 Sky
11 Judie Tzuke
11, 14 George Benson
13, 19 UB40
14 Theatre Of Hate
15 Classix Nouveaux
16 Cramps
19 Teardrop Explodes
20-22 The Tubes
21 Shock
23-28 Sammy Davis Jnr
28, 29 Kraftwerk
29, 30 Peter Tosh
31 Angel Witch/Vardis

JULY
1 Duran Duran
2, 3 Kraftwerk
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz

AUGUST
22 AC/DC + Blue Oyster Cult

SEPTEMBER
29 — OCT 2 Johnny Mathis

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Pic: Peter Anderson

AN ODD week — no major tours setting out but an abnormally large number of gigs for the time of year. A whole cluster of big names began their tours earlier this month, and are now midway through their schedules.

Among the acts currently to be seen in action are The Psychedelic Furs (right), Stiff Little Fingers, Toyah, The Beat, The Undertones, XTC, John Cooper Clarke and Tenpole Tudor, not to mention Bruce Springsteen. Details can be found in the listings.

Status Quo begin a new gig series at Wembley Arena on Tuesday and Wednesday, the second leg of their spring outing. And John Martyn headlines four concerts climaxing at London Dominion on Saturday and Sunday — while Londoners can also see those masters of jazz funk, George Duke and Stanley Clarke, at the Apollo Victoria on Saturday and Sunday.

Incidentally, this week's slight hiccup at the starting stalls is merely the prelude to another batch of important tours getting under way next week. Watch this space.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall**
Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **Orange Jiuce / The President's Men**
Barnham Murrell Arms: **Johnny Coppin**
Barnstaple Chequers: **Temple Tudor**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Fear Of Flying**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Alex Harvey Band / Close Rivals**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Degotees**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Spider**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **John Martyn**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Concorde: **Mistakes / In Crisis**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Barclay James Harvest**
Bristol Green Rooms: **The Tropics**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Bill Nelson Band**
Burnley Hare & Hounds: **Mathews Brothers**
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: **Necromancer**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Whizz Kids / The Suggestion**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colwyn Bay New Pavilion: **Nine Below Zero**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Sinatras / The Kitkats**
Coventry Warwick University: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Tommy Steele**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **The Breakfast Band**
Egham Shoreditch College: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Loreili**
Frodsham Mersey View Club: **Dave Berry**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Whitesnake**
Glasgow Waterfront: **H20**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Relay / Suicide Moths**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **The Drifters**
Jersey Glucester Hall: **Mike Harding**
King's Lynn Regis Rooms: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **Zanti Misfitz**
Lancaster University: **Wishbone Ash**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Rockabilly Rebs**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Head Hunter**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester The Windmill: **The Cassettes / The Work**
Liverpool Brady's: **Attempted Moustache**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Wild Horses**
Londn Acton White Hart: **Gun Control**
London Battersea Park Riverside: **Cunning Stunts (daily until May 30, except 26)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Colors**
London Canning Town Balmoral Club: **Chester**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & Night**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Billy Karloff & The Extremes / The Bats**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators / Dis Juz**
London Euston The Pits: **OK Jive / The Uprights**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Elgin Marbles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers / Dummies Don't Talk**
London Fulham King's Head: **Flash Harry / The Misfits**
London Fulham The Swan: **The Papers**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Quasar**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **English Subtitles**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **XTC / The Members**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Carpettes / Nouveaux-a-go-go**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Holborn The Blitz: **Grand Union**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Flatbackers**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London North Polytenchic: **The Mighty Strypes**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Mighty Honky Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Stagestruck**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney White Lion: **Parallel Bars**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Undertones**
London School of Oriental & African Studies: **Misty In Roots**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ian Henry Quartet**
London Southall The Cavern: **Only After Dark / The Outskirts**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Flying Saucers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Stratford Green Man: **Dr. Cosgill**
London Victoria The Venue: **D.A.F. / Blue Orchids / The Outskirts**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Brian Brain / Flesh Habit**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Moontier / Tank**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Rio & The Robots**
Maidstone Ship Inn: **Babelfish**
Malvern Dyson Perrins School: **Vice Squad / The Samples / Terminal Boredom**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Beat**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **20 Group**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Zorkie Twins**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Carl Green & The Scene / Verba Verba / Partners In Crime**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Social Disease / Directrix**
Newcastle Cooperage: **Coco Canyon's Amazing R&B Allstars**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Newcastle The Lonsdale: **The Extras**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford (Benson) Chicken In The Basket: **Chris Barber Band**
Oxford New Theatre: **Girlschool / A II Z**
Port Talbot Troubador: **Chevy**
Preston Warehouse: **UK Decay**
Reading University: **John Cooper Clarke**
Rochdale The Travellers: **Private Dicks**
Rye Oasis Club: **Johnny Mars**
Sandwich White Horse: **Blue Country**
Sheffield City Polytechnic: **Tuxedo Moon / This Heat**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Southampton The Eagle: **Dream Sequence/The Britz**
Stockport Smugglers Club: **Marquis De Sade / Cinema Illuminaire**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Warrington Parr Hall: **Mary O'Hara**
Weybridge National College Of Food: **Zitz**
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Drifters**
Bath Pavilion: **Girlschool/AIIZ**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Bill Nelson Band**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Budgie**
Birmingham (Digbeth) Old Crown: **Martin Carthy**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Dangerous Girls**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Innovation League**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Shakin' Stevens**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Ammonites/Red Squares**
Brighton Dome: **John Martyn**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Tuxedo Moon/This Heat**
Brighton Top Rank: **XTC**
Bristol Mutual Aid Centre: **The Mob/Null And Void**
Caerphilly The Crown: **Tiger Bay**
Caistor Town Hall: **Arrowmatic Tors**
Cambridge Great Northern: **The Rank Amateurs**
Canterbury College of Technology: **Gary's Door/Babelfish**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mosquitos**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Derby Willington Power Station: **Roaring Jelly**
Doncaster Ashmount Club: **Dave Berry**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Bette Bright & The Illuminations**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **Fruit Eating Bears**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **B Movie/The Very Thing**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Travelling Shoes**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Whitesnake**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Head Hunter**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Die Laughing**
Haywards Heath The Taverners: **Shakatak**
Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: **Zitz**
Hinckley Constitutional Club: **Dealer**
Holywood (Co Down) D.B.'s Club: **Bank Robbers**
Hull City Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
Hull Good Fellowship Inn: **Flying Saucers**
Ipswich Civic College: **The Exciters**
Ipswich GRE Dome: **Chris Barber Band**
Lancaster Greaves Hotel: **The Membranes/Zyklon-B**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Crosstown Traffic**
Leeds The Victoria: **Nick Toczek/Surfin' Dave**
Leeds Warehouse: **Shock**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Toyah**
Little Sutton Bulls Head: **Fear Of Flying**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **20 Group**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Au Pairs**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Beat**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Chevy**
London Bedford Square AA Carnival: **Bauhaus/Funkapolitan/These Bridges/A Popular History Of Signs/Furious Pig**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **No Dice/Paul Goodman**
London Camden Musicians Co-op: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & Night**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Chester**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Patsy Fuller/Debbie & The Bear**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London City Polytechnic: **Chelsea/The Europeans**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Kleen Heels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Mindless Pleasures**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Freshies**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
London Euston Shaw Theatre: **The Albion Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Frankie Miller/Rue-De-Remarx**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Dolly Mixture**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Arrogant**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Elgin Marbles/FK9**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Lee Kosmin**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Short Stories**
London Marquee Club: **The Reluctant Stereotypes/Remipeds**
London North East Polytechnic: **The Flatbackers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Tropicana**
London N.W.3 Fleet Centre: **We Expand Sideways/Physical Jerks/Listen**
London Putney Half Moon: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Isaac Guillory**
London Putney White Lion: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Rainbow II: **The Inmates**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Butch Thompson Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Inch By Inch**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Four Bucketeers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Blue Orchids/Philip Japp**
Maidstone Mid-Kent College: **Alex Harvey Band/Close Rivals**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Spider**
Manchester Pips: **Inversions**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **The Zorkie Twins**
Market Harborough Assembly Rooms: **The Titanics/Shroud-a-Fake/Radar**
Milton Keynes Virgin Store (5pm): **King Size Keen & His Rockin' Machine**
New Brighton Empress Hall: **Rockin' Horse**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Praying Mantis**
Newmarket Foley House Community Centre: **The Agents**
Northampton Nene College: **The Quads**
Norwich Caribbean Rooms: **Falling Men**
Norwich East Anglia University: **John Cooper Clarke**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Vital Disorders/Carl Gustav & The 84's/The Delusions**
Nottingham Rock City: **Wild Horses**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Sunfighter**
Peterborough The Cresset: **Ersatz/The Dogma Cats**
Prestatyn Victoria Hotel: **Jap Connection/Frightened By Strangers**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Cramps**
Rochester Kings Head: **Dr Cosgill**
Ryde I.o.W. La Babalu: **Trader/Feedback**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **The Britz**
Sandwich White Horse: **Pete Rose Band**

GIG GUIDE

Scarborough Penthouse: **Nine Below Zero**
Scarborough Taboo: **UK Decay**
Scunthorpe Henry VIII Hotel: **Theatre Of Hate**
Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: **The Gas**
Sheffield Kay Gee-Bee Club: **Saracen**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Shrewsbury Music Hall: **Reality/Sub Zero**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Leo Sayer**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Barclay James Harvest**
Southend Top Alex: **Fast Eddie**
St Albans City Hall: **Trust**
York Smithy's: **Private Dicks**

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **The Undertones**
Bath University: **XTC**
Bedford Corn Exchange: **The Quads**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Tenpole Tudor**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Brian Brain**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Wishbone Ash**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool JR's: **The Out**
Brighton Alhambra: **Eye To Eye**
Brighton Dome: **Shakin' Stevens**
Cambridge College of Technology: **Basement 5**
Canterbury Kent University: **720**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Riot Rockers**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Tour De Force/True Life Confessions**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chester-le-Street Great Lumley Community Centre: **Toy Dolls/Sines**
Cookham Pinder Hall: **Roaring Jelly**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Jets**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Mood Elevators**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Chevy/Shock Treatment/Remould**
Crowborough Training Camp: **Shades**
Croydon Ashcroft Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Croydon Bar H Club: **Chester**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Gas**
Dumfries Nith Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Eastbourne Winter Gardens: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Eastleigh Home Tavern: **The Press**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Diamond Head**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Positive Noise**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Drifters**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Amy**
Frodsham Mersey View Club: **Dave Berry**
Glasgow Halibees Restaurant: **Jim Wilkie/Old Hickory**
Glasgow Technical College: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Glastonbury Pilton Worthy Farm: **Decline And Fall/Nice One/The Electric Guitars**
Guildford Surrey University Free Festival: **Squeeze**
Hatfield The Forum: **Iris Williams**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Ian Mitchell Band/Terry Vision & The Screens**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Private Dicks**
Keele University: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Kings Langley Ovaltine Club: **Dux Hill Dance**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **New Model Army**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Barclay James Harvest**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Cramps**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Limelight**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Talisman**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **The Idle Flowers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Rye & The Quarterboys/The Outpatients**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Flatbackers/A Bigger Splash**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Flying Saucers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rabbie Burns & The Ticket Touts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Shattered Dolls.**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends.**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Red Beans & Rice/Fast Eddie**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **OK Jive/The Method Actors**
London Islington Hope and Anchor: **Arthur 2-stroke & The Chart Commandos**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Lewisham Town Hall: **Rio & The Robots**
London Marquee Club: **Johnny Mars**
London North East Polytechnic: **Victims of Pleasure**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **East Side Stompers**
London Putney Spencer Arms: **The Flood**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Richmond Bull & Bush: **Dave Paskett**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Barnes Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **John Martyn**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Inch By Inch**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **George Duke & Stanley Clarke**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Four Bucketeers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Way Of The West/The Imports**
London Willesden St Andrew's Hall: **The Chefs**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Manchester Brickhouse Studio Theatre: **Stiff Bennett & The Memos**
Manchester Hyde Town Hall: **Angel Witch/Warlock/F104**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Bill Nelson Band**
Manchester Rafters: **Tuxedo Moon/This Heat**
Manchester University: **Wild Horses**
Margate Westgate Tudor Bars: **Desperate Measures**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Shakatak**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **UK Decay**
Newcastle University: **The Au Pairs**
Northampton Roadmender Club: **The Exploited/The Bar**
Oxford New Theatre: **Toyah**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Movie Stars**
Paignton Seafront Casino: **Jude The Obscure**
Peterlee The Norseman: **The Accelerators**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Mole**
Preston Gatsby's: **Hot Cuisine**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Orange Cardigan**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Tommy Steele**
Reading Target Club: **Quasar**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Members**
Scunthorpe King Henry VIII Hotel: **Theatre Of Hate**
Seaford Great Dane: **Fruit Eating Bears**
Sheffield University: **The Thompson Twins**
Sherborne New Digby Hall: **Talon**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Leo Sayer**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Girlschool/ All2**
Stockport Portland Bars: **Images**
Stockport Warren Buckley Club: **Zanti Misfitz**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **And Also The Trees**
Stroud Subscription Rooms: **Chelsea/The Europeans**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Spider**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Tony Capstick**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Mistress**
Walsall Town Hall: **Trust**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Victorian Parents**
Whitley Bay Mingles Club: **Thrust**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

SUNDAY

Aldershot The Unicorn: **False Pretences**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Odeon: **XTC**
Birmingham Railway Hote: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Tenpole Tudor**
Brighton The Kensington (lunchtime): **Taxi**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Strawberry Fair: **The News**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Spoilers**
Congleton Town Hall: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Durham Big Jug Club: **Paul Metzers**
Ely Carnival: **The Agents**
Fife St Andrews University: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall**
Glasgow Kevingrove Park: **The Dolphins / H20**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Nationwide**
Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **The Flatbackers / Black Box**
Halifax Civic Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Harrow Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Shakatak**
Hull Shapes Bar: **Fault**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Fran Landesman/Roger McCulloch/Adrian Mitchell**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Letters/Earl's Reserves**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Zeitgeist**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Black Market / Ukraine / Things In Bags**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Guy Jackson & Friends**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Undertones**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Jump Squad / The Whizz Kids**
London Harrow Rd Windsor Castle: **The Shots**
London Hayes Brook House: **The Razz**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Albania / Sore Throat**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Outpatients**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney White Lion: **Sphere**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt**
London St Martins Lane Duke of York Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The 45's**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Discharge / The Exploited / Anti-Pasti / Chron Gen**
London Tottenham The Railway: **Hank Wangford**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **John Martyn**
London Trafalgar Sq The Crypt: **Dr Cosgill**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **George Duke & Stanley Clarke**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Spiders / The Shoppers**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Alan Elsdon Band**
Manchester Masons Arms: **Mistress**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Spider**
Newcastle City Hall: **Whitesnake**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northwich Memorial Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Mike Harding**
Oxford Scamps: **The Thompson Twins**
Reading Target Club: **The Chevrons**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The Au Pairs**
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Sandwich White Horse: **Whirligig**
Slough Alexandra's: **Shades**
Southend Railway Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
St Austell Cornish Coliseum: **Leo Sayer**
Stockport Portland Bars: **Zanathus**
Torquay Town Hall: **Girlschool / A II Z**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Confessor**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **The Beat**

MONDAY

Bangor University: **John Cooper Clarke**
Bath Western Hotel Roxspot: **Bendall's Box**
Birkenhead Sir James Ent. : **Asylum**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Flux Of Pink Indians / Conflict**
Box Hill Burford Bridge: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
Brighton Top Rank: **Toyah**
Bristol Granary: **Theatre Of Hate**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Patti Boulaye (for a week)**
Bristol Stonehouse: **The Options / Mind Tunnel**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Shades**
Carshalton The Cricketers: **Avenue**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Polecats / Shades / White Lightning**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Victoria The Venue: **Naked Lunch / Wayward Boys**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Saints / Emotion Pictures**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Nelson Colne Technical College: **The Cheaters**
Newcastle City Hall: **Whitesnake**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Street Festival: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Northampton The Morris Man: **The World Service**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Undertones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Scamps: **Tenpole Tudor**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Blue Cats**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Demolition**
Reading Top Rank: **Trust**
Retford Porterhouse: **Bill Nelson Band**
Rugby West Indian Club: **Musical Youth / Fast Relief / Alternative Route**
Sheffield Bull Hotel: **Private Dicks**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Infra Riot / Anti Heroes**
Southend Zero 6: **Tich Turner's Escalator**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Leo Sayer**
Taunton Odeon: **Girlschool / AllZ**

TUESDAY

Bath Tiffany's: **Tenpole Tudor**
Billingham Black Horse: **Bernie Parry**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Trust**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **Erogenous Zones**
Brighton Centre: **Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band**
Bury The Derby Hall: **J.G. Spoils**
Camberley Lakeside Country Club: **The Drifters (for five days)**
Cardiff Top Rank: **John Cooper Clarke**

Saturday May 23
THE FORTUNE (Directed by Mike Nichols 1975). Stolid black farce built flimsily around the 1920s Mann Act, Jack Nicholson haplessly mugging away as Stan Laurel to Warren Beatty's equally unconvincing Oliver Hardy. Stockard Channing, though, is a great Mae Busch. **(ITV all regions)**

THE MAGNET (Charles Frend 1950). Young James Fox (William as he then was) in an odd little Ealing comedy set, unpatronisingly, in the world of children. **(BBC 2)**

THE MAN WHO LOVED WOMEN (Francois Truffaut 1976). Ian Penman's life story. Very short. **(BBC 2)**

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Frank Capra 1932). Strange, sombre study of sensuality by one of the great Hollywood directors, and a stunning leading lady in Barbara Stanwyck. Banned in this country at the time. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday May 24
THE PRIZE (Mark Robson 1963). Undeniably slick but essentially dumb thriller, implausibly mixing Nobel prize-winners with thick-ear espionage. Paul Newman and Edward G. Robinson must've wished Hitchcock was in control. **(BBC 1)**

THE FUGITIVE KIND (Sidney Lumet 1959). More 'steamy' claptrap from Tennessee Williams with M. Brando as the ageing punk who toys with Anna Magnani's emotions (and who wouldn't?). **(BBC 2)**

Monday May 25
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (Frank Capra 1938). The '30s greatest team — Capra with Jean Arthur and James Stewart — in a classic comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart; miss it and you miss a rare treat. **(BBC 2)**

TAKE ME TO TOWN (Douglas Sirk 1953). Penman's favourite director; I think he's stupid. Sirk, not Penman. **(BBC 2)**

THE GREAT ESCAPE (John Sturges 1963). Steve McQueen crashes into the barbed wire, James Coburn's caught on the train, Richard Attenborough's shot on the hillside, Charlie Bronson freaks out in the tunnel, but James Garner makes it! Don't tell me you've never seen it. **(BBC 1)**

THAT'S CARRY ON (Gerald Thomas 1975). A compilation drawn from 20 years of *Carry On* japes, especially for reader D. Baker of Rotherhithe. **(ITV all regions)**

Monty Smith

Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Artists / Limehouse**
Chesterfield (Hardstoft) Shoulder of Mutton: **The Broughtons**
Chigwell Epping Forest Country Club: **Incognito**
Colchester George Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
Darlington Flamingo: **Erogenous Zones**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Shakin' Stevens**
Edingburgh Tiffany's: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Kicks**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **The Beat**
Gloucester The Barge: **Johnny Coppin**
Huddersfield Club Eros: **The Cramps**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **Whipps**
Leeds Amnesia Club: **The Elements**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Geoff Jackson & The Huns**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Kevin Hewick / Felt / Comp Ills**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Hank Wangford**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **A.E. Liquid**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Miles Over Matter / The Europeans**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Speedos**
London Euston The Pits: **Aerial FX / The Telegents**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Boys / The Spiders**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Future Daze / The Silence**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rio & The Robots**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **Alex Harvey Band / Close Rivals**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Breakfast Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow II: **Siam**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Panama Francis & The Savoy Sultans (until June 5)**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Southall White Hart: **Fruit Eating Bears**
Chadwell Health Greyhound: **The Wanderers / The Directions**
Chester Edwardians: **Jap Connection**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Praying Mantis**
Coventry Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
Doncaster Rotters: **XTC**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Mistress**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Englands National Sport**
Glasgow City Limits: **The Radio Ghosts**
Hemel Hempstead Highfield School: **The Quads**
Hull Endyke Hotel: **Private Dicks**
Hull Tiffany's: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **The Undertones**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Acker Bilk Band**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Tiffany's: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Leeds Warehouse: **Bill Nelson Band**
Leicester Granby Hall: **Whitesnake**
Leicester University: **Squeeze / Otway & Barrett**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **Nine Below Zero**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Wishbone Ash**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Linda Steer**
London City Polytechnic: **Theatre Of Hate**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Wide Open / FK9**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Laughing Apple / Broadcast**
London Euston The Pits: **The Wanderers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Colors/The Shine**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Shots**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Thinks**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **A Bigger Splash**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Paul Kennerley Band**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Putney Stars: **The Identical Twins**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Putney White Lion: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Soho Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **The Shattered Dolls / Mephisto Waltz**
London Stockwell Old Queens's Head: **Future Daze / The Silence**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Small Change**
London Stratford Green Man: **Grand Union**
London Tooting The Castle: **Flash Harry**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Eye Witness**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dave Stewart's Rapid Eye Movement**
London Wembley Arena: **Status Quo**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Padovanis / El Trains**
Loughborough University: **The Cramps**
Malvern Festival: **Assyne**
Nottingham Whispers: **The Pop Group / Competition**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **The Hornets**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Beat**
Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: **Spider**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Toyah**
Southend Rascals: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Limelight**

WEDNESDAY

Barton Youth Centre: **Spider**
Bath Wolcott Village Hall: **The Review / The Mob / Bikini Mutants / Null And Void**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham (Harborne) Old House: **Martin Carthy**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bull's Head: **Roses**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Manhattan Transfer**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Girlschool / A II Z**
Brighton Centre: **Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band**
Bristol Green Rooms: **React / Essential Bop**
Burnley Angels: **Citizen UK**
Cambridge Raffles: **The News**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Toyah**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Small Change / Calling Hearts**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Derby The Havana: **Culture Shock**
Dorking Hospital Social Club: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Dunstable Wheatsheaf: **The Stop Band**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Horsham The Hornbrook: **Eclipse**
Huddersfield Club Eros: **Trust**
Huddersfield The Fleece: **Private Dicks**
Hull Zoological: **Fault**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Biill Nelson Band**
London Acton White Hart: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Mighty Honky Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Al Campbell**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chuck Farley**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Leszek & Ian**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Spoilers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Cavalry / The Refreshers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Remipeds**
London Euston The Pits: **The Monsters / Stolen Pets**
London Fulham Greyhound; **Bram Tchaikovsky / FK9**
London Hackney Deuragon: **A Bigger Splash**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **The Whizz Kids**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Colors / Zeitgeist**
London Holborn Blitz Club: **Airstrip 1**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Daddy Yum Yum**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Au Pairs (for three days)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Go World Brass Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Piccadilly Planets: **Biddie & Eve**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrisey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Joe Newman / Errol Clarke Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Stratford Green Man: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **En Route**
London Victoria The Venue: **Shakatak / Level 42**
London Wembley Arena: **Status Quo**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Work / Safe House / The Inevitable**
London Wimbledon Tennessee Club: **The Fixations**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
Lowestoft Hedley House: **Falling Men / Airships In The Fog**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Beech club: **Free Agents**
Manchester Buckton Castle: **The Accelerators**
Manchester Pips: **Shock**
Manchester Rafters: **Tenpole Tudor**
Manchester University: **The Cramps**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Praying Mantis**
Newcastle City Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
New Romney Seahorse: **City Blues Band**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwiahir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Rock City: **XTC**
Oldbury Chance Club: **Musical Youth / Fast Relief/ Alternative Route**
Oxford Scamps: **Random Hold**
Redcar The Sandpiper: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Sandwich White Horse: **Perry White Band**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Empty Bed Blues Band**
Slough Alexandra's: **Siris**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Secret**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockport Warren Buckley Cub: **Zanathus / Object D'Art**
St. Austell Cornish Coliseum: **The Beat**
Sunderland KU Club: **Erogenous Zones**
Walsall West Midlands College: **Bright Eyes**
Weybridge College of Food: **Johnny Coppin**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Chelsea / The Europeans**

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SUNDAY 31st MAY at 7-30

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 Open 8pm — 2am

NIGHTCLUBBING DANCENIGHT

Wednesday 3rd June

SOFT CELL
+ SPECIAL GUESTS
RONNY (Live)

DJ'S ON STAGE FOR THE FIRST TIME TOGETHER
STEVO & RUSTY EGAN

Dance Competitions, Special appearances, Stalls, £200 of free records to be given away, Free copies of the paper d'espatch, Plus lots of people you wouldn't expect to see on stage.

Doors open at 8 pm, Closes 2 am.

To ensure your entrance please come early

Price On Door £1.50

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS

TENPOLE TUDOR
+ Support
7.30pm Sunday 24th May
Tickets £1.90 Adv £2.50 door

JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATTRIX RECORDS.

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May 22 MUSICIANS WORKSHOP
CAMDEN TOWN
.. 24 THE AFRICA CENTRE
CONVENT GARDEN
.. 27 STARLIGHT ROOMS
WEST HAMPSTEAD
.. 29 CITY OF LONDON POLY
ALDGATE

NEW SINGLE-OUT NOW!
Touch / Yellow Fidgets HUM 9

OUTLAW PRESENTS

RAINBOW THEATRE
Thursday 21st May 7·30pm
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00

THE UNDERTONES

PLUS SUPPORT

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Sunday 24th May 8pm
ALL TICKETS £3·50

FROM BOX OFFICES, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ALL USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

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THE LYCEUM
The Strand

THURSDAY 11th JUNE 8pm.
Tickets £3 in advance £3.50 on door

Available from Lyceum Box Office. Tel: 836 3715,
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Ronan Draper for
RAINBOW CONCERTS

CND

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AND
MARCH FOR THE FUTURE

BIG RALLY WITH THE **SKIDS** *& OTHERS*

- For a nuclear-free Europe
- Jobs not bombs
- Stop Trident
- No Cruise missiles

SATURDAY JUNE 6th & SUNDAY JUNE 7th

SATURDAY: Depart 11am from **Faslane** (Polaris base) ♦ **Helensburgh** ♦ **Dumbarton** ♦ **Clydebank**.
SUNDAY: Depart 10.30am from **Clydebank** ♦ arrive 1.00pm **GLASGOW** (Rally and Festival)
** For more information about the train to Scotland, write to*
National CND: 11 Goodwin Street, London N4 or Tel 01-263 4954/8546.
There will be coaches from most areas. We will put you in touch with your regional organiser. Publicity materials are available.
For inquiries in Scotland write to:
420 Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow or tel: 041 332 3141.

WILF A WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
A BENEFIT IN SUPPORT OF UNITY ASSOCIATION

ASWAD

WITH GUESTS *RAS ANGELS* & MESSIAH SOUNDS

PORCHESTER HALL
PORCHESTER ROAD, QUEENSWAY W.2

FRIDAY 29TH MAY 7.30 P.M.
TICKETS £3.00 ON THE NIGHT OR FROM UNITY-229 2266
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CINEMAS

CURZON EASTBOURNE
(0323) 31441
Sunday May 24th Only — 2pm till 10pm
WOODSTOCK (X)
+ THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME (A)
+ THE COMMODORES ON TOUR NATURAL HIGH (U)
+ PINK FLOYD LIVE AT POMPEII (U)
IN ONE FANTASTIC SHOW
Tickets £2.60 on the door including Packed Tea.

ERIC MITCHELL'S
UNDERGROUND U.S.A
The new cult movie of the summer
music by
The Lounge Lizards
Tamla motown
James White &
The Blacks
ICA CINEMATHEQUE
THE MALL · SW1 · 930 3647

ROTTERS
ST JOHNS PRECINCT, LIVERPOOL (Tel 051-709 0771)

Wednesday 10 June

JUDIE TZUKE
+ MAESTOSO

Featuring Wooly Wolstenholme from Barclay James Harvest
Advance Tickets: £3.00

Tickets by post from **PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS, 20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.** *Enclose SAE for other outlets and times see local press.* Must be over 18 years of age. No dress restrictions. No membership required

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FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT
BILL NELSON
JOSEF K & A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
in Heaven

9.00PM-3.00AM · MONDAY · JUNE 1ST

OVER 18's ONLY. HEAVEN IS UNDER THE ARCHES AT CHARING CROSS, WC2. TICKETS £3.00 FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE, BONKY TONK, BONAPARTE AND PREMIER BOX OFFICE OR ON THE NIGHT

WARNER WEST END 1 2 3 4

LEICESTER SQUARE 439 0791
LICENSED BAR FULLY AIR-CONDITIONED ADVANCE BOOKING

1 SHIRLEY MacLAINE ANTHONY HOPKINS
BO DEREK
A Change of Seasons AA
From Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company
Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER Distributors
© 1981 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved
Progs: 2.15, 4.20, 6.25, 8.30. Late show Fri & Sat 11pm.

2 THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES
SUPERMAN II A
© DC COMICS Inc. 1980 All Rights Reserved
From Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company
Released by COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER Distributors © 1981 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved
Progs: 12.45 (not Sun), 3.15, 5.45, 8.20
Late show Fri and Sat 11pm

3 CINEMA CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS

4 CINEMA CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 21st & Friday 22nd May £1
CHRIS THOMPSON & FRIENDS
featuring Stevie Lange

Saturday 23rd May £1
JACKIE LYNTON BAND

Sunday 24th May £1
LITTLE ROOSTERS
+ The Avengers

Monday 25th May £1
MODERN ROMANCE
+ Shattered Dolls

Tuesday 26th May 70p
T 3 4 + Alsations

Wednesday 27th May £1
CHUCK FARLEY
featuring Geoff Whitehall & ex Meal Ticket

Thursday 28th May £1
CHRIS THOMPSON & FRIENDS

APOLLO VICTORIA

DEREK BLOCK presents

UB40
+ THE BLACK MUSIC CO-OP

FRIDAY 19th JUNE 7·30pm

ALL TICKETS £3·50 (£2·50 Dole Card Holders)
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE (01·437 2663) & ALL USUAL AGENTS.

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON W1

Derek Block presents

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
& THE INVISIBLE GIRLS
PLUS SUPPORT
SATURDAY 30th MAY 8pm

TICKETS £3·00 £2·50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, & USUAL AGENTS.

DATA CONTROL

LIVE ADS

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THE DECORATORS
THU. MAY 21. 'Ring-road soul which makes Uxbridge sound poetic,' reported N.M.E.

THE FRESHIES
FRI. 22. Mancunian Chris Sievey's risk-taking/piss-taking pop/bop combo whose ode to a Virgin cashier was a recent turntable hit. But not on the John Peel show.

FLATBACKERS
SAT. The next all-girl hard-rock band to chart? DIY45, 'Pumping Iron, well received at the radio stations and follow-up has achieved play-list status. More invention than Girlschool.

SUN. BLACK MARKET + THINGS IN BAGS + UKRAINE

MON. THE SPEEDOS

TUE. THE LAUGHING APPLE + [illegible]

REMIPEDS
WED 27. Aim for comedy and border on Madness. Whirligig of influences - ol to over-the-top - but your feet will like it.

MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
THU. 28. Strange but successful combination which manages the cross over from bondage punk to one-eyed haircut. Compromising neither.

THE DOORS OPEN 8.45 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN
PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1927
FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

TWO BREWERS
114 CLAPHAM HIGH ST, SW11
BLACK MARKET
Monday 25th May

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane
West Hampstead NW8

Wednesday 20th May — £1.50
STILLETTO + The Chevrons
Thursday 21 May — £1.50
THE CARPETTES + Nouveau-a-go go
Friday 22nd May — £2.00
DOLLY MIXTURES + The Stiffs
Saturday 23rd May — £1.50
RED BEANS & RICE + Fast Eddie
Sunday 24th May — £1.50
JUMP SQUAD + The Whizz Kids
Monday 25th May — £1.50
FUTURE DAZE + The Silence
Tuesday 26th May — £1.50
THE THINKS + Kleen Hills
Wednesday 27th May — £1.50
THE COLOURS + Zeitgeist
For information ring Pete 624 7611

Electric Stadium
Thursday 21 May
THE WHIZZ KIDS
+ The Suggestion
Friday 22 May
IAN MITCHELL BAND
+ Terry Vision & The Screens
Saturday 23 May
TOUR DE FORCE
+ True Life Confessions
Sunday 24 May
HEAVY METAL NIGHT
SPOILERS
(ex Blackfoot Sue)
Monday 25 May
GREAT 60's ROADSHOW
THE ARTIST
+ Limehouse
Tuesday 26 May
RIO & THE ROBOTS
+ The Directions
Wednesday 27 May
Futurist Night
SMALL CHANGE
OPEN: 8pm — 12pm (10.30 SUNDAY)
ADMISSION: £1 (£1.50 FRI or SAT)
NEAREST B/R GOODMAYES OR CHADWELL HEATH. REGULAR NIGHT BUS N98 TO CENTRAL LONDON

ROTTERS
Silver St Doncaster (Tel 0302 27448)
Porterhouse Promotions Present
TUESDAY 26 MAY
XTC
Advance Tickets: £3.00
Tickets by post from **PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS, 20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.** *Enclose SAE for other outlets and times see local press.* Must be over 18 years of age. No Dress Restrictions. No Membership Required.

STAR & GARTER, PUTNEY
presents
in aid of Help a London Child
THE HARP PARTY
featuring
Johnny Mars, Mark Feltam
Charlie Murray,
Peter Hope Evans, Skid Marx, Mark Hughes
+ Special Guests
Thursday 28th May
Suggested Contribution £1.50

WILF A WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
A BENEFIT IN SUPPORT OF THE TABERNACLE COMMUNITY CENTRE
GEORGE MELLY
Combo Passé
TONY ALLEN | TESCO BOMBERS
AT THE TABERNACLE
POWIS SQUARE OFF PORTOBELLO RD. W11
monday 25th may
ADMISSION ON THE NIGHT £2.00 7.30 P.M. INFO. 221 5172

★ RAINBOW LIVE ★ RAINBOW LIVE ★
MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
Offer you the long awaited opportunity of seeing
Ritchie Blackmore's
RAINBOW
at Vorst National, Brussels, on Friday 19th June
THE PRICE OF £52 INCLUDES
★ A Ticket for the Concert
★ A First Class Hotel with Breakfast
★ A Return Luxury Coach Trip to Brussels
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★ A Night Out in Brussels
A valid passport is required, send cheques or p.o's (with an SAE) made payable to:—
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★ Please send £15 deposit to secure a place on the coach

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Please print clearly in block capitals
Name .....
Address .....
.....
No. of tickets reqd .....
Please make cheques/POs (send no cash) payable to:—
MEAD GOULD PROMOTIONS
Tel: 0702 338651
Rainbow

RAINBOW LIVE ★ RAINBOW LIVE ★ RAINBOW LIVE ★

(01-261 6153)

GARAGELAND

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS
Tel: 0777 704981 Open 8pm–2am

Friday 22nd May £2
THE CRAMPS
+ The Meteors

Monday 25th May £2
BILL NELSON

Saturday 30th May £2
BETTE BRIGHT & THE ILLUMINATIONS

Saturday 23rd May £2
THE MEMBERS

Friday 29th May £2
DEPARTMENT S
+ Bikini Atoll

Friday 5th June £2
DISCHARGE

THE PITS
GREENMAN, EUDTON ROAD, NW1
Licensed 8.30 till 1am — Opp Gt. Portland St. Tube

Thursday 21st May £1.50
OK JIVE
+ The Uprights

Friday 22nd May
CLOSED

Saturday 23rd May
CLOSED

Monday 25th May £1.50
AERIAL F.X.
+ The Telegents

Tuesday 26th May £1.50
THE WANDERERS
+ The News

Wednesday 27th May £1.50
THE MONSTERS
featuring Mike Rossi & Bobo Phoenix
+ Stolen Pets

D.J. SLY FOX

UB40
IN ASSOCIATION WITH DEREK BLOCK
Present Arms
at WALSALL F.C.
(FELLOWS PARK WALSALL)
SATURDAY 13th JUNE 2pm
with Toots & The Maytals
& SPECIAL GUESTS
TICKETS £4·50 (£3·75 to Dole Card Holders)
Available from FELLOWS PARK WALSALL and

BIRMINGHAM	CYCLOPS AND VIRGIN
BRISTOL	VIRGIN
BURTON ON TRENT	R.E. CORDS
COVENTRY	VIRGIN
CHESTER	PENNY LANE
DERBY	R.E. CORDS
HANLEY	MIKE LLOYD RECORDS
LEICESTER	REVOLVER
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MANCHESTER	PICCADILLY
NOTTINGHAM	SELECTA
STAFFORD	LOTUS RECORDS
STOKE ON TRENT	MIKE LLOYD RECORDS
WOLVERHAMPTON	SUNDOWN

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 21st May £1
ENGLISH SUBTITLES

Friday 22nd May £1
BILLY KARLOFF & THE EXTREMES
+ The Act

Saturday 23rd May £1
SHATTERED DOLLS
+ Dawn Patrol

Monday 25th May £1
THE SHOTS + Support

Tuesday 26th May £1
MATAYA STAGGER
+ P.A.L.B.

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Wednesday 20th May £1.50
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE
+ Art Objects

Thursday 21st May £1.50
BRIAN BRAIN + Flesh Habit

Friday 22nd May £1.75
BLUE ORCHIDS + Phillip Jap

Saturday 23rd May £1.75
WAY OF THE WEST
+ The Imports

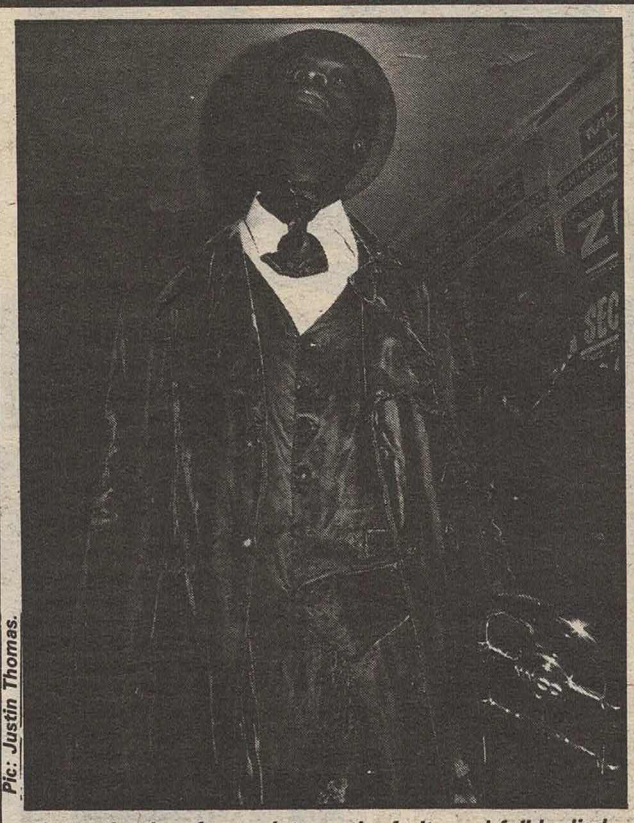
Sunday 24th May £1.50
THE SPIDERS + The Shoppers

Monday 25th May £1.50
THE SAINTS
+ The Public School

Tuesday 26th May £1.50
THE FLYING PADOVANI
+ L Train

Wednesday 27th May £1.50
THE WORK + Safe House
+ The Inevitable
CLUB D J — Joe Lung

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
OUTLAW and KILTORCH present
SPLIT ENZ
DEPARTMENTS
WEDNESDAY 1st JULY 7·30pm
TICKETS £4·00 £3·50 £3·00 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS



Pic: Justin Thomas.

A trombonist of rare vintage, the fruity and full-bodied Vin Gordon, 1981.

Reggae Runnings

DYNAMIC recording artist **Barry Biggs** in London this week for a whistlestop promotional visit regarding the UK release and crossover action of his current 'Wide Awake In A Dream'. The big singer hoping to emulate past national hit titles 'Work All Day', 'Side Show' and 'Three Ring Circus' with his interpretation of the old Blues Busters song, presently breaking in this country via JA Afrik pre. Now it has been pressed on Dynamic discomix by UK licensees Creole, who report favourable dealer reaction. An LP from Barry Biggs is expected to be completed by July.

Empire of Stoke Newington present lovers trio **Angela / Esther / Joan** on a debut 'So He's Yours Now' c/w 'Never Let You Go' (Supreme); and **Freddy Clarke,** 'Fight I Down' c/w **Vin Gordon,** 'Fire Horns' (Jungle Beat — vivid pink vinyl). Both titles issued on discomix and produced by Winston Curtis. Meanwhile, former Empire songstress **Samantha Rose** releases her new disco 'I Won't Stop Loving You' / 'I Can't Believe I'm Losing You' on Third World label Paradise. A Les Cliff production.

Other new discomix releases include: **King Sounds And The Israelites,** 'Brand New Child' c/w King Sounds and the Israelites meet **Sowell,** 'A Living Dub' (Grove Muzic); **Rudolph Francis,** 'Time To Realise' c/w 'Motherless Children' (Kim); **I Benjahman,** 'How Long' (Universal African Improvement Issociation); **Barrington Levy,** 'Jah Give Us Strength' c/w **General Saint,** 'Don't Take Life' (Midnight Rock); **Shirley James** and **Danny Ray,** 'Why Don't You Spend The Night?' c/w **BJ 21,** 'Night In Dub' (Black Jack); and **Third World,** 'Dancing On The Floor (Hooked On Love)' c/w 'Who Gave You (Jah Rastafari)' (CBS).

New up on Jamaican 7-inch pre-release: **Tony Tuff,** 'Lots Of Loving' (Black & White); **Ranking Toyan & Sammy Dread,** 'Natty Step It In Tracks And Socks' (Roots Tradition); **Israel Vibration,** 'Friday Evening' (Israel Vibes); and **Michael Rutherford,** 'Dem A Fight I' c/w **We The People Band,** 'Stop Now' (Ruddy T).

Two big sound system events in London and Birmingham this Friday, May 22. To be held at sounds famous Acton Town Hall, a Rub A Dub Clash Sound Final — commencing from 7.00 pm to 1.00 am — and featuring the three most prominent dub sound in the UK today: **Sir Coxsone** — the dub mantroller, plus **Jah Shaka** — the universal and spiritual dub warrior, plus **Frontline International** — the militant. The organisers claim "six hours of raw undiluted dub a go rub."

And on the same night at the Digbeth Civic Hall, City Centre, Birmingham, live on stage **Musical Youth.** Sounds by **Stereograph** from Brixton, plus **Emperor Nyah** — sounds of HIM in full strength, plus the musically dangerous **Zion Sound,** plus Midland youth champion **Flabbo International.**

Penny Reel

INFORMATION CITY
By Fred Dellar

ANY chance of a complete Taj Mahal discography?
IMOGENE ADAMS, Cork, Eire

● Not really — the blighter keeps turning up on so many compilations and festival albums that even our Angus and the Yamaha Kid have given up trying to keep pace with him. But, if it's any help, I'll list the albums that the New York-born bluesman has released under his own name, these being 'Taj Mahal' (1967), 'The Natch'l Blues' (1968), 'Giant Step' / 'De Ole Folks At Home' (1969), 'The Real Thing' (1971), 'Happy To Be Like I Am' (1971), Recycling The Blues And Other Related Stuff' (1972), 'Ooh So Good 'n' Blues' (1973), 'Sounder' — soundtrack (1973), 'Mo Roots' (1974), 'Music Keeps Me Together' (1975), 'Satisfied 'n' Tickled Too' (1976), 'Anthology 1966-76' (1977) and 'Going Home' (a 1980 compilation of earlier material) all of which surfaced in the UK on Direction or CBS. Then for Warner Brothers he recorded 'Evolution' (1978) before turning up in full direct-cut glory on US Crystal with 'Live And Direct' (1979), most of the tracks from this album being repeated on 'Live' (UK Magnet 1980), which does include three extra cuts.

ON the T-Bone Walker album 'T-Bone Jumps', recently issued by Charly, no details are provided of the band that plays on 'Hypin' Woman Blues', one of the best cuts on the album. Can you fill in the gap?
PHIL JACKSON, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs

● Nope, sorry! Even Leadbitter and Slaven's excellent 'Blues Records' doesn't help much on this one, though it does supply some missing matrix numbers for various 'T-Bone Jumps' cuts, 'Hypin' Woman Blues' being 4402-2D-1, 'Too Much Trouble' (4401-3D-1) and 'On Your Way Blues' (4404-1D-1) also seemingly emanating from the same session. But the rest is mystery.

PAUL MORLEY dangles his dipstick

HERE'S some anger. Great! 'New Criminals' is a compilation of poke groups that have appeared in or are associated with *New Crimes* fanzine. There's three tracks each from **The Synix, The Subhumans, 86-Mix, Stripey Zebras, APF Brigade, Flux Of Pink Indians** and two pieces from **Enola Death.** Sounds seductively, horribly active. Send £1.25 or a C-60 cassette to *New Crimes* c/o Pritty Toons Press, 360 Victoria Avenue, Southend On Sea, Essex, SS2 6NA.

John of *New Crimes* sends his love for a mention which is fair enough I suppose, and then explodes with gorgeous non-*Garageland* passion. "I sent a copy of *New Crimes* fanzine in to you a couple of months ago but it didn't get a mention unlike various crap such as *I-d, Sex, Despatch* etc. . .Is this because NC has nothing in it about posing, tribalism and pretensiousness or because it contains simply my (and a few other people's) own unbiased or biased views and opinions rather than following whatever the latest hip trend is? If you really consider that my zine is such a total non entity unworthy of even ½ inch of your precious column space can I have the copy I sent you back please?"

Ahh, you're too good for the servile *Garageland,* John.

● **The Two-Tone Pinks** are re-releasing their four-track cassette EP 'Verbal Cock Ups', a tape they claim is the first ever cassette re-release. The smart gits will send you a copy if you forward £1 or a blank tape plus SAE to Verbal Records, 57 Jubilee Road, Middleton, Manchester. If I were you I'd use the £1 to buy the Nolans single or send them a cassette of your mum singing in the bath.

● 'Nine From Four Live From Huddersfield' appears to be cautiously selected extracts from a recent rockola concert at the mythical Huddersfield Polytechnic featuring **The Really Nice People, Instant Automatons, The Astronauts** (remember 'The Astronut' cartoon!!) and **Zoundz** — who are probably all relations of Geoff Boycott. If somehow this interests you, 40 minutes of what could be music will cost you £1.50 from Monitor Music, 1A Parry Place, Woowich, London SE18. Soundsa bit too Greasy Truckers for me.

● Information crushed inside an intolerably scruffy envelope informs us that **Mex's** second LP — which of course isn't a real LP but a toy cassette — is out now on (splutter) Dead Hedgehog Enterprises for £1 and this, praise the lord, includes p&p. Send either the postal order or an obscene letter to DHE, 20 St. Johns Road, Watford, Herts.

● If you want 12 minutes of music lustfully inspired by Cabaret Voltaire, Human League and BEF and performed by two boys and a girl (it all sounds too good to be true) then send 70p to 17 Kingsley Park Grove, Sheffield (where else?). Add S11 4HL for good measure. "We only make 7p on each tape," **Klair** bleat. You'll never get anywhere with that attitude, dear hearts. Boost that margin!

● **Dean Johnson's** new cassette collection of his no doubt sweet sweet-nothings will cost you the typical pound. The POs must be payable to L. Hannah. (That 'h' don't fool me, Lynn. You'll never make any money this way. Stick to writing.) Send your order to Pear Records, 79 Kylemore Drive, Heswall, Wirral Merseyside.

● 'Wild Men Of Pop Volume I' is the hugely unimaginative title of the first Toad cassette that features **The Oouttakes, The Shrouds** and **Ollie At The Cuband Cringe.** Why do they bother? If you really want to know send that damned pound to Toad Products, 125 Goldhurst Terrace (don't I know that street?), which is of course in London NW6. You'll also get a Toad Corporation Catalogue. Say whoopee for can life get any better!

● **Benjamin Allen's** C-60 Sony cassette comes wrapped in lime green Andrex (too vulgar my sweet) and is music made by playing a drum machine through a synthesiser. "The keyboard is not used," explains Benjamin. Quote of the year! Send £1.50 to Benji at 1, Carnhill Avenue Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim, N. Ireland. And for four second-class stamps and a couple of wet kisses, Benji will send you Cabaret Magazine number six which contains Eyeless In Gaza, the wonderful Cabaret Voltaire, information on the cassette folk industry and the odd collage.

● Fancy folk dance music rattled out in a heavenly non-folkist way? Sounds positively painful, but Keith Baxter seems such a polite correspondent I'm sure you could develop quite a friendship if you send £1.25 to 21, Fillebrook Avenue, Leigh On Sea, Essex, SS9 3NS. For this you'll get 'Get Your Skates On' (C-30) by **The Folk Pistols** and maybe an invitation for a holiday.

● David of the Bizarre Steaks collective with far too much politeness asks us to note that the collective's first cassette, a C-60 from **Royal Gun Joy,** is available if you send a blank tape and an SAE to 60 D, London Road, Brentwood Essex. Don't send a tape, send a love letter!

● **Prevent Forest Fires** wish it to be known that they are inspired by Joy Division and The Beatles. Yet they are an acoustic duo! Feel like investigating? Rather you than me, but send your 90p to Mike Lewis at 14, Winnard Avenue, Rhyl, Clwyd and you'll get your C-60 tape. One side recorded 'live' and one side recorded in a bedroom. Bedroom tapes should be *so* exciting, but I doubt this is.

● Does anybody ever send off for those cassettes? This could be the last ever *Garageland* entry *ever.* We're having a meeting about it next week. So, **Subtle Hits** of Wallasey, fame could be yours. *Garageland* addicts get your final fix by sending a very blank cassette to Subtle Hits Demo, 1 Grosvenor Drive, Brighton, Wallasey. "Thank you very much indeed," they say. Aw shucks, don't mention it. I mean it.

John Cooper Clarke
'Me And My Big Mouth'
The best from the Bard of Salford including Gimmix and Beasley Street. On tour with The Invisible Girls in May.
Album or cassette
Epic

DAVID BOWIE BLACK BOOK

There is no other book about Bowie like this one! Captures the magic of Bowie like nothing in print ever has before. Packed with brilliant colour pictures that actually seem to come alive as you turn the pages! Bowie on stage, relaxing, at play, with friends. Plus scores of rare black and white shots. Unique page-by-page, year-by-year presentation tells Bowie's life with startling clarity. From the grey streets of Brixton in South East London to scintillating stage triumph on Broadway. Controversial musician, extravagant philosopher, dedicated actor — David Bowie's extraordinary talent leaps out from every page of this spectacular book. Over 125 spell-binding pages. £5.95.

OP 40129 £5.95

To: Mail Order Music, Camden House, 71 High Street, Newmarket, Suffolk. Please send me David Bowie Black Book. I enclose £6.50 which includes postage and packing.

Name _____

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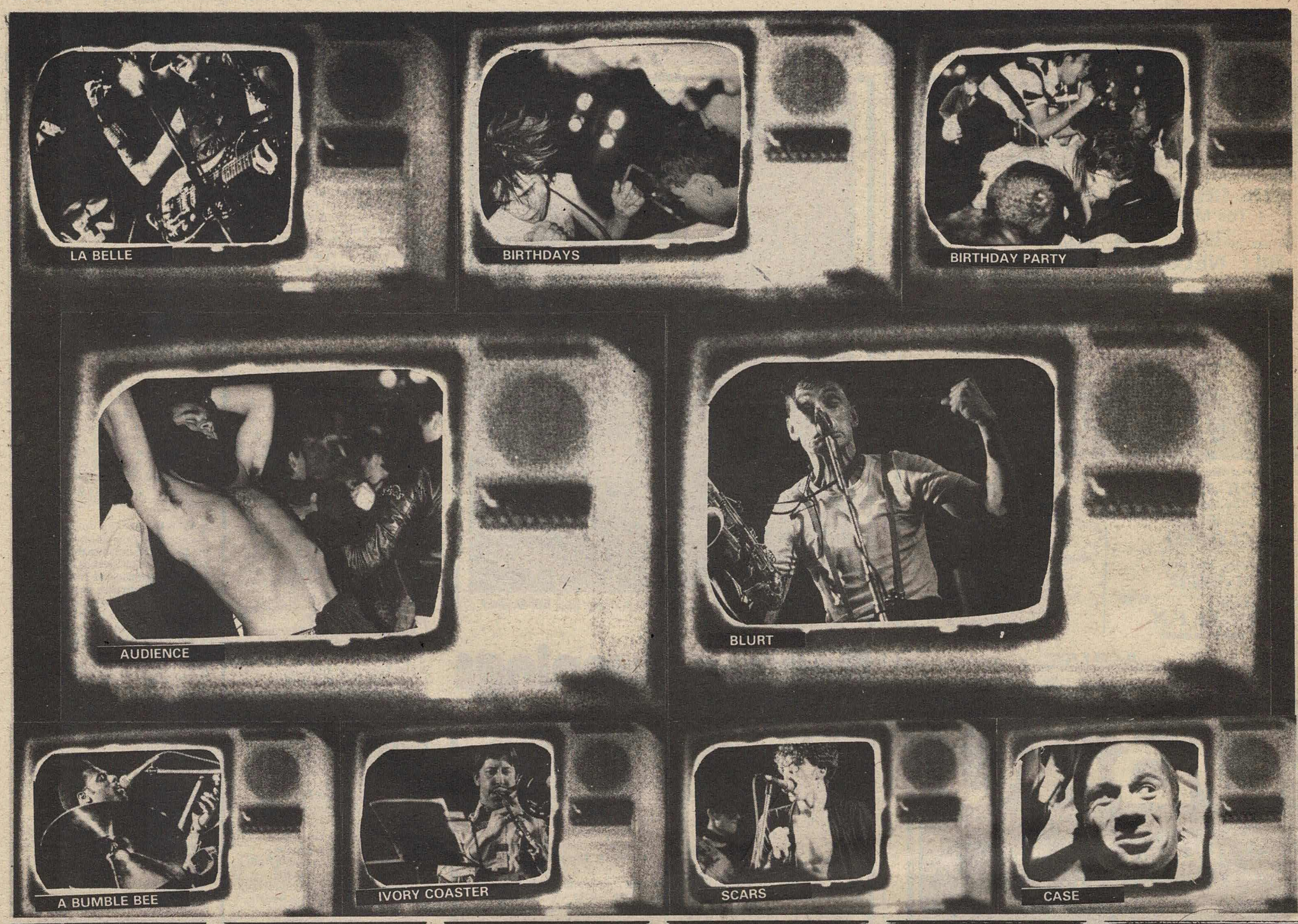


Belle Stars Talisman Kan Kan

Tuesday

THE GATES of The Mall are open, the day membership cards are handed out and another ICA rock week is upon us. Originally intended as a capital showcase for the more radical out-of-town groups — the first rock week centred attention on last year's 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation — the event has since widened scope to establish a diverting alternative to some of London's more humdrum nightspots.

In an effort to further expand its appeal, the theme of the latest rock week, compiled by Capital Radio DJ and Oval Records supremo Charlie Gillett, is video — a sight for sore ears, as the posters put it.

As a response to the video's increasing importance in rock, the ICA's gesture is more than welcome if a little overdue, videoscreens having been an integral part of New York nightlife for well over a year.

The opening night's screen sound and vision, however, fell well below expectations, the first series of shorts consisting of standard 1977 fare — those time-worn scenarios of towerblocks, tubes, police, thieves and white riot stories set to a soundtrack of vintage Pistols, Clash and X-Ray Spex. To follow this with a selection of rock Stiff promo stock — Tenpole, Lovich, Equators, King Carasco — hardly made for riveting viewing, only the magnificent Madness videos showing hints of the true potential of the format.

For what it is worth, the late Cabaret Futura's more diverse musical selection of Smokey Robinson, Talking Heads and Costello would have been far superior *on the night*.

And so to the groups, all of whom were filmed in action and simultaneously relayed onto the dozen or so screens dotted around the hall and bar.

South London quintet Kan Kan attempt to play quirky and quarrelsome pop but end up providing dull and earnest minor league pomp-rock. Their single 'Film Noir' is typical of their over-cinematic approach.

They close their set with 'Beat On The Drum', the inevitable tribal funk number complete with a token trumpet and the obligatory Burundi drums. Genuine they might be. Convincing they are not.

Talisman, a multiracial reggae septet from St Paul's in Bristol, are a far more persuasive proposition; a potent mix of melody and militancy. The crux of their appeal lies in their front-line of three vocalists, who also contribute the choppy bass and guitar between them.

A lead singer who seems to have perfected the halting, stuttering vocal style of the late Jacob 'Killer' Miller is flanked by two others who add their humour and harmony with keyboards, sax and a propulsive drummer fleshing out their well-balanced sound.

The lyrics of songs like 'Nitty Gritty' (*"When it comes to the nitty gritty, you ain't no good"*) and 'Living In The Dole Age' might appear a little hackneyed, but the sentiments and sincerity are beyond doubt.

Newly-signed to Stiff, The Belle Stars will soon doubtlessly be exploring the potential of the pop video with the same vigour and vitality as their new labelmates Madness when their debut single 'Hiawatha' is released at the end of the month.

Their hard-hitting visuals are as colourful and natural on the screens around the ICA as they are on the stage.

But looking sharp is nothing without musical muscle and The Belle Stars are as exciting an aural treat as they are visually (im)posing.

The melodies are rich and tremulous, embellished with a teasing tropical flavour and tacky charm. Impish singer Jennie's deep, husky voice is perfect for some of the more bluesy songs, although it is their uptempo stuff that provides a more satisfying progression from the early Bodysnatchers' infectious *joie de vivre*.

They skip effortlessly between the sleazy New Orleans bar-room bluesbeat of the graceful 'Nobody's Fool' and the samba sensuality of the anthemic 'Having A Good Time' to the fizzy pop of 'The Loner' and the scatty, sexy cool-jerking 'Mule Jerk' toast.

The purists will probably claim they are simply a watered-down sum of their influences. The Belle Stars can justifiably retort with their anthem. They're just having a good time. And how! And . . . wow!

Archibald Thrills

Fad Gadget Sunshine And Eddie Self Control Matt Fretton

Wednesday

LOOKING A right lonesome berk singing along to synth-dominated backing tapes, Matt Fretton nevertheless grows on you. He has a certain vocal power which incorporates the differing drones of Johns Lydon and Foxx.

Any animation which Fretton aroused in the audience was quickly drained away by Self Control. You've heard this lot and their dull futile muzak a million times before: a drum machine all tick and no tock, bass, synth, guitar and vocals midway between Talking Heads and Joy Division.

Muzak was originally invented so that the workforce could labour merrily along to it, so I assume that Self Control's gloomy variety is directed at the unemployed. Young claimants deserve better . . . The band should try listening to 'Grey Day' by Madness: music *can* be about a dispiriting subject and not sound like a sermon from a Beckett character living in a dustbin.

No need to tell Sunshine And Eddie this. In evening dress they started with 'Times Are Hard', which invokes Brecht as much as Noel Coward, music hall as much as performance art. The duo cover some weird and disturbing territory (remember, they used to be in psycho-wally outfit Gloria Mundi) but with great delicacy and wit, most effectively during what amounts to a re-write of 'My Back Pages', when a slideshow is used to project photos from Sunshine and Eddie's childhood and adolescence. Spooky memory lane.

Although the music mainly came via backing tapes, the partners played keyboards and guitar. They also played their stage personas with great aplomb, economically using props like telephone and flowers. Sunshine especially is a natural actress: one of her knowing smirks could launch a thousand ships . . . More!

Fad Gadget is great on vinyl. Atmospheric, strange and humorous, he comes at you with his warming electronics. Live, he's a different proposition. His Spizz 'n' Iggy antics work neither as shock nor parody. I mean, how pathetic: pulling hair from your head and chest and forgetting to do so from inside the old snout.

Maybe this was because for the first few numbers ('Back To Nature', 'Newsreel' etc) he had on a sort of Cyrano de Bergerac mask. Others in the band (synth, percussion, bass) wore similarly funny gear, looking like extras from 'The Wicker Man' or a Phil Molloy film. Ex-Wire drummer Rob Gotobed opted for his customary bare chest.

The numbers got longer and more boring, together with the set. 'Pedestrian' was leaden: just arty rock without the guitar. The audience started to thin out. Even the art groupies — male and female — stopped watching Fad and his lads.

Paul Tickell

Altered Images Manufactured Romance Case

Thursday

THERE'S NO denying that the ICA's doom pop genre pioneering was becoming awfully precious, something they've sensibly shattered with this more eclectic series of entertainments. Fad Gadget, Blurt, Eddie And Sunshine, The Belle Stars and tonight's Altered Images are far more representative of today's pop (with a zing!) than the programmers' earlier sallies into the second hand visions of the later-come second division of Northern gloom mongers.

This evening's institutionalised pub punk gathering is mercifully free of the *Sunday Times* trend followers the ICA normally attracts. The audience is feisty and thirsty, and they're well catered for by the bar and the first two spunky groups. But some of the ruder sensibilities aren't prepared to tolerate Altered Images' dizzy dabblings in Wonderland.

If The Images' disciplined musical motions appeal, Clair, gaily dressed in white and tripping around the garden like Alice, is too much of an affront to someone, who hurls a pint of beer in her face. Momentarily shocked, she rushes off, only to return minutes later, dried off and unperturbed.

Altered Images suggest wide-eyed innocence thrown off-centre by the sense of menace lurking beneath the metallic sheeny surface. They're the light to The Banshees' shade, but if you really want comparisons go see *Picnic At Hanging Rock*. Clair precariously balances a coy little girl presence against genuine wide-eyed amazement — expressed by a voice that invariably rises from a whisper to a whoop — and mostly makes it across the wire unmolested. 'Dead Popstars' is much better live than on record — more clearly defined — and 'The Birthday Party' pops out atcha, too.

The earlier Manufactured Romance are also innocence regained — sort of. Theirs is a roughed-up retread of '60s classic hurt pop worked through pub rock. The Romance's cuddly barmaid of a singer is a post-punk Lulu whose tough front looks like it'll dissolve into tears, given a presistent push. Her polite back up boys aren't likely to do it, but they provide a suitable shoulder for her to lean on in their engaging patchwork of trebly, jangling guitars.

The much-touted between songs videos are a disappointment — the valuable documents *Don Lett's Punk Movie* and *Shell Shock Rock* aside. The rest are mainly pop single

promos, expensive ads varying in quality and lavishness. Spizz's 'Soldier Soldier' and two PiL shorts stand out, otherwise the video programming is remarkably unadventurous having none of the spark of the Peter Shelton-programmed Cabaret Futura rooms, which include more imaginative, visually oriented cassettes that more properly intergrate the music.

The best — Letts' movie — comes too early for most people, shown as it is before openers Case. Probably just as well because Case would find it a difficult act to follow. Their all-lads-together booze and skittles music is to punk what The Faces were to The Rolling Stones: more cheeky grins than leery, or threatening.

The mess is endearing for about 15 minutes and after that it depends on your toleration factor for action-packed cartoon buffoonry.

Chris Bohn

Scars
Bim

Friday

BIM were awful. Introduced by the ubiquitous Spizz as 'a really exciting new band' — good one, that? — they are a competent but tedious rock group, flabby and flatulent, a Pythonesque parody of modern popsters.

Vocalist Cameron McVey is particularly irritating. He is countinuously bluff and obnoxious, but his bravado recalls not the provocative arrogance of a Rotten or Rowland but the strutting smugness of a Jagger or Stewart.

The music is basically dull and derivative, a conventional approach enlivened only by the occasional keyboard flourish. The group are young, so they may improve, but they'll have to do something about that singer.

The videos are more diverse, the best being some of the promotional shorts, most notably UB40's superb 'Dream A Lie' black and white minstrel sketch and Spizz's 'Soldier Soldier', a barely-disguised send up of the average over-stated Boomtown Rats video.

Despite their tenacious re-emergence via that vivid Pre LP, The Scars were a severe disappointment. The crisp focus and tension achieved by producer Robert Blamire in the studio is transformed into bombastic swank on the stage.

They share some of the shortcomings of their soulmates U2, being sadly unable to recreate the subtlety and purity of their music in a live context, limited by sound problems and frustrated by the rigidity of the nationwide tour.

The Scars have the songs — the singles 'Adult/ery' and 'All About You', the epic 'Obsessions' and their interpretation of the Peter Porter poem 'Your Attention Please' are all outstanding. They have the looks, aceface Rob King and crystal guitarist Paul Research having been purveyors of the new glam(orous) rock for over two years, long before its current fashionability. They even have a neat backdrop, performing in front of a colourful recreation of their 'Author! Author!' sleeve.

What they lack is the space and the showmanship that their passionately physical rock demands — no pop, or style.

Archibald Thrills.

Blurt
The Birthday Party
Ivory Coasters

Saturday

SCREENS HERE, there and everywhere. And sinister men with cameras on their shoulders, like two-headed creatures, who follow you silently — with their cable-tails trailing and tripping up unsuspecting punters.

Tonight's openers Ivory Coasters, however, aren't so hot on visuals: a relaxed eightsome in beards and T-shirts, they're obviously unattuned to the New Narcissism that keeps half this audience staring at the nearest TV in case they're on it. Ivory Coasters, though, need not rush out to invest in pantaloons and big girls' blouses — because, on the strength of their music, this group's got a good thing going already.

That thing is something like this: a dance-happy, polyrhythmic melting pot of styles, encompassing funk and Latin, jazz and jive and several others besides. There are no vocals, just a sound of great range and texture, balancing a three-man horn line with the two guitars, drums and bass behind.

After all the sweat and effort that band put into creating an atmosphere of free-and-easy enjoyment, it was almost a shame to let The Birthday Party come along and wreck it. Wreck it they did, with a vengeance. Birthday Party are very anguished, angular, angry. Awkwardly dressed in the sort of things that you get given by well-meaning older relatives, and looking paler, unhealthier than a self-confessed Australian has a right to, singer Nick Cave sets the tone . . . diseased, dis-eased.

"Hideous . . ." he shudders, a bleak mutant cross of Ian Curtis and Tenpole Tudor. In the shadowy background the Party people's music howls and growls with godforsaken desolation. And what a *sensational* sound that is! 'Happy Birthday', 'Zoo-Music Girl', 'A Dead Song', 'King Ink' — all pour out with unrelenting drama. Grim and bare, The Birthday Party's sound is something like the Pop Group's, though fallen from gracefulness. It would be harrowing in its intensity, if it weren't for a certain dark humour you can see crawling around the black undergrowth of these ferocious lyrics.

Blurt, who were the headline act this evening, should not play live at all. Similarly their LPs should come without records inside, just lyric sheets. Of course, this is purely a personal opinion; but on tonight's showing I get the smug feeling I'd have a majority on my side. Ted Milton is a very funny poet who often picks his targets with wit and wicked precision — but that saxophone of his leads him into all sorts of mischief, as do accomplices Pete Creese (guitar) and brother Jake (drums) and the mystery leopard-skinned jammer who joined them.

Early on we were treated to 'Cherry Blossom Polish' (though given Ted's near-zero audibility even that was lost on anyone not already familiar), but after that it was improvised noise all the way. A long, long way. Wasting the true source of whatever potential appeal he had, Milton frittered the night away on indifferent funk rhythm-ing and tedious sax squealing — he should have been talking.

Paul Du Noyer

Girls At Our Best!
Bumble And The Bees
Animal Answer

Sunday

OPENING the final show, Animal Answer are an odd five-strong assortment. Both their performance and eccentric upmarket jumble sale apparel signify the dread words *Art School* in a big way — but let's not hold that against them. Let's find something else instead.

Animal Answer: the name implies some Furious Pig style assault of snorts, grunts and squeals, but as it turns out they're more ordinary than that — almost nondescript. Fronted by a girl singer and a worried-looking fellow on guitar and sax, AA play rather tuneless modern rock that tries hard without, in the end, going anywhere in particular. By the time AA are massively important, around 1983, I shall of course be pretending to have seen all manner of promise in this early ICA gig. But for now all I can say is that if the Fates have allocated AA with any portion of genius then it hasn't, as yet, arrived.

And so to Bumble And The Bees — not to be confused with the legendary B. Bumble And The Stingers, by the way. As our compere Spizz points out, this act is that unusual thing, a reggae group with no drummer. If that sounds all dodgy and conceptual to you, then relax: B And The B's are perfectly straightforward, not in the least 'wacky', and very good at what they do.

There are five of them: a singer/percussion-thingist, a bass, two guitars and (curiouser and curiouser) a violinist. I might as well add, though I'm not certain why I should, that they're also racially mixed, complexions ranging from brown to sort of pinkish. The key word in describing their music is probably pleasant: no faint praise, either, because it's distinctively melodic, and fluent and fine for dancing to if you do that kind of thing. I can even remember the songs: stuff like 'Working Class', 'Plastic World' and I Make My Own Reasons For Living' . . . the approach is broadly social-realist, but in a mild, good-humoured way. The Bees' music, it has to be said, is honey-flavoured. Taste it and see.

All of which brings us, in that funny way support groups have, to our headlining attraction Girls At Our Best! (Musn't forget the screamer.) This was my second viewing, and though I'm not sure I've yet seen them *at* their best, tonight's standard was more than all right by me.

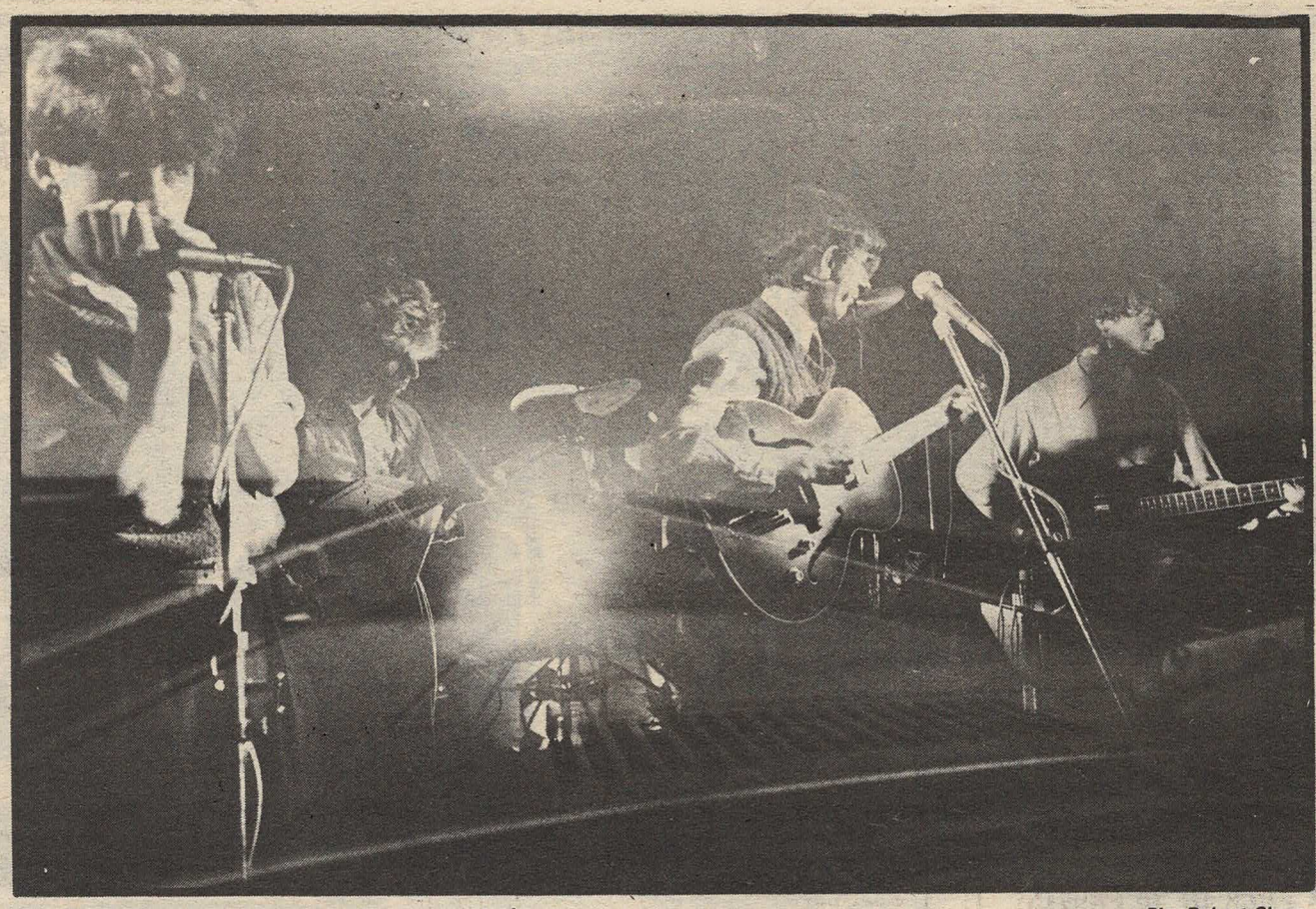
Unsurprisingly it's the familiar things, drawn from the three GAOB! 45s, which hit home the most effectively: 'I'm Beautiful Now' and 'Go For Gold' are especially welcome, although 'Warm Girls' and 'Getting Nowhere Fast' work well also.

The voice of Judy Evans is choirboy high, and just as clear and sweet. The other Girls, by contrast, offer a thick and muddy rumble. James Alan (guitar), Gerard Swift (bass) and Carl Harper (drums) plough on stubbornly, occasionally forge ahead magnificently. There's a marked tendency for them to depend on those robust, 'Anarchy In The UK' block-chords — but offset against Judy's pure singing and some cleverly-constructed songs, it all works out.

Powerful, but not clumsy, and tuneful without being insipid: Girls At Our Best! are going somewhere, fast.

Paul Du Noyer

Summertime Bluebells



The Bluebells — pop blooms in the strangest places. *Pic: Robert Sharp.*

Sir Douglas Quintet

Venue

DOUG SAHM and band haven't played here for 15 years — the days when London was swinging.

In 1981 Sahm is fortunate enough to seem entirely relevant again. Age hasn't withered his absurd notion that people in the capital always call each other "mate", buy their gear in Carnaby Street and idolise The Rolling Stones. Perhaps he's right.

Whatever Doug's idiosyncrasies, his speed rap music remains highly colourful and entertaining stuff, while the current band boasts all the attributes that have kept the sounds of Odessa such an enduring and endearing musical force.

The unique vox embellishments of Augie Meyers and Johnny Perez' loose and fluid drumming kept the tempo lubricated in the grand style of vintage Quintet, from whence Douglas was pleased to draw a stack of excellent hits and party stoppers. He does something that seems simple but isn't — he produces the ultimate bar music at the drop of a Stetson.

Meyers and Sahm steered through familiars like 'Cucuracha', 'San Antone' and 'Rain, Rain, Rain'; with a verve that was enhanced by Doug's immaculate phrasing and Augie's easy understanding of Tex-Mex, Cajun and R&B juke joint.

Newer additions Louis Ortega on guitar and Speedy Sparks on bass sounded like they'd been brought up on the hot stuff too. I lost consciousness somewhere in between the Quintet's dance crazy version of Sam the Sham, ? and Rocky Erickson but recovered normal vision in time to assess that this group has a million subtle evocations of Texan heritage to play with, from Freddy Fender to T-Bone Walker.

By the end of a riotous evening, it was noticeable that a fair proportion of the paying customers were young and smart and sporting a hybrid of the swinging gear that first greeted Doug Sahm back in '65. Brian Jones may not be at the airport to meet him in 1981 but he'll be a durned fool varmint if he leaves the next visit to 1996.

Max Bell

The Bluebells Aubrey Reilly

Valentinos, Edinburgh

IN TRUE Valentinos tradition — a bit of a happening.

Films, videos, an Edinburgh trio who have a bit of trouble timing their backing tapes, the disco; then — from Glasgow — the gang show!

Unannounced, a rather unassuming youth saunters onstage, switches on his ever-ready drum-machine, selects a snappy beat, and wanders over to a microphone to deliver a strange half-sung, half-spoken manic monologue, the essence of which seems to be that he needs a small fortune to construct a fall-out shelter.

He frantically draws both hands through his hair, while all around me, jaws drop in varying degrees. Aubrey Reilly — the portable entertainer — man in a suitcase. Just as suddenly, the message ends and he exits to make way for The Bluebells.

This is only their second appearance, but already they have provoked praise (two local labels have expressed interest) and scorn (local DJ Billy 'the new wave monster' Sloan dismissed them on his radio show in a scathing torrent of contempt).

In recent years, there have been very few musical innovators in Glasgow groups. . . The Bluebells have several things in common with Orange Juice. They share some influences; the same basic group set-up; and as yet tend towards a similar use of the drums and bass in places — but at the same time are as distinctively individual as Orange Juice themselves.

They also share the same enthusiastic manager, Mark (who was still in the cradle during the age of the 'satin bomber' mentality), and may end up sharing the same label.

But they are not a parody. Taking Orange Juice as an inspiration is a good deal more healthy than taking the fashionable main road to the heart of darkness. Of course, they're far from perfect — falling apart at times, the vocals, harmonies and guitars need smartening-up, shaping-out. . . and some of the song titles — 'Some Sweet Day', 'Happy Birthday', 'Precious Gift' — sounded altogether wimpy. But then again, cynics probably laughed when the Fab Four penned 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand'!

Despite their obvious nerves — the bass player alternately grinning widely and blushing deeply — they were clearly enjoying themselves. The drummer's brother joined in on harmonica for the last song: a welcome addition — they should quickly make him a permanent feature. . .

In these early days, already a summer sound for all seasons.

Kirsty McNeill

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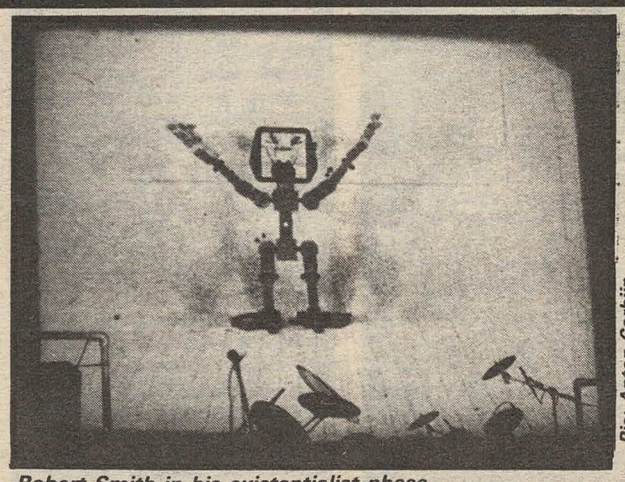

Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Robert Smith in his existentialist phase.

Incurable!

The Cure

Hammersmith Odeon

THE EVENING started and ended with music from Joy Division, appropriate as I heard 'She's Lost Control' coming through at least twice during The Cure's set, but everybody's doing it and they're better than most.

The difference is that JD created a mood and then said something with it, where The Cure simply create a mood, the lyrics comparing with the very worst sixth form poetry: *"dancing at the funeral party" indeed!*

First, *Carnage Visors*, an animated film shown on a large screen, with stills of the puppets in various positions appearing simultaneously on two smaller ones. I found it tedious and totally incomprehensible, the band's haunting soundtrack adding nothing to it.

The three imaginary boys take their places as it ends, silhouetted against the screens now used to much greater effect as blocks of colour in the sparse lighting scheme.

To avoid monotony, they vary the tone from intense through to very intense, but while the latter is atmospheric and sombre, any idiot with a synthesizer and a smattering of Kafka can do the same. It's when the angst is added to a pop sensibility, the synth swapped for that hollow, twangy guitar that they excel. Then I can love The Cure.

The earlier, quirky and fragile tunes like '10.15' and 'Boys Don't Cry' show up the grim 'Faith' tracks for the empty poses that they are; and the more meaningful they try to be, the less they actually manage to say.

They deserve an audience of earnest young men of the type found at New Order gigs to share their collective angst, but instead were faced with hoardes of 'O' and 'A' Level students, closet existentialists who yell for 'A Forest' all the way through, and sing along as if they were at a Gary Glitter show, spoiling the whole atmosphere by smiling when they should have been depressed.

The encore, of course, was 'Killing An Arab', a song that was released while I was still at school, knee deep in French Lit. and existentialism myself. Which leads to Jean-Paul's Inevitable Question: Are you free, Robert Smith?

Sheryl Garratt

Way Of The West

Rock Garden

WAY Of The West are currently earning respect for standing outside the going norms of style and attitude, despite having their first single, 'Don't Say That's Just For White Boys', produced by Richard Strange and packaging it in a sleeve that could be a rejection from the Spandau school of musclebound graphics.

Unfortunately, consciously sidestepping the pitfalls of paying lip service to the mode of the moment does not seem to have left them with very much else. 'White Boys' has found favour with many, but I don't personally reckon very much on it, and live they do not come up with any surprises to counter this impression.

At best a sort of pub-rock Gang of Four without the politics — or very much of the funk either — Way Of The West fail for the greater part of their set to rise above the mundane. Pete Carney's voice is distinctive, but it's also thin and lacks range, and Andy Saunders' dour presence to the left of the stage is a reflection of his unemotive guitar technique and backup vocals. Liz Weller, standing preened and exotic between these two, is what one politely describes as a solid bass player.

Opening with the tight club funk of 'Monkey Love', they move deftly through about 13 numbers without once appearing to enjoy themselves. When they follow 'Monkey Love' with a number entitled 'Background Noise', one feels they've hit the nail on the head. 'White Boys', despite gaining from the added power of Dave Bonefoy's drums live, is still no more than rudimentary art rock.

The impression one obtains from Way Of The West's music is roughly that of Pete Carney's chosen image — neat, cultured, fey, classless. They may well go on to accomplish great things, but there were no real pointers to that at the Rock Garden.

Barney Hoskyns

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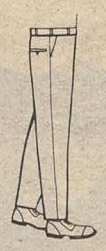

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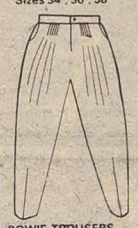

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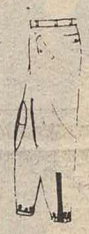

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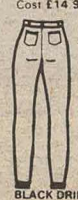

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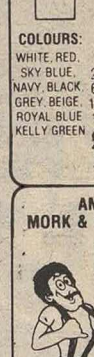

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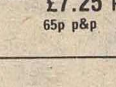

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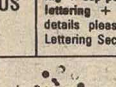

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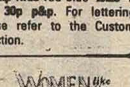


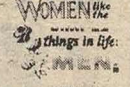
07008 HE DESERVES THE FINEST

09001 STAMP OUT PREDJUDICE — HATE EVERYBODY

07058 BE SEEN WITH ME

06019 THE MEEK

05058 SEX INSTRUCTOR FIRST LESSON FREE



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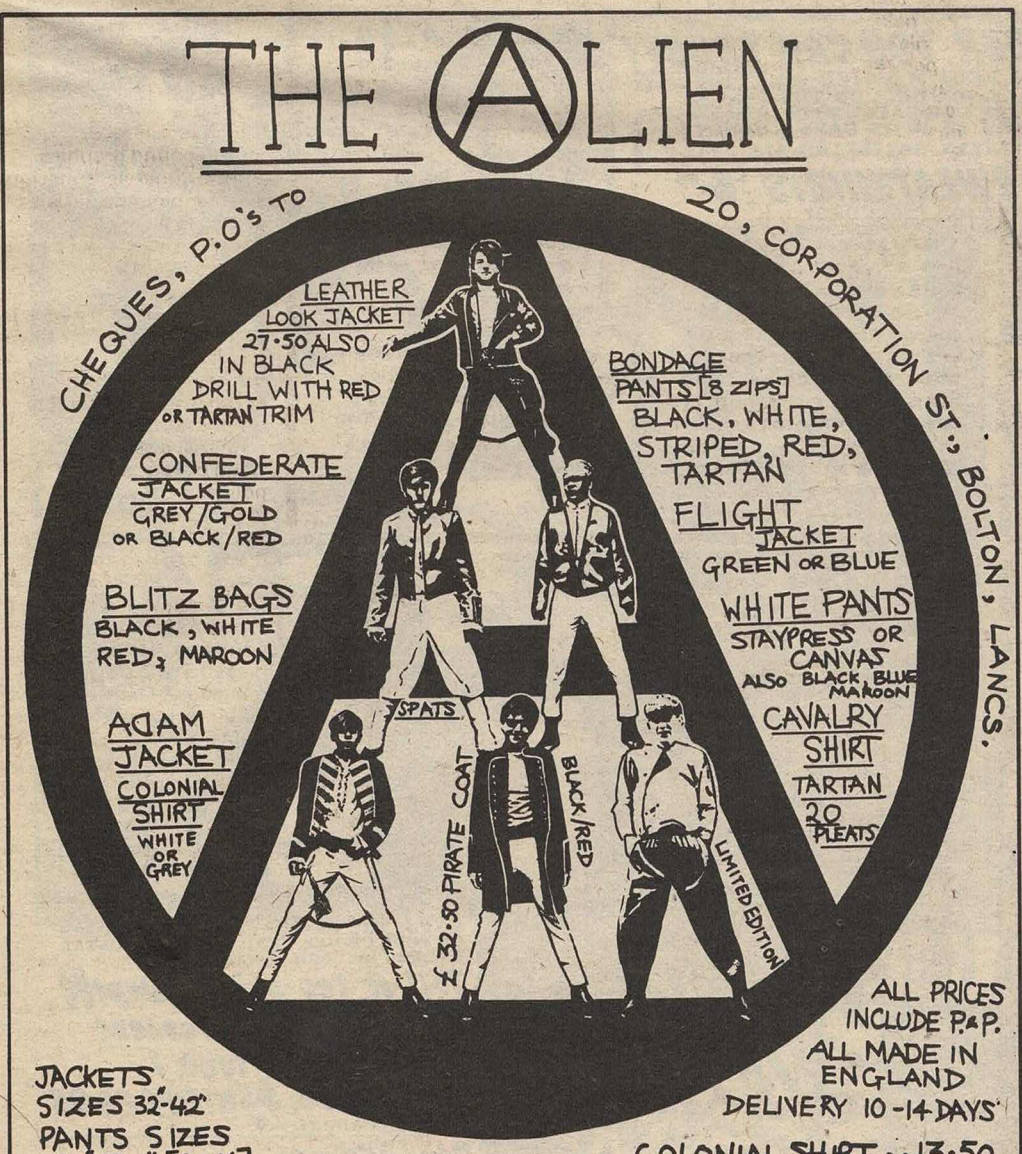
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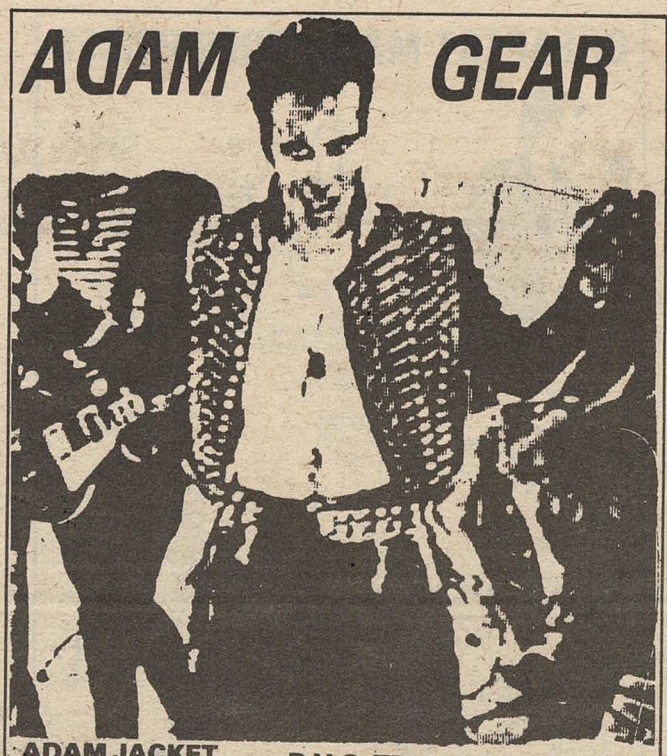

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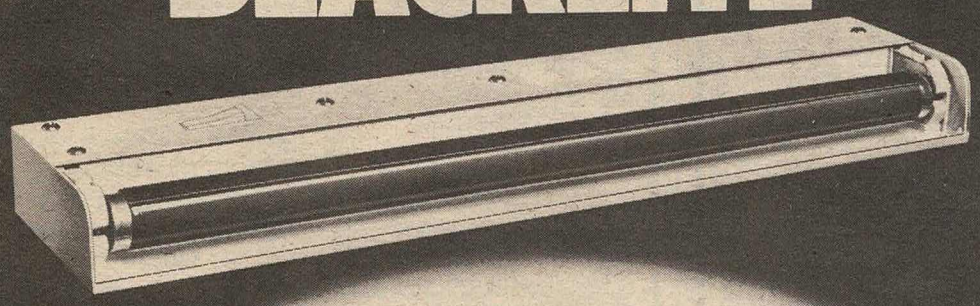

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12" CURE A forest (long version) (I) (P) 2.99
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Terzanes — Boys Game (pic) 99p
Dead Kennedys — Too Drunk To (pic) 99p
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Cramps — Goo Goo Muck 7" in yellow vinyl (Pic) 99p
Tom Petty — The Waiting (Pic) 99p
Pig Bag — Brand New Pig Bag (Pic) 99p
Passage Troops Out 99p
Josef K — Reissue of 1st (Pic Bag) 99p
John Dowie — It's Hard To Be An Egg Egg-Shaped + Free Feather 99p
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Wasted Youth — Rebecca's Room (Pic) 99p
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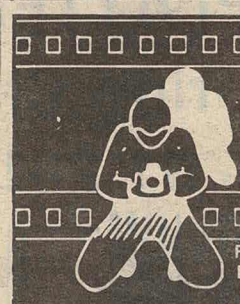
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DARLING MARK Happy Birthday for Tuesday. I love you. Karin. XXX.

DARLING BEAGLE every day hurts without you. Love Box.

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SINGLES

■ *From page 23*

pacing and the clipped guitar chord changes are similar to those finely honed by The Chic Organization. But 'I Can Make It Better' has enough intelligence and compassion behind it to stand in its own right.

THE WAILING SOULS: Sweet Sugar Plum (Taxi) A tasty confection concocted by the esteemed production team of Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar. The Wailing Souls sound confident and comforting with a fresh and ambitious approach to their music. The germ of a third generation, third world Miracles is at the core of 'Sweet Sugar Plum'. The record strolls through a lush hazy setting of leafy lagoons, golden beaches and vivacious mating calls — topical and tropical musical soma.

MARVIN GAYE: Heavy Love Affair (Motown)
EARTH WIND AND FIRE: You (CBS) Metaphysical minstrels both but Marvin Gaye is a fine lecherous old soul despite all his blubber and gush during a recent *NME* interview. 'Heavy Love Affair' doesn't stray far from the formula he's been using since he perfected it on 'Let's Get It On' in 1973 but said formula is unique and richly rewarding. The melody is gorgeous, woven by warm orchestration and tender prowling bass(es) and a salty suggestive sax. A sexy sermon putting the fun(k) into physical love.

How did the Earth Wind and Fire transformation come about? From the rabid dazzle and fizzy inventiveness of yesterday to the mystic Matt Munroisms of 'Faces', from whence the wretched 'You' doth hail. Probably it's all down to pyramids, planets and ley-lines. Just think what they'd be if Maurice 'Persil' White lived in Ireland, where you can change your astrological sign by deed poll.

AURRA: Nasty Disposition (Salsoul)
EIGHTIES LADIES: Turned On To You (Melodic)
THE EVASIONS: Wikka Rap (Groove Records)
VOGGUE: Dancin' The Night Away (Celsius)
ODYSSEY: Goin' Back To My Roots (RCA) And up and down and round and round we go again. The sound of some fleeting dancefloor beats, working their way up the charts though hardly worth getting a little worked up about. The Aurra single — a typically ephemeral Salsoul offering — is my personal favourite: long and slender, strong and streetwise. Love the volatile cocktail of heavy bass thumps, whirring horns, slapping, chopping bass and sizzling synthesiser which burns into the hypnotic chorus. Quite a cyclone!

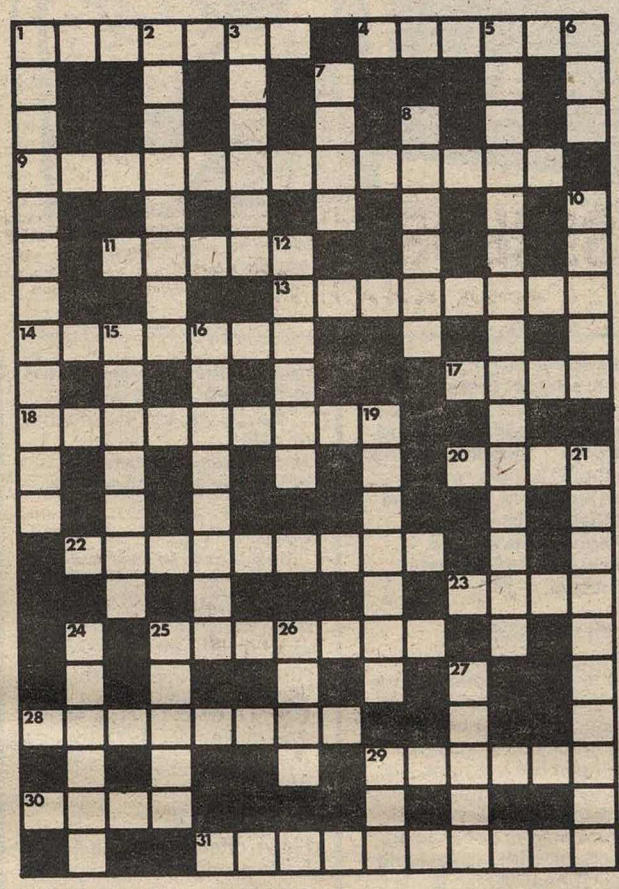
Roy Ayers keeps a tight rein on Eighties Ladies and comes up with a far more successful variation on his own usually misdirected brand of fusion music. Neatly crafted to shift in mood and colour, the reeling 'Turned Onto You' is a cohesive, brazen breeze, but its effervescence palls and like most of Ayers music you get the impression that its true potential is unfulfilled.

Odyssey's declaration is hard backed and commendable complete with tribal incantations and an unfortunately hammy and unrestrained guitar solo. Still, this searing piece of pride makes a companion piece to the repeated TV show and is worth having around in these dark days of nationality bills and Brixton riots.

Voggue play the worst production of the week. The melody is so meek it should be in on crutches, sounds like Petula Clark duetting with Silver Convention.

Based on the sort of gag that is best told once in the pub and forgotten about, 'Wikka Rap' is the song most likely to make the crossover to the national charts. This is the type of gambit Radio One thrives on and the nation canonizes, putting it at the top of the chart with disgusting relish. Basically it's an impersonation of Alan Whicker holding an investigation into the funk phenomenon, incorporating various hotsies in its wake a la the recent 'Stars On 45' chart topper. *"Where good is bad and bad is just about as good as you can get,"* concludes our man on the spot. In which case 'Wikka Rap' is a very good record.

NME X-PRESS WORD



ACROSS
1 The second hit from 'Kilimanjaro'
4 See 6
9 Feargal's knack? (8,5)
11 Mick and Joe conflict?!
13 A star of *Life Of Brian* (4,4)
14 & 23 Numan the Human's military past?
17 Jim Cat?
18 Darts, Boney M hit — also name of London's premier reggae shop (5,4)
20 Kind of singing, usually in jazz
22 Muck-covered Creedence Clearwater oldie (5-4)
23 See 14
25 D'nno, but it 'appened in B'ham!
28 Robin Scott's big hit (3,5)
29 Haley's band
30 & 7 Kenny Dalglish's No. 1 fan
31 His current album is 'Quit Dreaming And Get On The Beam' (4,6)

DOWN
1 Previously best known for his rendition of 'Who Killed Bambi?' in The Swindle (7,5)
2 Ancient rockist who played guitar for Ten Years After (5,3)
3 & 10 Cockerels' glory song
5 Would they keep you warm during a trip? (11,4)
6 & 4 '60s folkie who starred with Carole White in the film *Made*
7 See 30
8 She's eaten Vic whole!
10 See 3
12 Hendrix standard (3,3)
15 Mark of Madness?
16 There's one in Dorset, another in the Heads
19 'Berlin' was his second solo album (3,4)
21 Granada TV presenter who's also a director of Factory (4,6)
24 A band in need of exposure!?
25 Old Stone Face
26 Oakey possibly
27 Desert transporter/'70s pomp-rock band
29 Germans in the American zone!

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Wah! (Heat); 3 Shangri-Las; 8 'Stand And Deliver'; 10 Outer Limits; 12 Doll (By Doll); 13 Fontella Bass; 17 (David) Sylvian; 18 Damned; 20 Ramona; 21 Alex; 23 Bow Wow (Wow); 25 Aswad; 29 The Rezillos; 30 (Ringo) Starr; 31 (Bow Wow) Wow; 32 'Glow'.

DOWN: 1 Was Not Was; 2 'Heart Of Glass'; 3 Small (Faces); 4 'Great Balls Of (Fire)'; 5 'Love (Me Do)'; 6 'Sorrow'; 7 Charlie (Watts); 9 'Dimples'; 11 Ranking Roger; 14 Animals; 15 Santana; 16 (Small) Faces; 19 'Drowning'; 22 (Wah!) Heat; 24 Wilko; 26 (Charlie) Watts; 27 '(Love) Me Do'; 28 '(Great Balls Of) Fire'.

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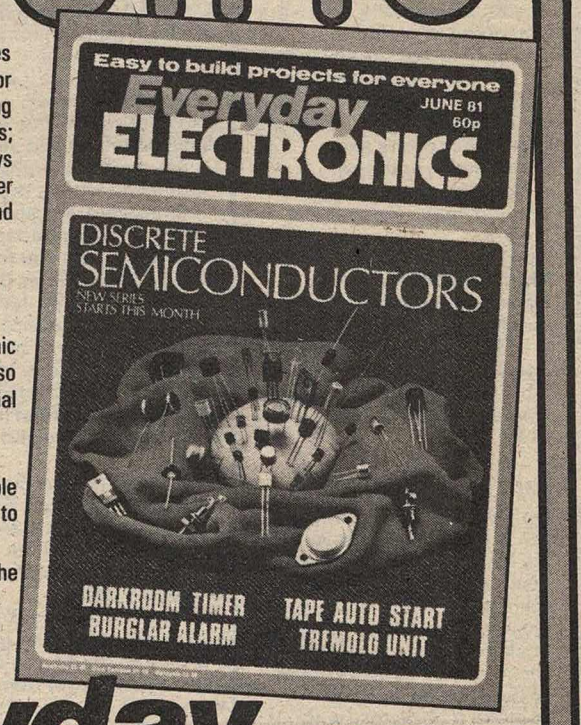

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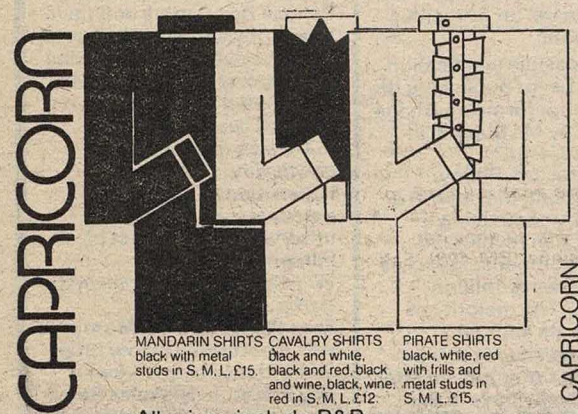
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A FEW STIFFS

I've been reading your magazine very carefully and I think that if you put pin-ups in you'll sell a lot more copies.
Monica Rutter (13), Sevenoaks, Kent.
I agree. — M.B.

Re. J. D.:
James Dean still lives on,
His cool image is still as strong,
With those who try to emulate,
A rising star who died too late.

James was destined not to last,
He died young and lived too fast,
What a rebel what a cult
He didn't wear a safety belt . . .
Erric Zebra

So Jimmy's dead, drove off a cliff!
A *Giant* gay? Montgomery Clift?
His haircut crops up on a Spandau
Now here's a letter from Marlon Brando.
— Anon

Tony Parsons thinks that if James Dean was still alive he'd be guesting on the *Muppet Show*. If Monty Clift were still alive he'd probably be introducing. Agreed?
M. Brando, New Jersey.
Reet, Ma'am. And we old 'uns reckon you'd be scarfing up the complimentary sandwiches. — Old Cadgers.

CALEDONIA!

Congratulations on Kirsty McNeill's "Scotland's new role . . ." article. (Could this be Phil? A sex-change to make your staff ratios more balanced without actually employing anyone else?) We need more stuff like this, less of your usual Londonism.

I am glad to see that Kirsty talks some sense about Virgin's "novelty act", The Shakin' (sic) Pyramids, instead of singing their praises like that band-waggoning moron * Thrills. Incidentally, when are you going to get rid of A. Thrills? The oaf merely jumps on the back of any trend that happens to come along (ska, punk, futurism, rockabilly) and never once offers any constructive criticism.
A fan of Ian Penman's sax playing again, Pentywann, Gwent.
Sorry but I don't recall Mr Thrills jumping on the Pyramids bandwagon. His making 'Reeferbilly Boogie' S.O.T.W. was in consummate good taste. Check his Cuba Libre reference in last week's singles and think again. — M.B.

DIPLOMACY!

I'm afraid if you're going to get stuck up little hussies like Ms McNeill to describe the 'rise' of the Scottish music scene then you really ought to give up. How any so called 'rock journalist' can even assume to be able to convey an accurate account of Scottish rock history without mentioning the innovative and exemplary 'Running In Mazes' LP which more than any other single event *(Ten Commandments* was just a punk fanzine, no more) precipitated the Scottish beat boom . . .

I sweated blood over this record and my own 'Billy Sloan presents New Wave' radio show and I feel slighted by their absence from your feature. However, though not one to bear grudges, I must put my foot down over the ridiculous omission of the marvellous 'Berlin Blondes' and 'Endgames'. If only more notice was taken of groups like these and Fay Wray and Ska-fish instead of the ridiculous attention given to groups like Aztec Camera, Scars, and The Bluebells, whose musical deficiencies are equalled only by the awful Fall.

Anyway, I digress — Scotland has more to offer than these young upstarts. It has a record tradition that should not be overlooked. Rod Stewart, The Bay City Rollers and Midge Ure have sold more records in one week than Orange Juice have sold in their lives.

Simply thrilled? You wanna bet?
Billy Sloan, Radio Clyde DJ.
So what? Rod Stewart may have sold more records in one minute than your 'Running In Mazes'. Doesn't make 'em any better. — M.B.

POSTMAN'S KNOCK

I read with great interest your review of the film, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, in *New Musical Express* (May 9, 1981). I have been hearing a lot about this film for some time, and I am going to make every effort to see it in Oxford in the coming week.

In your review you say that Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange, as Frank and Gina "indulge in violent mauling, *(unsimulated)* sex and seem unable or too scared to pull apart". What do you mean by 'unsimulated'? Does this actually mean that Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange have actual sexual intercourse together; I just don't know what you are trying to get at. I shall be very grateful if you would write to me and explain.
David Stephenson, Steventon Vicarage, Abingdon, Oxford.
The reviewer was merely quoting Mr Nicholson himself. Our unabashed *NME* dictionary defines 'unsimulated' as 'real' but if you're old enough to get into the film no doubt you'll be able to make your own mind up. — M.B.

CAMP STUFF

I was hoping Ian Penman might have tried to decipher the sleeve visuals of the ACR album. He paid too much attention to the sleeve notes, which are basically unimportant. Yes, the photographs are "typically Factory", but what does this mean? Can you leave a photograph of a group of blackshirts unanswered? After all, think of the fuss made over that blurred picture on the four sides of the Factory album. Is it possible to join up with the young lad on the back and the fine physical specimens on the front remembering the Nazi desire for the pure race? A race of Olympians? (What about the photos on the inside of 'Flight'?).

Are we running into the same ground as New Order suffered over their name? Unintended Nazi symbols? Is it just a renaissance Renaissance? Michaelangelo's David and all that? However this does not explain the blackshirts.

We can carry this imagery further; the young men on the front walk through the cover, pick up all the technology they need inside, take on Olympian status and the cycle starts again on the back. But why is the little lad starting from the beautiful view out of the window? Are we to assume that ACR show us this supposed wonderful view of how to live (strength through joy, hence the trumpet, and all that) *a la* Nazism and then, right at the end, show the next generation running from it as if it was hell on earth? (After all the window on the back looks into the inside cover, and there is a woman looking out of the window in the photo.)

Is it all a quick history lesson? Have I taken my connotations too far? I wish ACR would explain themselves.
Nicholas James.
ACR aren't too keen on explaining themselves through the medium of a press scenario. Perhaps you should contact them through Factory, as your concern is so genuine. Personally, I found 'To Each . . .' one long snooze and think that the review spent sufficient time on the external trappings whilst highlighting its overall prosaic nature. The rest is conjecture. — M.B.

CAMERA BORE

Just for a change, a sincere letter in praise of one of your contributors. Namely Anton Corbijn, who must be the leading rock photographer working at the moment. His pictures demonstrate an ability to instil the most unpromising of subjects eg. Girlschool, with interest and visual appeal. Which leads on to my second point, that perhaps *NME* could steal a lot of *The Face's* thunder by adopting a more adventurous policy towards layout and colour pictures etc. Although the likes of Anton Corbijn would seem to make a virtue of necessity in being confined to black and white, it would seem a waste of your own resources not to exploit his talents to the full.
John Clifton, Lytham St. Annes, Lancashire.
Sanking you, sanking you. Not so often is it zat ze 'man under ze lens' is getting praise unt kudos. — Messrs. Groot, Sploont & Nijmegen, Chartered Accountants, p.p. Ze Famoz Anton Corbijn.

TRAIN SPOTTING

Congratulations to *NME* for discovering the meaning of a Bowie song over three years after its realease. I refer to the 18-4-81 issue in which our intrepid gang reveal that 'Joe The Lion' is about performance artist Chris Burden. In case you hadn't noticed, then, 'Scream Like A Baby' is about Sid Vicious . . .

Maybe you could print that in 1984!
Nick O'Neil, Lancaster.
Who gives a flying one? — M.B.

Dear Sir,

Just a note to say how much I enjoyed *Top Of The Pops*. What a joy to see everything done live, and what a difference there was from the usual recorded version. Magic!
Easily Fooled, Oban, Argyle.
You reckon, Easily? I preferred the old style *Toppy*. — The dullard M.B.

CLEARASIL

I have often wondered how Ian Penman manages to write such pretentious crap. Now I know: "I am a freckled working-class socialist hedonist casual (as distinct from professional — e.g. academic) intellectual".

Chips with everything?
Du Bone, Bristol.
Catch him in the Long Room at the Army and Navy and you'll hear quite a different story. — M.B.

Loyalty? I drove 160 miles to see New Order play eight songs and my Beetle only does 20 to the gallon. That's £1.50 a song. Am I loyal or just a mug?
Steve, Wakefield, West Yorks.
You are a loyal mug. Do not bother to consult a second opinion. — M.B.

I went to school with Furious Pig. All they did then was shout and bang things and walk around in a line. Now they get reviewed in your paper.

Good, isn't it?
Bob Mann, Kyoto Caravan, Totnes, Devon.
At least they haven't changed their act. — M.B.

It's time the *NME*'s editors woke up to the fact that your promotion of an hysterical anti-American line, as championed by Julie Burchill, is losing you more than readers — it is rapidly losing you the respect and allegiance of your most loyal supporters over the years, on *both* sides of the Atlantic.

What possible justification can there be for publishing the illiterate, uninformed garbage purveyed by Ms Burchill in your May 9 issue?

For the record, Philby, Burgess, Blunt, Maclean *et al* were hardly conducting a "great English revolution . . . bent on recompensing Russia . . for the twenty million sacrifices." The majority of the diplomats and civil servants she alludes to were recruited to Communism after their University days in the early '30s, several years before the Second World War was fought. They may well have had ideals, but so did many of their colleagues who did not devote themselves to endangering the lives and betraying the trust of those they worked with.

Also for the record, virtually every single bad quality Ms Burchill accuses America of personifying is present in her own precious Britain. (*Great* Britain? Good grief). Britain today is as racist as America was — and has evolved from — twenty years ago. It is also riven with the type of destructive class-warfare which the USA — an infinitely more egalitarian society — has always had the sense to eschew. Britain now is just as repressive as the US — witness police brutality everywhere, the withholding of "official" information by the State, the invasion of people's privacy by the State, the foisting of unwanted policy options on the public by a Government committed at the same time to destroying essential social services to save money. The British also tend to be pompous, self-important and self-congratulatory, when they really have nothing to crow about.

If Ms Burchill really had something significant to say, she might say it about her own country in the first instance.
Jim Jones, Brixton

NME doesn't "promote an hysterical anti-American line," as our constant US coverage proves; we even have genuine Americans working for us, Jim. Equally, the paper can quite tolerate an opinion that prefers Europe to the States — NS.

Actually, the daft thing is a lot of people up here *do* call it *Corrie*, y'know. My sister does and she lives in Formby.
Jed Stone, Wigan.
'Appen? — M.B.

I don't object to Tony Parsons attacking people who blindly worship the image of James Dean as long as he is consistent. But when I got to the last column of his article I came across a passage which demonstrates whay a hypocrite Parsons is. He obviously idolises Montgomery Clift. He tried to attack Dean's sexuality and then tell us that, in contrast "Clift made no bones at all where homosexuality was concrned" — thus proving how much stronger and more sincere Clift's character was.

This is absolute rubbish — Clift's homosexuality was one of the great anguishes in his life, as a cursory glance at Patricia Bosworth's definitive biography shows: "He was as guilty as ever over his hidden homosexual involvements". Besides which he also enjoyed sex with women.

The use of superlatives concerning Clift are substantiated only by personal bias which is irksome and dishonest of Parsons.
Will Chamberlain, Bracknell, Berks.
Face the facts, kids. Monty was a notorious pillow biter and a lousey actor. A swell guy in fact. — Nicholas Ray.

Edited by MAX "My mother made me a cult hero" BELL
Illustrated by RAY "If I gave her enough wool would she make me one?" LOWRY

SITUATIONS VACANT

"I no longer have a band, a manager, a record company, or a boy friend. I lost the lot," a scuppered Pearl Harbour told Errol last week. "What's more, my visa runs out in a month and I might have to go back to the States," continued the former cowgirl, rather sadly.

Pearl's band — which included former Whirlwind leader Nigel Dixon, left after Warner Bros had dropped the singer from their roster, and is now threatening to become some kind of Whirlwind Mark II under Dixon's aegis.

Pearl meanwhile is searching for a new squad of musical compadres and getting by on a diet of friends, vodka and tonics, and chinese costume jewellery.

"I also managed to see Wanda Jackson at the Wembley Country Festival," said Pearl. "Boy, she sure can yodel."

The photoful of eastern promise is by PENNIE SMITH.

DUM-DEE DUM dee-dum dee-dum dee — Ah! There you are. Well, it's like this, you see. The big news of the week is that the **Lieutenant Pigeon** revival (hitherto scheduled for late 1987) is now ON. Yes, hot on the heels of **The Specials, Selecter** et al (mustn't forget ol' *Al*) and a mere ten years after their seminal number one hit 'Mouldy Old Dough', the cream of the Coventry crop return with a follow-up 45 on Shack Records — that's the label launched by Special **Neville Staples** and **Belle Star Stella Barker.**

Unlikely as it might seem, the Shack co-op decided that the Pigeons would be ideal for the label's second release. And Stella says, quite rightly, that LP's single 'Bobbing Up And Down Like This'/'Gordon's Rainbow Wranglers' is a complete contrast to Shack's first offering, the 21 Guns record. "We don't want the label to fall into a predictable musical mould," she adds.

The good Lieutenant, it transpires, was rediscovered by Nev, who stumbled across them after investigating the sounds of a group rehearsing in a house he was passing near his flat in Coventry. What next? An LP LP? Here's hoping! Dum-dee dum dee-dum dee. . .

Confused? Then imagine how you'd feel if you were sixth former taking the Scottish Education Department's Higher English Exam and you were faced by *this:* " 'Punk began as No Fun and ended as a product whose existence is No Threat' *(New Musical Express)* Discuss." Candidates might care to know that copies of the correct answer are available from the *NME* office — for a small consideration, of course. . .

At **Doug Sahm's** Venue thing last Friday: one **P. Townshed,** who sure gets around these days. Slightly more remarkable was the presence of 'Crime pays but being an ex con sociologist pays more' personality and arch socialite (pause for breath) **John McVicar,** who stood out back within clear reach of the bar. John, our informant reveals, was sufficiently moved by Sahm's dynamic set to remove his *Sweeney*-styled fawn zip jacket. . .

Steve Currie, former bassist with **T. Rex,** killed in a car crash in Portugal last week. . .

Pete Townshed (again) in action at London nite-place Rumours, selling off **Hot Gossip's** knickers and raising £100 for the Multiple Sclerosis appeal in the process. Other personages in attendance were **Lionel Blurgh, Anthea** (swoon) **Redfern, Uriah** (un-swoon) **Heep, The Pretenders, Stray Cats** and **Richard Burgess,** and the whole event collected a total £5000 for the said charity. . .

Noted tall person **Joe Jackson** is teaming up with **Larry Tolfree** from **The Planets** and ex-**Haley's Comet Pete Thomas** to form a part-time "swing" band in the '30s mode. . .

Pete Burns, lead outrage in **Dead Or Alive** and honourary chairperson of the **Ian McCulloch** fan-club, has narrowly failed in his public-spirited attempts to have manager **Pete Fulwell** committed to a home for the dangerously insane. If Liverpool Social Services are interested, however, Pete Burns' own address is . . .

And a passing cheer for BBC Merseyside, whose new *Streetlife* programme (Sundays 8.30 to 10pm) covers that curious phenomenon the Liverpool music scene (chiefly notabie for the way that everyone in it denies its existence). Wisely, the *Streetlife* team promise that "a resident doctor will be on hand". . .

T-ZERS
BY ERROL G.

FRATERNAL THANKS from the *Morning Star* and **Dick O'Dell** to **The Specials, The People** and **Pigbag,** who all took part in the paper's March For Jobs benefit at the Rainbow. The show, it turns out, raised a grand total of £3,010.98 for the cause . . .

And doing his bit for job-creation amongst car-mechanics is **Nick Tesco** of **The Members.** Turning up at the TUC March For Jobs press conference, he ploughed his motor into the back of another vehicle — which just happened to belong to fellow Member **Chris.** The pair duly left the conference only to find both cars towed away, and retrieved them only on payment of a £35 fine, almost as much as Tesco payed, for the Vauxhall Cresta Mark III. Whereupon Nicky drove proudly home, pausing only to crash the damned thing yet again. In the public interest, we appeal for any unemployed chauffeur to come forward . . .

Barbara Cartland-person **Mr A. Ant** giving loads of free publicity to LA contenders **Black Flag.** The Yank punkos have made a meal of the Ant invasion with their new slogan 'Black Flag Kills Ants' — already popular on TV for years as the pitch for Black Flag Insect Spray . . .

Leaders is a film to be made about the **Diggers Of Albion,** politico-hippie tribe that thrived around the beginning of the '70s. Any musicians who were involved in the movement, especially around Coventry (no, not you, **Lieutenant Pigeon)** and are willing to own up, should, uh, get it together and contact the makers: David Crowley Arts, Front Room, 79 Wardour Street, London W1 . . .

At **Bruce Springsteen**'s Manchester show, 'This Land Is Your Land' was dedicated to **Bob Marley** . . .

And now for the real nitty-gritty of the **Velvet Underground** story, as related by **Nico.** Get a load of this. On **Sterling Morrison:** "he was cooking frankfurters once and he said: 'You must boil all the poison out of them'. A strange story, I remember that." Phew . . . yeah. Ponder that! On why she left: "I didn't really want to continue. I wanted to do things on my own, it's more interesting than having a boss boss you around. **Lou** was very bossy then. Well, it was his right as leader." And on **Cale's** lack of involvement with her new record: "He's involved in the sense that he's not there . . . Yes, that makes it very clear." We *see,* we see . . .

Rumours persist that **John Travolta,** having been nixed for the lead in a **Presley** pic, is in line for the black-leathers-and-bath-tub role in a **Jim Morrison** movie. Personally, we'd prefer **Neil Diamond** . . .

ONE much-prized *T-Zer* proficiency award and a *Blue Peter* pencil for **Simple Mind Derek Forbes.** Down at Rockfield last week he was messing about on the river, when the boat containing him and a girl friend was swept away and overturned. Plucky Derek, it seems, fought the raging torrent a full half-hour before dragging his friend to safety. Nor is this the gallant lad's first life-saving escapade: on the Minds' European tour, 'twas he that rescued a dying drug addict . . .

Question: when is a non-appearance an appearance? Answer: when it's a **Non** appearance, or so it appears. **Non,** aka Californian avant garde fruitcake **Boyd Rice** was scheduled to play the Mute Records night at the Lyceum — by transatlantic telephone. Technical hitches, alas, deprived us of this profoundly meaningful experience, and punters were forced to make do with the noise of the Lyceum's plumbing system instead. Many, indeed, were unaware of the last-minute switch . . .

Hot to trot? Then try 'The Barnsley Rap', new waxing by **Barnsley Bill,** re-mixed at Grimethorpe Working Men's Club. Quick, before **Grace Jones** does a cover version . . .

Sunday after next (May 31st) there's a rare chance to catch street entertainers **The Demolition Decorators** and **Toon Smith** (the famed London protest-busker who has, among other exploits, staged a three-day sit-in outside the Old Bailey in a bath of rotting vegetables, against legal harassment of buskers). The gig is at Ronnie Scott's in Frith Street, Soho . . .

BUT WHAT, we don't hear you ask, is **Jock McDonald** up to now? Well, the capital's most ubiquitous Celt is fighting the court ruling that upheld the FA decision to ban north o' the border ticket sales for this week's England-Scotland Wembley fixture. Jock argues that despite the embargo, tartan hordes will still descend upon London, armed with tickets obtained by clandestine means.
And on the night of the game, Jock & Co go on stage at the Fulham Greyhound to play a benefit for the National Federation of Football Supporters Clubs, who had to bear the costs of those court hearings. What's more, he insists that admission will be restricted to Scottish fans only — no Sassenachs allowed. Damn, and we were *so* looking forward to going . . .

Happy fortieth returns to **Eric Burdon** (19th) and **Bob Dylan** (24th). May you stay forever young . . .

And finally, a message to pork eaters from **Tapper Zukie** (you remember Tapper): "Don't eat pork, it's not good for you." There . . .

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6	(10)	Nagasaki Nightmare — Crass 20p
7	(5)	Toyah Black & White —Toyah 20p
8	(8)	Ant Music 20p
9	(7)	Let Them Eat Valium — Thatcher 20p
10	(–)	Tenpole Tudor 20p

NEW RELEASES: Flux Of Pink Indians 1"; Clash — Sandinista 1", 1¼"; Josef K 1", Jam — start 1¼"; Gang Of Four — "History" 1¼"; Delta 5 — "D.V." 1"; Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 1"; 23 Skidoo — Shape 1"; Demob — Anti Police 7"; Roll A Joint ¾", Bunnymen 1" or ¾"
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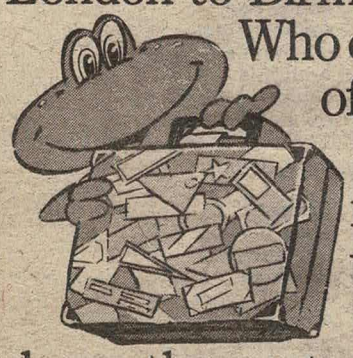

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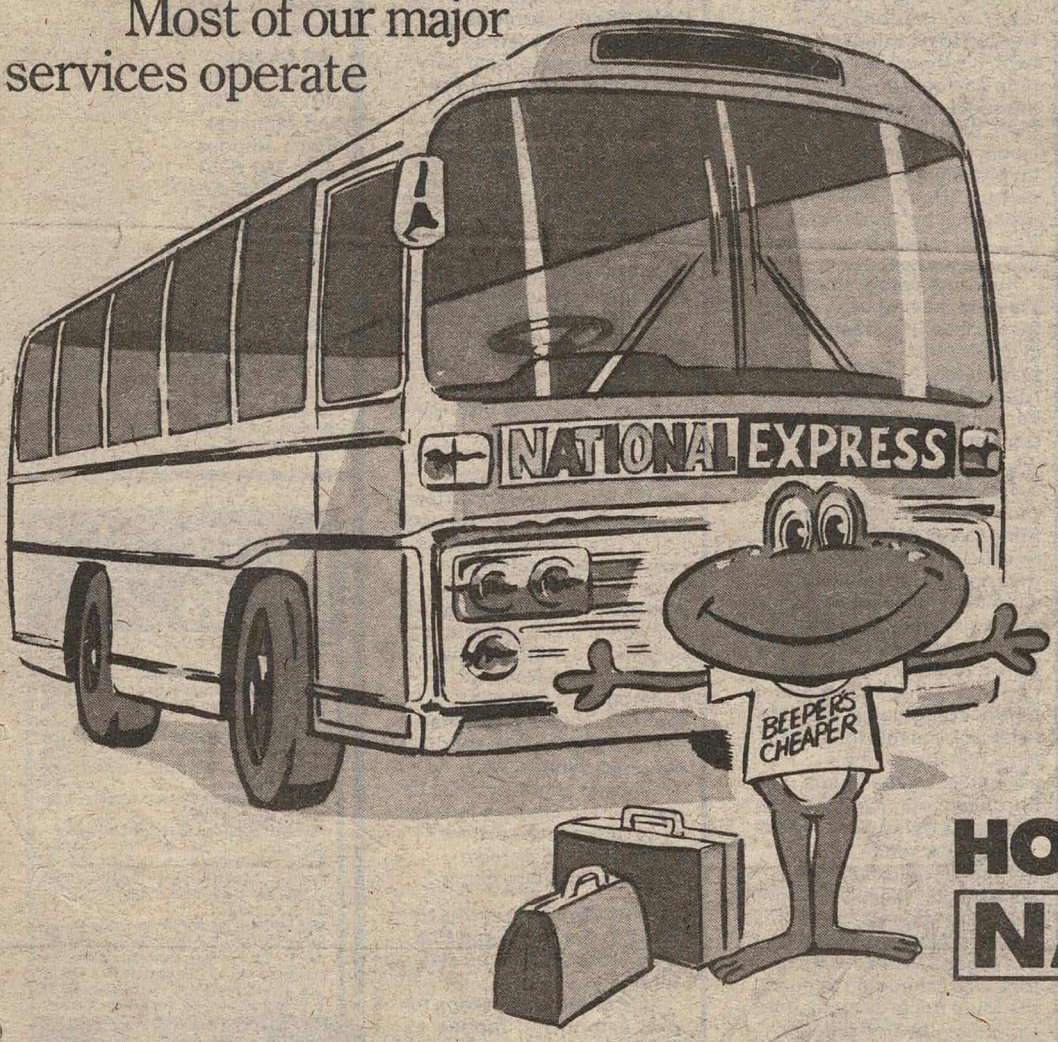

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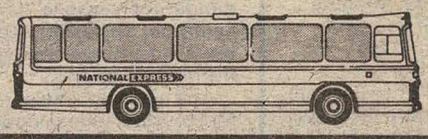

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